

AGE
KINSON

A CULTURAL HISTORY
OF THE MODERN AGE

THE CRISIS OF THE
EUROPEAN SOUL
FROM THE BLACK DEATH
TO THE WORLD WAR

BY
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Translated from the German by
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VOLUME II

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NEW YORK • ALFRED • A • KNOPF • 1954

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were crushed under Croat horse-hoofs — for Gustavus Adolphus, cool and steel-hard *Realpolitiker* though he was, had still so much of the romantic, the northern sea-king, in him that, although short-sighted and fat, he invariably fought out the battle in the midst of his troops; so that there came a day when he met his death in the thick of a *mêlée*, just as though he had been a mail-clad duke of the grey Middle Ages. He died not too early to have impressed the world with his superior power, and early enough to be put into Protestant text-books and festival plays as the selfless champion of liberty and faith.

The "Great War," as it was called, has always tempted later generations to indulge in criticisms which, whether favourable or unfavourable, have the common characteristics of complacency and exaggeration. It came to be habitually looked at through a magnifying-glass, and until quite recently its effects have been vastly over-estimated. This was the consequence of relying exclusively on contemporary narratives without taking into account the fact that they were frankly polemical in character and no more represented the real proportions of things than, say, today's descriptions of White or Red rule in individual countries. Moreover, a rage for distorting and puffing out everything to the point of abstruseness or monstrosity was one of the deep-rooted traits of the age. Even that most famous of contemporary documents, Grimmelshausen's *Simplizissimus*, has only the value of a coarse and powerful oleograph, of a fantastic although very impressive caricature, employing the poetic licence naïvely and without restraint to present things in a more compressed form than that which they bear in reality. Further, it was forgotten that this abortion of a war represented no connected action, but an amorphous crowd of isolated war incidents, and, therefore, that only a few districts suffered permanently, most of them only temporarily or at long intervals, and others not at all. It had also no similarity with the wars of today. These have as their most characteristic feature the straining of all available forces to the utmost. But in the Thirty Years' War there was no question at all of bringing in every section of the country, every class of the population, every physical and material means of fighting. The obligation to bear arms did not exist even for the citizens of a beleaguered city. One was a soldier only if one pleased and for as

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was now outstripped in this field also by the French manufactur-
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or quality of goods. The Mediterranean traffic too, for which
Germany had provided the natural route to the North, had long
been ousted from its dominant position, partly through the im-
provement in navigation, and the great discoveries, but partly
also by Germany's own fault: for the innumerable customs bar-
riers, with their trickery and extortion, and the many varieties of
coinage made landwise trading a positive torture. The lack of a
uniform currency especially gave rise to a national scourge which
proved more devastating to Germany than the war: this was the
scandalous race, denounced in many a contemporary pamphlet,
of coiners and clippers — "*Kipper und Wipper*," as the papers
called them, appellations as flattering as that of "profiteer" to-
day. It was these elements in the population that were blamed,
and not without some justification, for the general misery. But
the chief culprits were really the various sovereigns. They had
soon discovered that the currency nuisance held a great advantage
for them in that they could enforce the acceptance of their own
baser money at face values, such being the primitive method of
the time for enriching oneself through a government loan. At
first the population raised no objection, for the old full-weight
gold, of which nearly everyone had a store, went up in price. But
in course of time a general crash became inevitable. Smuggling,
receiving, fraudulent barter, and other disreputable practices took
charge of finance; men paid out "light" money and bought good
money much in the manner of speculators on the Stock Exchange
today. The sovereign princes, caught in a vicious circle (for they
were now having their taxes and interest paid to them in their
own bad coinage), resorted to more and more desperate measures.
Finally the coins were made merely of silvered copper, or even
inferior material, and became simply counters. It happened very
much as in our own day, with the difference that they used sheet
metal and not paper. And the appropriate social phenomena fol-
lowed as a matter of course: sudden wealth and extravagant
luxury on the part of the lucky speculators, distress of the salaried
class and brain-workers, poverty of those with small savings,
rapid depreciation of all capital assets, endless strikes, wild
tumults.

"Constituted
anarchy"

The ruin was made complete by the Peace of Westphalia, which reduced Germany almost to an inland country, by leaving her with practically no important river-mouth, that of the Rhine becoming Dutch, that of the Vistula Polish, those of the Oder, the Elbe, and the Weser Swedish. The Baltic was disputed by Danes, Swedes, and Poles; the North Sea by French, Dutch, and English — nowhere was there room for Germany. And at the same time this treaty perpetuated Germany's particularism by granting to all the states of the Empire the *superitas territorialis*, which gave them the right to form alliances among themselves and with foreign powers "except against the Emperor and the Empire" — this reservation being a mere form of words. The Swedish chancellor Oxenstierna, who is responsible for the wise saying: "*An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia regatur orbis?*" ("Do you not know, my son, with how little understanding the world is governed?"), failed, it would seem, to find even that little in the German constitution, for he describes it as a confusion only maintained by Providence. Two hundred years later Hegel, still more candidly, called it a "constituted anarchy."

End of the
Middle
Ages

The Thirty Years' War, kindled originally as a war of beliefs, lost its religious character in the first decade and became ever more and more political as it went on. We have seen that Gustavus Adolphus's chief motive in intervention was in no wise the championing of a confusion. He was pursuing a great-power policy for Sweden, and a further (perhaps a chief) motive for setting himself in opposition to the Emperor's party was the fact that it supported his hereditary enemies the Poles in their claim to the throne of the Vasas. He was made uneasy also by the plans of Wallenstein, who had been nominated General of the Baltic by the Emperor and was using every effort to make this much more than an empty title. Wallenstein, for his part, never once in his whole career gave the Catholic cause a thought. So, too, after the second battle of Breitenfeld the Protestant King of Denmark by his threatening attitude prevented the Swedes from reaping the fruits of their victory. At the Peace of Prague, which occurred about the middle of the war, the Elector of Saxony, the bulwark of the Lutheran cause, went over to the Imperialists. The final phase upon which the struggle now entered was entirely under the influence of France, which continued the war against the

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Catholic party by means of Protestant princes and generals. And the head and brain of this policy was a Cardinal of the Roman Church, the great Richelieu, who therein was carrying out the testament of Henry IV, Most Christian King of France. After Richelieu's death his life's work was continued and completed by Mazarin — likewise a Roman Cardinal. Only Ferdinand II, the soldier of his "Generalissima" the Mother of God, and Maximilian of Bavaria, the friend of his youth, fought for the Catholic Faith's sake. And life passed them by, and in the end everyone had forgotten the origins of the war: Catholics fought in the Swedish, Protestants in the Imperial, armies. The law of the age proved stronger than both parties: the will to secularize all human activities and relations, which we have seen to be the essence of the Reformation, now took possession of the Catholic world also. And whereas in the sixteenth century doctrinal convictions and passions still occupied the minds of men so exclusively as to drive out all national, social, and patriotic considerations and feelings, the exact opposite now took place: all Europe was completely politicalized, secularized, rationalized. The Middle Ages are at an end.

The first section of the genuine Modern Age, which may thus be said to begin simultaneously with the Thirty Years' War, reaches to about the year 1660 and may be described as a sort of pre-Baroque period. In it the new world-picture comes slowly into the field of vision, now too coarse and now too pale in features. It is an era of preparation, in which as it were the provisional plan, the first sketch, the rough draft of Baroque man is conceived. The beginning of the sixties makes a fairly distinct *cæsura* here. After the death of Cromwell comes the Restoration of the Stuarts in 1660; after the death of Mazarin, Louis XIV in 1661 becomes a self-sufficing personal ruler; in 1660 Velasquez dies, in 1662 Pascal. These four dates, around which are grouped numerous others of the second rank, but equally significant, close one stage in history and open another.

The central political idea of this era, in which absolutism was to ripen, is the "reason of state," *ratio status*, of which Moscherosch, the German satirist, said: "*Ratio status* is from its origin a glorious, magnificent, and divine thing. But what is there the Devil cannot do? He has joined himself with the *ratio*

The Pre-Baroque

Ratio status

status and turned it upside down, so that it is now nothing better than the biggest swindle in the world, and a ruler who pays his respects to it may do whatever he pleases in its name." And according to another contemporary writer: "It is an eye-powder or dust which the rulers sprinkle in the eyes of their subjects; it is a most superior artifice to keep the common folk quiet." The leading political personage is now the all-powerful minister of state, familiar with every intrigue and feint and finesse of secret diplomacy; in the place of the court theologian we now have the court lawyer, while the other, in so far as he is allowed to exercise any real influence, excels in a peculiarly ugly form of intolerance — most of all, in the Lutheran camp, where he is equally bitter against the Calvinist and the Roman doctrines. The Elector of Saxony's court divine, von Hohenegg, for instance, declared that to take up arms for the Calvinists was nothing but doing knight-service for the original founder of Calvinism — namely, the Devil; that whoever should depart in the smallest detail from the Augsburg Confession was a Syncretist (this being in the eyes of strict Lutherans the most terrific of all reproaches). Even a man of such genuine human piety as Paulus Gerhardt could say: "I cannot consider the Calvinists *qua tales* as Christians." In short the prevailing state of mind was that described by Karl von Hase in his brilliant *Kirchengeschichte*: "In spite of all their subtlety, they really thought of God as a great Lutheran pastor who hit out in defence of his honour." The only exception was Angelus Silesius, originally a Protestant, but later a Catholic. In his *Cherubinische Wandersmann* German mysticism once more unfolded all its profundity and creative power. Yet even this pure, strong-minded thinker, who was able to write: "He who sayeth that God turneth away from the sinner doth clearly show that he doth not yet know God," flooded the world in his last years with bigoted writings, in which he attacked Protestantism with the same narrow and ruthless fanaticism that had so dishonoured Protestantism itself.

It was in those days that the word "political" came to have the subsidiary meaning of wary, cunning, diplomatic, knowing, that it still retains in the popular tongue. A "head for politics" was one that knew how to manage and make use of fellow-creatures skilfully, how to turn everything smartly to one's own advantage, how to insinuate oneself non-committally into

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people's affairs, and in fact how to make the most of that kind of ability which is always conducive to worldly success. "*Politesse*," on the other hand, meant polished manners, social ease, fluent conversation—these again mere instruments to success in high life. Other words, too, acquired new meanings and very significant ones. What everyone shared in became "common," "vulgar." A man who bore himself courteously, who was presentable at court, counted as a man of moral values, and "*schlecht*," up till then synonymous with "*schlicht*" (plain, straight), came to mean the same as "inferior," "mean."

Although people prided themselves in those days on their social forms and accomplishments, German life has never been so loose, slack, and uncontrolled as at this particular time. A society in the social sense, such as was almost always to be found in the Romance countries, had simply never existed in Germanic countries, and least of all in Germany. There was never on German soil a universal standard of refinement for public life; a universal art of behaviour, urbanity, conversation; a universal purity and agreeableness of the spoken and written word and of taste. This much-praised quality of the Latins had, however, its shady side: it was based on a lack of inward freedom and individuality. High development of collective culture presupposes something like uniformity, or at least a common determination to submit to certain conventions, traditions, statute-books, and regulations. In this respect a striking contrast becomes evident between the Germanic and Latin cultures. In Italy, Spain, and France there is a higher collective spirit, and, correspondingly, they hardly show an instance of the phenomenon of misunderstood genius. On the other hand we do not find any genius towering so often above his fellows as in England, Germany, or Scandinavia. These countries have a lower general level, and their great men have to wait long for recognition, sometimes until after they are dead. But it is more rarely that first-rank phenomena appear at all on Latin soil. It is uncommon, again, in the Romance lands to find a great man who looks down on his own nation, feels himself an exile in his fatherland, and looks abroad for his sympathizers—yet with Germanic genius this is almost the rule. Take Frederick the Great, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Handel, Beethoven, Strindberg, Ibsen, Shaw, Byron, and many more. All his life, even

Germanic
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 manesque
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in banishment, Dante was a Florentine; Voltaire looked longingly over to France day and night from his Swiss asylum; Descartes's meditations in his self-chosen "Dutch hermitage" were all for the benefit of his Paris friends; Victor Hugo in Guernsey wrote solely for France and about France — and, generally speaking, no Italian, Spanish, or French artist or philosopher would have conceived the crazy idea of wanting to live and create for anything but his country, his capital, his people, and his culture. This all arises from the fact (already noted in our section on the Italian Renaissance) that with the Latin races the great man is the collective expression and essence of his nation, whereas with the Germanic peoples it is not so. But just as, in nature and in history, the great law of action and reaction sees to it that apparent damages and attacks have always their compensations — and more than compensations — so in this case genius at times is stimulated, by the very obtuseness or hostility of the *milieu*, to rise to heights of achievement never attained in other circumstances. In Descartes, Calderon, Balzac, or Verdi we have peaks of their race; in Kant, Shakspeare, Goethe, Beethoven, peaks of humanity.

"Alamodishness"

It need hardly be said that in this period, the most sterile that Germany ever knew, all the leading ideas in literature, art, luxury, and manners came from abroad. The ideal of the age was the *homme du monde*, also called *homme de cour*, *honnête homme*, *monsieur à la mode*. The whole phase came to be known as "alamodishness" ("*alamodisches Wesen*"). In those days, however, it was Holland, and not yet France, which led the fashion, and the German's "grand tour" abroad, indispensable to all who wished to be in the swim, usually took him to the Netherlands. On the other hand we have even Moscherosch, so soon, complaining with all downrightness of a general Frenchification. "O more than foolish youth! What animal would be so senseless as to alter his speech and voice to please another? Did you ever hear a cat bark to please a dog, a dog mew to please a cat? Truly, a firm Teutsch nature and a slippery Welsch wit have no more in common than cat and dog: will you then display less sense than the animals, and ape them, and get no thanks for it too? Did you ever hear a bird moo, or a cow sing?" The epistolary style of the nobles was already completely French. And, when you look into it, practi-

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cally everyone was of the nobility. For it was uncommonly easy to acquire a title, either by purchase or by services rendered to some pocket-edition of a prince. This paper nobility—against which the nobility of lineage waged a fight as strenuous as it was hopeless—gradually absorbed all the upper ten thousands. The custom (which still survives in Austria) of addressing every well-dressed man as Herr. "von" So-and-so dates from this time. In Italy it was carried so far that everyone belonging to the best society became automatically a *marchese*. In this striving after outward nobility, unaccompanied by any shedding of inner vulgarity, we see the first symptoms of the servility which was soon to become the hall-mark of social life. "Reputation" and "*honnêteté*" became the sole criteria, and the reverse of these is tail-wagging, crawling before the court, the bureaucracy, and everyone a stage higher than oneself. Nice manners and elegances of speech were taught quite crudely and mechanically in "manuals of taste," and that which the French had arrived at doing naturally and with easy grace, Germany sought to imitate in a most clumsy, philistine, and tasteless fashion. It was the mode and the right thing to affect an aristocratic air, though no place in the world was less appropriate to it than this hole-and-corner society. Swords were worn by all. When the students at Jena were forbidden to wear them they amused themselves by having them carried behind on wheelbarrows. A constant use of the toothpick was also considered to be particularly good form.

Conversation was, in spite of all these means of education, extremely dry and dull. In large gatherings it was sustained by the uninspiring method of introducing a subject and hearing everyone's opinion on it in turn. Argument and counter-argument consisted chiefly in an exchange of rehearsed, high-faluting phrases by which thought was neither conveyed nor evoked. When a youth made the acquaintance of a girl, she became straight away a Pallas Athene, a goddess to be worshipped, a "virtuous and blessed nymph"; at the betrothal ceremony it was considered good form for both sides to protest in endless stereotyped phrases that they were not worthy of such honour. The effect of this deliberate formalism was that the most unimportant things took on vast significances. It was a great problem whether a particular guest should be offered a stool or an arm-chair to sit upon. For years

there was a controversy on the question of whether the coaches of the great ambassadors were to have precedence, even when empty, over those of minor envoys when the latter occupied them in person. And in the Diet there were full houses for endless debates when the envoys of the princes challenged the claim of the representatives of the Electors to the exclusive right of placing their chairs on the carpet in the conference hall; finally it was decided that the former should be allowed at least to place the front legs of their chairs on the fringe of it. Even in the extraordinary twirly writing, too, which looks like nothing but a web of initials, and in the addresses and headings of letters, the character of the age discloses itself. The simple "Sir" no longer sufficed, it had to be "*dem hochwohlgeborenen Herrn Herrn*," and the official manner of addressing the Supreme Court of the Empire at Wetzlar was as follows: "To the high- and well-born, noble, stout, and most learned; likewise the high-born, and high- and well- and nobly born, active privy councillors of His Imperial and Royal Catholic Majesty: the official judges, presidents, and members of the venerable Imperial and Royal Supreme Court of Wetzlar in order appointed; our very dear Sirs, each and every one; also our most honoured and likewise well-beloved and highly esteemed Sirs and Cousins; also our highly and greatly esteemed, likewise especially gracious and most highly esteemed Sirs!" The delight in foreign-sounding, rolled-out forms of speech is seen too in the Latinizing of names — once a mannerism of the Humanists, but now a general custom. "One cannot call a man Roskopf (Horse's head) now; he has to be Hippocephalus, and Schütz is Sagittarius," says Moscherosch. And from this time date all the Textors, Molitors, Fabers, and Sartoriuses who were originally plain Webers (Weavers), Müllers (Millers), Schmidts (Smiths), and Schneiders (Tailors).

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On costume the war naturally had a direct influence. Spanish dress, the tightness and stiffness of which has been described in our first volume, was useless for soldiers; and as in those days the military set the tone, dress in general became more comfortable, stouter, and more warlike. Wide sack-like trousers; high spur-clinking jack-boots; immense gauntlet gloves; big challenging felt hats with a flapping plume and a broad brim turned up at one side; flat white turned-down collars, and swords in rattling metal-

mounted baldrics — this is even today by the officials is familiar to everyone from type of novel and opera of the century, and of which Ness be called the most famous way in which the transfiguration succeeded in disguising one of cultural epochs in the gl.

The hair, which had Spanish "millstone" ruff, the moustache was twisted though these disappeared; the object was to appear provocative of this end, moustache used to enhance the gloomy ideal was Bramarbas, whom Gryphius describes him, not *Horribiliscriffax*; he is "Capitaine Rodomont" (land of boasters and boasting) in the *commedia dell'arte* who is in fact the perfectly cowardly, of the type of that with a gigantic rapier; with terrifying plumed hat; and women, and lopped-off lilies rested in kitchen odours; at least suspicion of a disturbance.

Ladies wore steel-ribbed line, which was superseded the crinoline several petticoat top of each other. Their hair divided into bunches of curls. But the details of hairdressing on the brow and temples changes. So also with the coat at first thick and projecting the upper lip and finally c

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in ever new colours, forms, and patterns. Immense tulip farms covered the ground in Holland, and amateurs or speculators would pay the price of an estate for a single rare fancy breed. The get-rich-quick people threw themselves into the "option" game: that is, they sold costly specimens, which often existed only in imagination, against future delivery, paying only the difference between the agreed price and the price quoted on settling day. It is indeed the Dutch who may claim the dubious honour of having invented the modern stock-exchange system with all the manipulative practices that we know today. The great tulip crash of 1637, which was the result of all this bubble trading, is the first stock-exchange collapse in the history of the world. The shares of the Dutch trading companies, in particular the East Indian (floated in 1602) and the West Indian (1621), were the first stocks to be handled in the stock-broking manner (their par value speedily tripled itself, and the dividends rose to twenty per cent and higher); and the Amsterdam Exchange, which ruled the world, became the finishing school for the game of "bull" and "bear." Then, too, during the first half of the seventeenth century, the Dutch were Europe's sole middlemen: their mercantile marine was three times as big as that of all other countries. And although — or indeed because — the whole world depended on it, there arose a bitter hatred against it (contrasting strangely with the extravagant admiration accorded to their manners and comforts) which was intensified by the brutal and reckless extremes to which they went in maintaining their advantage. "Trade must be free everywhere, up to the gates of hell," was their supreme article of faith. But by free trade they meant freedom for themselves — in other words, a ruthlessly exploited monopoly. This was also the kind of freedom that Grotius meant when in his famous treatise on international law, *Mare liberum*, he stated that the discovery of foreign countries does not in itself give right of possession, and that the sea by its very nature is outside all possession and is the property of everyone. But as the sea was in fact in the possession of the Dutch, this liberal philosophy was no more than the hypocritical mask for an economic terrorism.

In this wise the "United States" became the richest and most prosperous country of Europe. There was so much money that the rate of interest was only two to three per cent. But although

Dutch
B. H.
Tulip
Coffin

table equipment, winebottles, fish, ham, game, and all the other things that served to make existence appetizing for this nation of gormandizers. Apart from such objects, which are all in prolongation of his own personality, the only thing that interests the bourgeois is the anecdote. And so we have juicy family scenes, brawls, records of sport; touching or comic or ghastly character paintings, all with special emphasis on the particular point which has to be made as broad and evident as possible. This is why in Holland the painters who had the greatest success with the public were those clever and banal enough to concentrate on producing a single article. Paul Potter specialized in cows, Philip Wouvermann in grey horses, Melchior Hondecoeter on poultry, William van de Velde on ships, Jan van Huysum on flowers, Abraham van Beijeren on oysters, lobsters, and fruit, Pieter Claesz on fine silverware. In short, the whole art of the brush in the Netherlands, except for the work of a few great ones whom no one understood, was one vast domestic picture-book and family album.

On the other hand, Dutch genre painting has a prodigal variety and richness, a lapidary factualness and impartiality, an impressive brutality and naked self-evidence, an exuberant strength and swelling fertility such as nothing else but Nature herself shows. What this painting described, exclusively, but with the sincerity of ravenous hunger, with a furious seething greed, was life unqualified and unadorned, without moral or fastidiousness, or teleological intrusions, life as an end in itself, one brief self-indulgent moment of effervescing unrestrained vitality.

Art has always an irresistible tendency to try to raise reality to a higher power, to ideology of one sort or another. But these Dutchmen were in a very unfortunate situation. The conventional idealism of the past — the Italian tradition, that is — was repellent to their deepest instincts, and in a cultural world which had the cleric and the pedlar as protagonists it was utterly impossible for them to produce a new idealism out of their own age and for their own people. The only outlet left to them was a naturalism worked up to a dæmonic intensity, and this course led them to the discovery of traits of eternity in the humblest things, symbolism in the most trivial, and divinity in the coarsest. They proved that man can be heroic even while he gormandizes, gets drunk, vomits, or thrusts his hand under a petticoat, provided that it is shown at

the same time that mysterious majesty whelming *life-size*, the mythology of the everyday. Amidst this dilig in his supremacy as Rembrandt. As Shakespeare he also stood, exile to none. With Michelangelo's lessness: he belongs well have lived a human master-creator of the world, a leader of Impressionism, the character of anonymous life's work — the value he leaves the creator's credit to both he has the profoundest period he loses himself, he brings forth inscrutable terms as "realism". That art which first of his creative power came at the end of his life through it he realized his identity, and saw that it was imagined it to be; a thing more profound than this world, eludes me.

He was, therefore, Michelangelo and Shakespeare assign the rôle of "man" to those ages — in the future do we select a far sharper Peter Paul Rubens. The triumphant affirmation of colour. His work is one of joyment, the sturdy humanity. As a Cat in the Hat he brated the double tr

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the same time that creative nature is enthroned behind it all in mysterious majesty. By rendering Being in its full and overwhelming *life-size*, they achieved the miracle of creating a sort of mythology of the everyday.

Amidst this diligent noisy crowd there towers one giant, lonely in his supremacy and unrevealed to their earth-bound vision — Rembrandt. As Shakspeare and Michelangelo in their own times, so he also stood, exile and stranger, avoided by all and truly known to none. With Michelangelo he has in common the quality of timelessness: he belongs everywhere and nowhere; for he might just as well have lived a hundred years sooner as an uncomprehended master-creator of the Renaissance, or two hundred years later as a leader of Impressionism. With Shakspeare he has in common the character of anonymity; for he vanishes completely behind his life's work — the variety and profusion of figures that he creates leave the creator's own face indistinct and undefinable. And to both he has the profound kin-likeness that in the art of his last period he loses himself completely in the transcendental and brings forth inscrutable creations to which such crude and banal terms as "realism" and "idealism" are no longer applicable. That art which first he toiled to achieve and then, at the height of his creative power, handled with such consummate ease became at the end of his earthly career transparent to him: looking through it he realized its emptiness, its impotence, its superficiality, and saw that it was not the supreme thing he had all his life imagined it to be; and it fell from him, making room for something more profound, which, however, being no longer quite of this world, eludes men's comprehension.

He was, therefore, as little an expression of his age as Michelangelo and Shakspeare were of theirs; and just as we were forced to assign the rôle of "representative man" to an inferior in each of those ages — in the first to Raphael, in the second to Bacon — so do we select a far shallower master as the hero of this: namely, Peter Paul Rubens. In Rubens the drunken joy of life, the triumphant affirmation of the exuberant present, turned itself into colour. His work is one mighty hymn to the healthy power of enjoyment, the sturdy materialism of the Low-German type of humanity. As a Catholic and a Fleming he coloured and celebrated the double triumph of the Counter-Reformation and of

Rembrandt

Rubens

Dutch commerce in flaming tints, heaped-up measure of composition, and Olympian figures of force. Man, as he sees him, is a sort of demigod, who has descended to earth to give play to his invincible powers and is never ill, never tired, never melancholy, serene in the bloodiest battles, athletic even when a Lazarus — in fact a magnificent beast of prey which hunts, fights, devours, begets, and one day dies ignobly with a roar at the height of its strength. His women are never virgins, never even mothers, but fat rosy pieces of flesh with exemplary pelvises, bosoms, and posteriors, existing solely for the purpose of being flung on to a bed after a savage, lustful struggle which only enhances the enjoyment. A massive revelling in every aspect of dissolute living forms the basic emotion of all his paintings; it is as if they were surrounded by the fragrant brood-warmth of a humming hive or the huge, white spawn-cloud of a shoal of herrings. In form, too, his figures are designed merely to enhance the pomp and the joy of life; they are parts of the *décor*, glowing with colour like rich fantastic tapestries. For the rest, his relation to the world of Classical legend, from which he takes the most elaborate of his allegories, is perfectly cool and academic; it equips him with a vocabulary, and that is all.

In times of economic boom Rubens has always been vastly admired. His buoyant pleasure-loving animality tells of the good conscience that comes with good business, the shallowness of the man favoured by fortune — for Rubens was a child of fortune all his days — and, above all, that profound atheism which was gradually taking possession of Europe and, as Holland was the most advanced country, first reared its head there. Rubens is certainly one of the most irreligious artists who ever held a brush, and for that reason he will always be the idol of those who regard God as tiresome or superfluous. But everyone of finer feeling will, if honest with himself, be forced to confess that in spite of his admiration for Rubens's proportion, his power as a colourist, and his magnificent gift of grasping the outer shell of a man, he was nothing but a royal animal-painter and the glorifier of a steaming super-healthiness which is as irresistible as it is barbaric.

King
Charles

Holland's blossoming was as luxuriant as it was brief, for it could only be a matter of time for the real great powers to drive this insolent parvenu from its factitious supremacy. It was inevi-

table that England in all the North Sea ship hands. It will be remembered with an astonishing survival half of the sixteenth century been stemmed even upon of the narrowest, most positive caricature of kingship by the grace fellow-monarchs. In fact he said that, as God life and death, and is the power to create and death over them, are responsible to no chess-men and raise Charles I was in many gracious manners, a fit of the arts and science James's: the self-conscious Queen, the gentle stiff Prince — and aristocratic colouring.

But Charles I had good ones: he was in a straight thing. The state after him — very blundering and conceited. It was absolutely implied to everyone, new words to mean their the best fighting method dominate them all. In tongue and we hereditary perfidy of king stood so high as self anything in his and deeper into the lost the confidence.

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table that England in particular should find it intolerable to have all the North Sea shipping, and even its own trade, in foreign hands. It will be remembered that this country had leapt forward with an astonishing swiftness in all directions during the second half of the sixteenth century, and that the tide of progress had not been stemmed even under the rule of James I — who, though one of the narrowest, most ordinary and incompetent of men and a positive caricature of a king, had so extreme a conception of his kingship by the grace of God as has seldom been seen among his fellow-monarchs. In his speech from the throne on his accession he said that, as God has power to create and to destroy, to give life and death, and is the lord of soul and body, so also kings have the power to create and destroy their subjects, the command of life and death over them, and to direct them in all things; that kings are responsible to no one but God, can deal with their subjects as chess-men and raise or debase them like a coinage. His son Charles I was in many respects his opposite: clever, amiable, of gracious manners, a finished cavalier, and a discriminating patron of the arts and sciences. Van Dyck painted the whole Court of St. James's: the self-consciously elegant King, the decorative dreamy Queen, the gentle stiff princesses, and the anæmic feminine Crown Prince — and aristocratic decadent society in discreetly autumnal colouring.

But Charles I had one bad quality which outweighed all the good ones: he was incapable of speaking a straight word or doing a straight thing. The still popular King Charles spaniels are named after him — very blue-blooded, sensitive creatures, but distinctly treacherous and conceited. And this was the King's own character. It was absolutely impossible to treat with him; he cheated and lied to everyone, never kept his promises, and twisted his own words to mean their opposite. He was so foolish as to believe that the best fighting method was to deceive all parties so that he might dominate them all. It seems that in him this fundamental double-tonguedness and word-breaking had its basis not only in the hereditary perfidy of the Stuarts, but in the conviction that the king stood so high above his subjects that he could allow himself anything in his relations with them. And so, falling deeper and deeper into the net of feints and contradictions, he gradually lost the confidence of the whole country. All the same it is a

For A. H.

tendencious untruth on the part of democratic historians to maintain that his execution was the will of the people. It evoked universal horror and was actually no execution, but a political murder, for the jury that decreed it was legally incompetent to do so and, even apart from that, acted only under pressure.

His position was at first anything but unfavourable. On coming to the throne he was received with acclamations by the greater part of the population, and even when the situation began to be critical he would have been able, by following a fairly reasonable and straightforward policy, to hold his own. The majority in Parliament was invariably on the side of the monarchy, though opposed to absolutism, and even with the lower classes the Royalists always commanded more sympathy than the Independents. But Charles began at once to try to govern in opposition to, and even without, Parliament. He took for his adviser the Earl of Strafford, who — true to his device: "Thorough" — tried by every method of law-twisting and compulsion to create an effectively absolute despotism. And his principal ecclesiastical adviser was Archbishop Laud, whose ambition it was to bring the English Church as near to identity with the Roman as possible — a prospect regarded with horror by most of the population. The revolt broke out, however, not in England, but amongst the Scots. The bitter hostility aroused by the ill-considered attempt to introduce Laud's liturgy into that country led them to sign a Covenant for the protection of their religious and political liberties. Charles thereupon sent an army against them, and since a mistrustful Parliament would grant him no money for troops, the funds were raised by voluntary contributions among the Royalist sympathizers. The latter, who became known as the Cavaliers, were opposed everywhere and at once by the democratic Roundheads, who, though they did not at first go beyond the idea of a monarchy limited and controlled by Parliament, presently inclined more and more to a republic. And the Civil War became inevitable.

Cromwell

And now there arose out of the darkness the brazen figure of Cromwell, who swept the country like a steam plough at the head of his "Ironsides," overthrowing everything: King and people, High Church and Covenant, Upper and Lower Houses, Irishmen and Scotsmen. It cannot be said that any one party served him unconditionally during his ten years' government. The Royalists

hated him as a regicide, the Episcopals as a lukewarm compromiser, the Levellers as a dictator and tyrant. He was a brilliant politician he was, from every standpoint, but always in the given business. Unaround him, he did not do himself to them. In a way, he was a organizer, or strategist, known just what people so inter-

As a matter of fact, he had to trouble much about the worth of this gift, as simple as the case with an unbiased man. Cromwellian party, strictly he ruled all three kingdoms. A Plantagenet of the Middle Ages only once obeyed an absolute Protector Oliver Cromwell, an external reason: he was a man of war. But his true inwardness was right to power: the right to power, neither by solemn Parliament nor by people, and yet the best kingship. He was, in plain words — if we look at things from the point of view of the morals of philistine democracy. He said himself that he was not a king, but as a constant and indeed more than a father for his country than the wisest Tudors, or the precise whole internal administration, the commercial tyranny of the Calais, conquered one of the West Indies, and laid a foundation for the future as the world's leader.

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ment, the Episcopalians as a brutal fanatic, the Independents as
a lukewarm compromiser, the landowners as a social revolu-
tionary, the Levellers as a protector of capital, and one and all as a
dictator and tyrant. He stood completely alone, because, like the
brilliant politician he was, he never had any definite preconceived
standpoint, but always a policy to suit the given situation and
the given business. Unlike the small, narrow-minded people
around him, he did not adapt things to suit himself, but adapted
himself to them. In a word, he always, whether as diplomat, or-
ganizer, or strategist, knew what the real point was. And that was
just what people so intensely disliked about him.

As a matter of fact, he was in the happy position of not having
to trouble much about what people thought of him. For by means
of this gift, as simple as it is rare, of seizing the heart of every
case with an unbiased mind, he beat them all. And although the
Cromwellian party, strictly speaking, consisted of himself alone,
he ruled all three kingdoms with an unlimited power which not
a Plantagenet of the Middle Ages had possessed. Great Britain has
only once obeyed an absolute king, and that king was the Lord
Protector Oliver Cromwell. For this there was in the first place
an external reason: he was the only ruler who owned a standing
army. But his true inward title rested not in his power, but in his
right to power: the right unwritten and "unlawful," vouched
neither by solemn Parliamentary Act nor by conveyance of the
people, and yet the best-founded, the legitimate, the only right to
kingship. He was, in plain words, the strongest, the wisest, and
—if we look at things from a higher standpoint than that of the
morals of philistine democracy—the most moral man of his
country. He said himself that he proposed to serve the nation "not
as a king, but as a constable." But is not a constable the best king,
and indeed more than a king? This plain country squire did more
for his country than the most rabid Lancasters and Yorks, the
slyest Tudors, or the proudest Stuarts. He brought order into the
whole internal administration, pacified Ireland, broke the com-
mercial tyranny of the greedy rival over the water, won a new
Calais, conquered one of the loveliest and richest islands in the
West Indies, and laid a firm foundation for England's illustrious
future as the world's leading sea-power. Perhaps we come nearest

Cromwell
D.C.

to doing justice to Cromwell's importance if we read the word "constable" in its modern sense, and see in Cromwell no more and no less than the faithful, tireless, energetic, and common-sense "*Schutzmann*" of his country.

It is an old historical tradition to regard Cromwell as one of the greatest hypocrites and intriguers who ever lived; in fact, as the "prince of liars." To set against this, Carlyle, his chief apologist, declares that he never lied in his life. At bottom both conceptions are right. Cromwell had in his make-up a tendency truly British, a habit of confused thinking, double reasoning, reserve, of ambiguous, much-qualified, and deliberately obscure utterance, and to that extent he was tortuous, curved, and complicated. But a confirmed liar he certainly was not. The Englishman's attitude to truth is, as was pointed out in our first volume when discussing *cant*, not at all plain or uncomplicated, and the solutions of problems to which it leads are never net. And indeed, in general, the relation of the individual nations to "reality" varies very considerably. The Frenchman behaves towards it like an impassioned lover, though one who in his blindness is easily deceived; the German treats it in the manner of a thoroughly honest but somewhat boring and pedantic fiancée, and the Englishman adopts towards it the rôle of the brutal husband, the house-tyrant. The pleasure-loving Frenchman wants pleasantness, whether true or false; the worthy German wants the truth at all costs whether it is agreeable or not; and the practical Englishman decrees that the acceptable is true and the unacceptable false.

*The
Puritans*

In the Puritans, who at that time ruled England, English cant reached its peak. They constituted the army, the government, and even the newly-created Upper House. Everyone hurriedly made himself scarce when these ludicrous but dangerous new saints went about snuffling and rolling their eyes, with cropped hair and black clothes, walking slowly and moving deliberately, nosing out dissoluteness, godlessness, and scandals wherever they went. It was, of course, a sin to drink, play, or be noisy; but it was also a sin to dance or go to the theatre, to write love-letters, wear starched collars, or enjoy food; and on Sundays anything and everything was sinful. For on this holy day it was forbidden to water a flower-bed, be shaved, pay a call, or even laugh; and even on Saturdays and Mondays, its near neighbours, it was, to say the least of it,

unwise to do these thin. Sabbath betrays the spirit to regard the Puritans as selves in almost every respect themselves after the Israelites. Their conversation bristled with parables; and they thought their servants, called by him born Canaanites with fire, forced his people into thimble-rigs, and spread tilters? They were God-minded Puritans, and even was permitted to them heathen and establishing Moses, a god of revenge, casting-down of sinners the Gospels with the book already, take its revenge.

Only one branch of the Christians, the Society of Friends, "Quakers," who settled in America. These people took not only the Old Testament doctrines seriously but had taken the Commandments to do military service or even the sale of slaves in a peaceful way without. They scorned the regular knowledge in the mother country and self-satisfied dishonesty to speak, but only very rarely. They rejected liturgy and the details of everyday life, addressed no hats to none. And although they retain a certain most lovable and pleasing confession.

The poet of Puritanism

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and common-sense

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unwise to do these things. This exaggerated sanctification of the Sabbath betrays the spirit of Jewry, and, to be candid, it is difficult to regard the Puritans as a Christian sect at all. They based themselves in almost every respect on the Old Testament. They called themselves after the Israelite heroes, prophets, and patriarchs; their conversation bristled with Hebrew idioms, proverbs, and parables; and they thought of themselves as Jehovah's militant servants, called by him to wipe out idolaters, heretics, and stubborn Canaanites with fire and sword. For had not Jehovah himself forced his people into the true faith by means of plagues and punishments, and spread terror and destruction among the backsliders? They were God's fighters, the chosen people, the right-minded Puritans, and every method of cunning, force, and cruelty was permitted to them in their good cause of overthrowing the heathen and establishing theocracy. Their God was the God of Moses, a god of revenge, of wrath, of merciless justice and tireless casting-down of sinners. So yet again did the unhappy union of the Gospels with the book of the Jews, of which we have spoken already, take its revenge on a section of Christianity.

Only one branch of Puritanism can really be included among the Christians, the Society of Friends of the Light, nicknamed "Quakers," who settled in Pennsylvania along the Delaware. These people took not only the theory but the practice of the New Testament doctrines seriously — as seriously as the Independents had taken the Commandments of the Old Testament. They refused to do military service, to take an oath, to countenance slavery or even the sale of war material, and extended their colonies in a peaceful way without fighting or even exploiting the Indians. They scorned the regulation sermon, which they had learnt to know in the mother country as an offspring of unspiritual routine and self-satisfied dishonesty. In place of it they permitted everyone to speak, but only when moved to do so by the inward light. They rejected liturgy and sacraments and also all the ceremonial of everyday life, addressed everyone as "thou," and took off their hats to none. And although, as a result of their exaggerations and fads, they retain a certain quaintness of type, they are one of the most lovable and pleasing phenomena in the history of Christian confessions.

The poet of Puritanism is the great John Milton, who was at

*The
Quakers*

Milton

the same time one of the most prominent publicists of his country. In his famous *Defensio pro populo Anglicano* he gave a scientific defence of the King's murder. The grandiose rhetoric of the Miltonian Satan served the younger Pitt as a school for oratory, and it is anything but an accident that in the whole gallery of his figures it was precisely the Prince of Hell himself who — almost against the will of the poet — grew into such an overwhelming figure. The reason is that in Milton the Puritan spirit became form — a spirit which is of the Devil, because it avenges and judges. In Milton's titanic epic the whole of world-history is arraigned, tried, and judged from the standpoint of Puritanism, which alone is truth and righteousness — judged strictly and mercilessly, with partisan bias and without the least will to understand, let alone love, the enemy. Against the hosts of the rebellious angels God sends his Son, who flings ten thousand lightnings on them; they flee and plunge into the depths like a herd of goats overtaken by the storm — Christ as the god of thunder! This is blasphemy as monumental as Michelangelo's Christ enthroned in the clouds as Apollo or Hercules. A God who conquers with bow and quiver, lightning and war-chariots, with battalions of fighting saints: this is quite obviously not God's Son of the Gospels, the Christ in whom Christians believe, but the legitimate Son of Jehovah.

Hobbes

A. H. Milton's opponent was Thomas Hobbes, keen and powerful thinker, advocate of monarchy, Restoration, and legitimism. His philosophy is not mean or evil, as it used to be thought, but merely pessimistic. Looking about him, he sees on the one hand a world of wild and strong, hard and calculating master-natures, and on the other a mass of dull, slavish herd-humanity, kept in motion only by the law of inertia; and both he sees as merely the puppets of their more or less gross instincts to devour and to snatch. From this material he draws his inductive conclusions, from these premises his laws. On these hypotheses he sees the State as Leviathan, an all-powerful monster which ruthlessly devours all who set themselves in opposition to it. The State is a mortal god, and the existing order is at all times the right one — because it is order. Liberty is that which the laws do not forbid, conscience is private opinion, but law is the public conscience, to which alone the citizen owes obedience. A religion not legitimized by the State is a superstition. This does not mean that he regards kings as ap-

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pointed by God; but he holds that the people have invested the head of the State with supreme powers, and that, having done so, they have themselves no further rights. Monarchy is the best form of constitution, simply because it is the most centralized; and its absolutism follows necessarily from the thesis that the direction of the State, to whomsoever it be entrusted — even if to a corporation — must possess absolute powers.

If we take these doctrines literally, they appear to have been made to justify the Stuarts — the megalomania of James I, the intransigence of Charles I, who even on the scaffold was still the supreme autocrat, and the Restoration plans of Charles II, whose teacher was Hobbes. If on the other hand we interpret them according to their spirit, it appears that their shrewdest disciple, their most triumphant embodiment, was none other than the plebeian rebel and usurper Oliver Cromwell.

The foundations of this political philosophy, which goes considerably further than Machiavelli's in its hard, clear unsentimentality and its pure scientific evaluation of political phenomena, are just what they necessarily must be with so logical a thinker as Hobbes. A nihilistic ethic: nothing is good or bad in itself, a definite standard of moral can only be set when there is a state to set it. A materialistic ontology: all being is body, all happening is movement, and even sensations are called forth by bodily movements. A sensualistic psychology: there are only sensations, everything else is abstracted from them, and conceptions of genera and so forth are nothing but faded reminiscences of earlier perceptions. A mechanistic epistemology: words are notes or marks for ideas, arguments and conclusions are the addition and subtraction of these signs, and all thinking is calculation.

But Baruch Spinoza, perhaps the most remarkable thinker who ever lived, went much further still. In a history of philosophy he would have to be dealt with after Descartes, on whom he builds; but in the present connexion it is not the system but the world-outlook that matters, and even this only in so far as it has been effective as the formative principle of representative personalities or the great currents of an age: it does not, therefore, seem essential here to adopt a lecture-room arrangement conforming to the conceptual development. In his private life Spinoza was neither a saint, as the sentimental eighteenth century asserted, nor a

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Spinoza

reprobate, as the fanatical seventeenth saw him. He neither put up a fight against the persecutions to which he was exposed, nor endured them like a martyr: he simply evaded them in a cool and collected fashion. His father was a Portuguese Jew who, while quite young, had fled during the Inquisition to Amsterdam, where numerous fellow-believers had found asylum. But hardly had the Jewish communities found their liberty in the "New Jerusalem," as they called it, before they began to develop with renewed energy that detestable intolerance which has always been characteristic of their religion, and which unhappily the Christian Church inherited in some degree. The spirit of Caiaphas, which determined the whole history of the people of Israel as long as they had national independence, frequently lost its potency in later times owing to external conditions, but it always came to life again when the Jews attained to power. And so it was on this occasion. The case of Uriel da Costa, who, for his free religious views, was sent to his death by the venomous persecution of the Amsterdam Synagogue, is a tragic instance. Spinoza was then eight years old. Half a generation later he was engaged in a similar conflict himself. His philosophical interests and activities became known, and attempts were made, first to convert him, then to bring him back to orthodoxy by threats. When both methods failed, bribery was tried: he was offered a salary of a thousand gulden if he would remain true to Judaism. Since he was not to be moved even by this, a member of the community felt that murder was indicated. But the attack failed. And now there was no course left to the Synagogue but to excommunicate him. Before the assembled congregation the solemn ban was pronounced, the concluding words being: "Curse him by day and curse him by night! Curse him sleeping and curse him waking! Curse his comings-in and curse his goings-out! May the Lord never forgive him! He will burn with hardness and wrath against this man who is laden with all the curses that are written in the Book of the Law. He will blot out his name from under the heavens." Thus did Jewry treat a man whose whole offence was that he led a more serious, peace-loving, and unworldly life than his fellow-Jews. But, as it had always been a good old Jewish tradition to stone the prophets, there is nothing extraordinary in this, particularly as Spinoza does not seem to us one of the greatest among those sons of Israel who suffered this fate;

for we can only regard him and unique one.

Spinoza himself, through lost his calm. Thenceforth buried in his studies, entirely and avoiding all contact versions and disturbance him at Heidelberg, flatter fame (which, however, on death) rests on his *Theologico-politicus*, the first of the Bible, and on his *E* set forth. Incidentally, this.

Spinoza's system was whimsical style. Because can only be obtained by cided to demonstrate his paragraph starts with the nitions), leading on to the theorems (Propositions) and consequent propositions (Scholia). Thus text-book, and in its content and dry, but forced and

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Spinoza himself, through all the screaming of the Rabbis, never lost his calm. Thenceforward he lived in complete retirement, buried in his studies, entirely disinterested and without pretence, and avoiding all contact with worldly pleasures and honours, diversions and disturbances. He declined the professorship offered him at Heidelberg, flattering as were the terms. His philosophical fame (which, however, only became world-wide a century after his death) rests on his *Theologico-Political Treatise* (*Tractatus theologico-politicus*), the first great attempt at a historical criticism of the Bible, and on his *Ethics*, in which his system is exhaustively set forth. Incidentally, no book ever merited its title less than this.

Spinoza's system was built up in a very unusual and somewhat whimsical style. Because he was convinced that certain knowledge can only be obtained by using the mathematical method, he decided to demonstrate his whole system *geometrico modo*. Every paragraph starts with the necessary specification of ideas (Definitions), leading on to the principles (Axioms) which produce the theorems (Propositions). Then follow proofs (Demonstrations) and consequent propositions (Corollaries), and finally the elucidations (Scholia). Thus the whole work reads like a mathematical text-book, and in its content there is something not only archaistic and dry, but forced and artificial.

Since God, concludes Spinoza, can only be comprehended as an absolutely infinite and, therefore, absolutely indeterminate being, he can possess no self and no personality. And as both reason and will presuppose a self-consciousness, both these attributes must be denied to him. Outside this absolutely infinite substance, nothing can exist. Consequently the whole world is identical with God, and we have the famous formula *deus sive natura*. Out of the God-Nature all things are produced as inevitably as it follows from the nature of a triangle that the sum of its internal angles equals two right angles. Therefore there is no human freedom: a man who believes himself to be free is like a stone which imagines itself to be flying when in the act of being thrown. And as God has no reason, he lacks the power to set himself a mark — ends, too, are therefore a human illusion. Values are

Spinoza's
"Ethics"

equally non-existent, for they define, not the properties of things in themselves, but their effect on us.

In his Psychology Spinoza makes *appetitus*, the striving for self-preservation, the basic force in human nature. That which assists in this striving we call good; that which handicaps it, evil. We do not desire things because they are good, but we call them good because we desire them (thus ignoring the fact that all the higher religions, and particularly Christianity, have invariably seen the principle of Evil in desire and the sense-world that is the object of desire). All emotions may be divided into two basic forms, active and passive; the first of these are accompanied by pleasure or joy, the second by pain or grief. Under this classification sympathy belongs to the harmful emotions, because it causes pain; therefore, although we should help those who suffer, it should be done without personal concern and as the result of reasonable judgment. It is the same with repentance; for to the bad deeds, which are in themselves a misfortune, it adds the pain of contrition. Similar non-moral principles are laid down by Spinoza in respect of politics. He says, for instance: "A treaty between nations exists as long as the cause for it exists: fear of shame or hope of gain." But the soul reaches its highest peak in the *amor Dei intellectualis*, the intellectual love of God, which is nothing else but knowledge of the infinite substance — something remote indeed from the love of God as commonly conceived. And since every man is but a portion of the God-nature, God in this love loves himself.

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We make bold to declare that the system, of which the foregoing is only an aphoristic sketch, is the work of a diseased mind of marvellous acuteness. Cartesian rationalism was tolerable by reason of its inconsequence; but Spinoza thinks out each idea with such inexorable logic as to annul it: the idea of God ending in naked atheism; the idea of causality in dead automatism; the difference between mind and body in the assertion that there is no relation whatever between them; the desirability of controlling the emotions in the postulate of insensibility; pantheism — the identity of God with Nature — in a hopeless naturalism which completely despiritualizes the world and makes it a ghastly spectral waste. In short, his abnormally consequent thinking abolishes the objects of this thinking, destroys them, disintegrates them,

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not mean to say that Spinoza was actually mad, but only that in him the understanding was developed to an unnatural degree of exclusiveness, one-sidedness, and autocracy. Chesterton writes: ¹ "And if great reasoners are often maniacal, it is equally true that maniacs are commonly great reasoners. . . . If you argue with a madman, it is extremely probable that you will get the worst of it; for in many ways his mind moves all the quicker for not being delayed by the things that go with good judgment. He is not hampered by a sense of humour or by charity, or by the dumb certainties of experience. He is the more logical for losing certain sane affections. Indeed, the common phrase for insanity is in this respect a misleading one. The madman is not the man who has lost his reason. The madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason. The madman's explanation of a thing is always complete, and often in a purely rational sense satisfactory. . . . His mind moves in a perfect but narrow circle. . . . In the same way the insane explanation is quite as complete as the sane one, but it is not so large. . . . Now, speaking quite externally and empirically, we may say that the strongest and most unmistakable mark of madness is this combination between a logical completeness and a spiritual contraction. . . . He [the madman of experience] is in the clean and well-lit prison of one idea: he is sharpened to one painful point. . . . Materialism has a sort of insane simplicity. It has just the quality of the madman's argument; we have at once the sense of it covering everything and the sense of it leaving everything out. . . . He [the materialist] understands everything, and everything does not seem worth understanding." This characterization fits Spinoza and his system like a glove.

It is this pure rationality in Spinoza, too, that produces that intolerable chill which emanates from his work: not, as some of his admirers would have us believe, the cold of aerie heights, but the cold of the vacuum. We have the austere and comfortless feeling of being somewhere in the vast interstellar spaces — in a medium which permits of no life, no heat, no breathing, no sound, and lets nothing through but the severe light of a distant unknown sun. We freeze when we read in his *Ethics* that nothing could be or should be different from what it is; that all things are equally

¹ In *Orthodoxy* (London: John Lane; New York: The John Lane Company; 1909).

*A System
in vacuo*

perfect, all actions equally good, because all are equally necessary, even as no mathematical theorem is more perfect than another. In the section "On the origin and nature of the emotions" he writes: "I shall consider human actions and desires exactly as if I were dealing with lines, surfaces, and solids," the idea being — and this is one of his most famous sayings — that we should "neither pity them, nor deride them, nor loathe them, but comprehend them." But that a bridge is more easily built with the souls of fellow-men by sympathy, humour, or even passionate opposition than by sterile intelligence, he knew not.

Spinoza stands unique in his age, and indeed in the whole human race. He was, naturally, no Christian: concerning the Incarnation he wrote to a friend (dragging in one of his terrible mathematical examples as usual) that as regards this dogma he must definitely say that he did not understand it; that it seemed to him indeed as preposterous as to pretend that a circle had assumed the nature of a square. Neither was he a pagan, for the sensual near-to-nature pantheism of the Classical age and the Renaissance was of a very different colour from his. Least of all, however, was he a Jew: the "Chosen People" principle, the regulation piety, and the disguised materialism of the Mosaic religion have never been more thoroughly penetrated and exposed to the light than by him. Nay, he was not even what is currently called an atheist, and for that reason it was a perfectly right instinct that for a long time caused a Spinozist to be regarded as an atheist, only more so. Only in one respect could Spinoza be called a Jew — in his extremism. For the Jews are a race of utter polarities: no nation has so wide a spanning power. They are the stoutest pillars of capitalism and the most furious champions of socialism; the inventors of Church and priesthood, and the most passionate preachers of liberty and tolerance; they were the first to spread the gospel in the European sphere of culture and are the only ones who to this day deny it. Thus they have produced both the creator of monotheism and its most powerful denier — Moses and Spinoza.

Freud says, at the close of his essay, *Die Widerstände gegen die Psychoanalyse*: "It is perhaps no mere accident that the first exponent of psycho-analysis was a Jew. To become a convert to it,

there must be a fair amount in opposition, almost." Spinoza stood in such a situation. He was conscious of his community, without a sin without even a listener. His philosophy is lived in the quiet of his own mind by the world. And the fact that he has not undoubtedly intended the cause of this — because of his responsive voice, which has his dogged soundless sturdiness, against the whole world, the figure grows to the stature of a statue where it eludes him completely as the deity.

The early Baroque imagination for such a philosopher at the end of our first sixteenth century an ascetic Catholic portions of Europe, the reality of the Middle Ages, the purism of the Reformation, the name of Counter-Reformation, it so well. In art the nude is cut; in poetry the indifference and scepticism. And Petrarch's sonnets remained as much a model at reform made by Savonarola. In proportion as the Papal minds, it began to open, it perceived that it was just the advantage over doctrine. And so, at the opening of the Church becomes the doctrine, brates its victory in a way.

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there must be a fair amount of readiness to accept the fate of isolation in opposition, and with this the Jew is more familiar than most." Spinoza stood in a similar, though even more desperate, situation. He was completely isolated: without family or community, without a single like-minded or understanding person, without even a listener. He speaks wholly to the void, or to himself. His philosophy is one single heart-breaking monologue, delivered in the quiet of his miserable room, by one who was rejected by the world. And the fact that he was so entirely cut off and shut out undoubtedly intensified the pathological strain in him. Because of this — because of his heroic renunciation of every responsive voice, which he knew from the first to be inevitable, and his dogged soundless struggle against his contemporaries and posterity, against the whole human race indeed — because of this his figure grows to the stature of tragedy and enters into a timelessness where it eludes human understanding and human tests as completely as the deity of his *Ethics*.

The early Baroque was indeed the least receptive *milieu* imaginable for such a philosophy. We attempted to indicate in brief, at the end of our first volume, how in the second half of the sixteenth century an ascetic, spiritualistic tendency laid hold of the Catholic portions of Europe. This return to the severity and spirituality of the Middle Ages was the answer to the seriousness and purism of the Reformation, and it was for this reason that the name of Counter-Reformation that has been given it characterizes it so well. In art the nude and the profane were rejected and persecuted; in poetry the indecent and the merry; in philosophy libertinism and scepticism. Michelangelo's figures were given clothing, and Petrarch's sonnets were "purified." But this clerical reaction remained as much a mere episode as had been the gloomy attempt at reform made by Savonarola at the height of the Renaissance. In proportion as the Papacy recovered its former sway over men's minds, it began to open out to the world again, all the more so as it perceived that it was just its broad-minded, mild comprehension of the sensual half of the human being that gave it so great an advantage over doctrinaire and unimaginative Protestantism. And so, at the opening of the new century, the struggling, suffering Church becomes the dominant, triumphant Church, which celebrates its victory in a whirl of jubilant music and gives free rein

*Artificial
Irrationalism*

to the sensualism of a humanity that was longing for an outlet for its forces. For the new humanity, once it had come into being, could not in the long run be held down. And yet no entirely clean solution offered itself here. The Church's hereditary enemy was rationalism, and, being unable entirely to eradicate this enemy, it sought to drive it out by that other great power of the age, sensualism, a power dangerous indeed, but less so. Sensualism, accordingly, was to take the place of rationalism, to release it, to redeem it, and in this wise there came upon the scene that strange psychosis that we call the Baroque. The Baroque is no natural and normal reversion to irrationalism, but a shrewdly imagined therapy, a vicarious satisfaction, a provocative exorcism. Incapable of finding the way back to genuine naïveté, men produced within themselves a spurious variety by means of various drugs, opiates, elixirs, intoxicating and stupefying poisons. They did not denounce their reason — that was not in their power — but merely tried to mystify and confuse it, to drown it or eliminate it by a process of refined narcosis. And it is precisely this artificiality which explains the overwhelming and perhaps unique triumph of artistry achieved by the Baroque.

The world-
theatre

The attitude towards colour adopted by the *tenebroosi*, who kept everything down to dusky tones, and the "cellar-peephole-style," which represented everything as though in a dark cellar lighted from above, were typical, not only of the painting, but of the world-feeling and form of life of the entire generation which came after the Council of Trent. Then, all at once, music and decoration, pomp and incense forced their way into the Catholic Church and thence into art. Architecture took on a spectacular, expansive, eloquent, almost chatty character. Arcades and colonnades, loggias and galleries crowded upon each other; twisted and bent columns, daring ornaments and roof-profiles asserted themselves. The form-language could not be ostentatious and insistent enough. The façades, which even in the Renaissance had the appearance of being stuck on, have now the character of magnificent and self-sufficing coulisses: frequently they rise whole storeys higher than the real building. Interior decoration revelled in mirrors, damask flowers, garlands, gilt mouldings, and stucco. It was obviously an entirely theatrical style, but on that very account it was a real style such as had never been known since the

age of Gothic. As in the to one great central purp and vital activities into erish and passionate del stronger than reality; a l whelms, a magic atmo and glitter of a more col the theatre, the tendenc separated the arts. Dome like real architecture, an designed to hold sculpu of the plastic monument produce results that ha painting — modelled levi beards, swelling robes, c the sheen of silk and the lost their original functi and trebled, and set in pl and the wall-arches were be an organic part of the were there solely for rhe three pillars shout louder split arches are more orig logical or practical scrup whole thing was a theatr dramatic "set" by the air gorges, and wells. And si marble and rigid bronze, appeal and mysterious st lessness rather than una flung themselves with sp works, which — built of n and form — freakishly el producer of this theatre v tor, poet, master-mechan became, through his inex and dauntless imaginatio zarrerie) upon a relentless contemporary Europe.

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age of Gothic. As in the theatre, so here, everything is subordinate to one great central purpose, which like a tyrant draws all the arts and vital activities into its dominion. Every pore exudes the feverish and passionate determination to create a fantastic illusion stronger than reality; a hypnotic fascination which grips and overwhelms, a magic atmosphere which bathes everything in the scent and glitter of a more colourful, more aromatic world. And, as in the theatre, the tendency was to erase the boundary lines which separated the arts. Domed ceilings were painted to look incredibly like real architecture, and the light and shade effects of the niches designed to hold sculpture in a building became an integral part of the plastic monument itself; fragile stone was called upon to produce results that had hitherto hardly been expected from painting — modelled levin-bolts, light-rays and flames, fluttering beards, swelling robes, clouds of the sky and waves of the sea, the sheen of silk and the warmth of flesh. Pillars and architraves lost their original function of carrying: the pillars were doubled and trebled, and set in places where they had nothing to support, and the wall-arches were broken in the middle. They were not to be an organic part of the building, or even to pretend to be so, but were there solely for rhetorical effect and noisy decoration; and three pillars shout louder and more vigorously than one, just as split arches are more original and striking than closed ones. As to logical or practical scruples, no question could arise, since the whole thing was a theatre. Even nature was staged, made into a dramatic “set” by the aid of artificial rocks, waterfalls, fountains, gorges, and wells. And since in every case (even in that of cold marble and rigid bronze) artists strained to enhance emotional appeal and mysterious stage effect, by suggesting melting formlessness rather than unambiguous and powerful contours, they flung themselves with special passion on waterworks and fireworks, which — built of materials perpetually changing in colour and form — freakishly eluded all attempts at fixation. The gifted producer of this theatre was Cavaliere Bernini. Architect, sculptor, poet, master-mechanic, and scenery-designer all in one, he became, through his inexhaustible wealth of ideas, his grandiose and dauntless imagination, and his insistence (for all his bizarrerie) upon a relentlessly uniform style-will, the art dictator of contemporary Europe.

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Visibly, it was all an extreme reaction against the Renaissance. There the ideal had been *gravità riposata*, here it was unrestrained (in many cases artificially decontrolled) passion, movement, and exaltation. In architecture and sculpture, in painting and ornamentation, in creative and in imitative minds, we constantly are met by gusts of this rushing, rustling, snorting, and yet languishing, swimming, and soaring quality. This art had neither the dignified aloofness of the High Renaissance, nor the gentle persuasiveness of the Early Renaissance, nor the reverent self-absorption of the Gothic: it carried on an undisguised propaganda, declaiming, shouting, gesticulating with such passion and even shamelessness that protests could not even be heard. It was always relentlessly bent on giving to the utmost extreme of its power. Whether it represents the adoring, affectedly humble upward gaze of yearning, contrite figures, or renders the visionary spasms of an ecstasy amounting to hysteria, or ruthlessly pictures reality in its most monstrous and terrifying forms, always it is the exaggerated and the exorbitant, shrillness and glare, at which its productions aim. It seizes with ardour on the very material which the cool æstheticism of the Renaissance had disdained: the sick, the defeated, the outcast; the old, the decrepit, the worn-out; the ragged, the weather-beaten, the deformed; death, skeletons, and corruption. It shows humanity howling, grinning, trembling, writhing in contortions and convulsions; it likes extravagant, ugly things because they are stronger and truer. And whereas it was the profound determination and highest aim of the Renaissance to define and make clear, to harmonize and order, the new art takes the most elaborate pains to spread around its creations the perfume of perpetual yearning and unfulfilment, the charm of enigma and confusion and dissonance. The triumph of its artistic achievement is that it pressed into its service even light — that dividing and clarifying power which, from time immemorial, has been the interpreting medium of all the arts — for by the indefiniteness with which it carried out its transitions from shade to light, by the emphasis it laid on the indefinable aura which envelops all objects and thus all contours, it is able to generate opaqueness and vagueness and to raise the mixing of colours to the level of a mystical art — one of the most forceful and revolutionary acts that the history of Sight has to show.

At the same time it sphere of sultriness and figures were clothed, but more suggestive than they had been merely anatomical became endowed with a there breathed much was arranged as to appear to sensuality was concentric intermingled. Art revelled and wounds. The sweet eroticism, algolagnia, combined in that bizarre expression in Bernini's something else, will always be comparable only to that of the most subtle illusions. profoundly religious; yet footlights is inseparable from the arrangement of theatre and religion be it who serve it seriously and religion, on its ritually in presentation of God's grace. There will always be than the Baroque. These consider that a work of art can as many assume that a painting if it is incomprehensible." matters of taste, on which sensible. One thing does, however, contrary is maintained: more than that of the Renaissance movement would have sounded in the century had been accustomed of unnaturalness, perversity, matter, in the eighteenth century, famous with coarse, inartist notation of art terms, the

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At the same time it imparted to everything a general atmos-
 phere of sultriness and tension — in fact, of latent eroticism. The
 figures were clothed, but the clothing, by its concealment, was far
 more suggestive than the nakedness that preceded it. Man, who
 had been merely anatomically beautiful in the Renaissance, now
 became endowed with a sexual beauty. Under the decent draperies
 there breathed much warmer flesh. At times the covering was so
 arranged as to appear to be ready to fall off; at times again, all the
 sensuality was concentrated in the face. Cruelty and lust were
 intermingled. Art revelled in scenes of bloodshed, in martyrdom
 and wounds. The sweetness of pain was glorified. Finally
 eroticism, algolagnia, and yearning for the supernatural were com-
 bined in that bizarre mixture which found its most powerful
 expression in Bernini's St. Theresa, a work which, apart from any-
 thing else, will always be memorable for the sublime art — com-
 parable only to that of the stage — by which it is made to express
 the most subtle illusions. There is no doubt that the conception is
 profoundly religious; yet the impression of secret make-up and
 footlights is inseparable both from the composition as a whole and
 from the arrangement of every detail. But why, after all, should the
 theatre and religion be irreconcilable? Is not the theatre, for all
 who serve it seriously and devotedly, a sort of religion, and is not
 religion, on its ritually impressive side, a sort of *theatrum Dei*, a
 presentation of God's greatness?

There will always be some who place the Renaissance higher
 than the Baroque. These are predominantly the people who con-
 sider that a work of art can only be called noble if it is dull, just
 as many assume that a philosophical work can only be profound
 if it is incomprehensible. They forget that here we are dealing with
 matters of taste, on which an impartial judgment is almost impos-
 sible. One thing does, however, seem to us irrefutable, often as the
 contrary is maintained: namely, that Baroque art is more natural
 than that of the Renaissance. Only a few decades ago this state-
 ment would have sounded like a bad joke, for the nineteenth cen-
 tury had been accustomed to think of the Baroque as the extreme
 of unnaturalness, perversity, and distortion — just as, for that
 matter, in the eighteenth century, Gothic was practically synony-
 mous with coarse, inartistic, barbarous. In this change in the con-
 notation of art terms, there lies a whole history of æsthetics, and

Natural
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The name given to this spoken singing — which was a decided improvement on earlier vocal styles in point of naturalness and clearness, since it followed the normal accent of the words — was *stile rappresentativo* or *stile parlante*. By 1607 opera had advanced a stage in Monteverde's *Orfeo*. Here the recitative is more animated and the rôle of the music becomes much more independent, both the interludes and the tone-colour effects being handed over to it as its particular function. The opera of that day also owes to this its finest master the introduction of the duet, the invention of the tremolo for the violin family, and the *leitmotiv*, which appears in the very first of his operas.

In outward splendour the operatic performances of the Baroque outshine those of all their successors. One beheld the goddess of Dissension with her dragon steed and Pallas Athene in her owl-drawn coach floating through the air, Jupiter and Apollo enthroned in the clouds, and the ship of Paris steering through waves and storms; the underworld belched forth spirits and monsters from its red jaws; horses and buffaloes, elephants and camels passed across the stage; bodies of troops (often several hundred strong) filed past, delivered battles, battered fortresses; and the heavens, with sun and moon, stars and coloured comets, played their parts almost without intermission. Bernini, master of all these arts, once staged the Castle of S. Angelo with the rushing Tiber, full of boats and people, in the foreground. Suddenly the dam which divided the river from the stalls burst, and the waves swept towards the audience with such violence as to start a panic. But Bernini had calculated to a nicety that the water would stop short of the front row. Another time he put a brilliant carnival procession on the stage with masked dancers and torches at its head. A part of the wings caught fire and everyone began to rush away. But at a given signal the flames were extinguished, and the stage was transformed into a blooming garden in which a fat donkey placidly grazed. It is by such grotesque and glittering devices as these that we may gauge the jaded taste and excessive demands of theatre audiences in those days.

The opera soon became the queen of the age. In 1637 the first public opera-house was built in Vienna, and by the year 1650 there were already four in that city. In 1627 the first German opera — likewise called *Daphne* — appeared; it was the work of Heinrich

Schütz, the most important of the composers of the age. The text was personally — cini, by that pontiff of C arias detached itself from most completely, its sing to utter occasional cries and so on. Innovations, h with unmixed approval; w Maria Artusi, a contrap *della moderna musica*) muses, who merely make mitted to write and what r The summit of the Ea is a proof that a wave of no means always the essent ment. For, to the Spaniar loss of his country's posit economic ruin. And yet l oro, the golden century. P at close quarters, was suc tury, by the phlegmatic, f reputed to have said: "Go has denied to me a son cap who rule him." The aimle under which his governme successor, Philip IV, whos the chase, though drama a This incapable and indole to suppress every indepe town communes and coun ruptibility, lack of enterpri decline of the nation's ecor to the desperate measure o field-labourer; but even th grace to the free-born Spa pression of the Moriscos h 1609 it culminated in the disastrous effect on the ho the enforced emigration of

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Schütz, the most important forerunner of Bach and Handel, and
the text was personally — very personally — adapted from Rinuc-
cini, by that pontiff of German literature, Opitz. Gradually the
aria detached itself from the recitative, the chorus withdrew al-
most completely, its singers becoming mere supers who had only
to utter occasional cries such as: "*Viva!*" "*Mori!*" "*All' armi!*"
and so on. Innovations, however, as in our own day, did not meet
with unmixed approval; we read in the work of the canon Giovanni
Maria Artusi, a contrapuntist to the bone (*Delle imperfezioni
della moderna musica*) that "the new composers are ignora-
muses, who merely make a noise and do not know what it is per-
mitted to write and what not."

The summit of the Early Baroque is seen in Spain. Here again
is a proof that a wave of political and economic prosperity is by
no means always the essential preliminary to high artistic develop-
ment. For, to the Spaniard, the seventeenth century signified the
loss of his country's position as a world-power and its complete
economic ruin. And yet he called it — and rightly — *el siglo de
oro*, the golden century. Philip II, whom we have already studied
at close quarters, was succeeded, at the turn of the sixteenth cen-
tury, by the phlegmatic, flabby Philip III, of whom his father is
reputed to have said: "God, who has given me so many kingdoms,
has denied to me a son capable of ruling them; I fear it will be they
who rule him." The aimless and corrupt domination of favourites
under which his government suffered became even worse with his
successor, Philip IV, whose interests were the pleasures of love and
the chase, though drama and painting were included in them also.
This incapable and indolent form of *étatisme* (which took care
to suppress every independent movement on the part of both
town communes and country population) and the universal cor-
ruptibility, lack of enterprise, and protectionism led to a complete
decline of the nation's economy. In the end the State was reduced
to the desperate measure of promising hereditary nobility to every
field-labourer; but even this proved fruitless, for work was a dis-
grace to the free-born Spaniard. The impolitic and inhuman op-
pression of the Moriscos has already been mentioned; in the year
1609 it culminated in their complete expulsion, with a literally
disastrous effect on the home industries. Similar results followed
the enforced emigration of the Jews to Holland, where they played

*El Siglo
de oro*

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a considerable part in the economic rise of the new power. In the open country and among the proletariat of the towns — which was nowhere more numerous and more demoralized than in Spain — there was famine, and even the lower middle-classes fell into a very depressed condition. It became increasingly difficult to collect taxes, and thus the nobility and the court also were involved in the general bankruptcy. It was no unusual sight to see the royal body-guard begging for the soup distributed to the poor at the monastery gates. Bread, onions, dried grapes, a little sheep's-milk cheese, and an egg or two formed the Spaniard's diet; he could but rarely afford the famous national dish, the *ola podrida* soup, concocted of cabbage, turnips, garlic, mutton, and bacon. There were neither state schools nor compulsory education of any sort. Only the members of the nobility and the higher bourgeoisie were able to read, and even they were only allowed such books as a strict and fanatical censorship permitted. The Court of the Inquisition was as active as ever, and by its ruling that an accused man should not see his witnesses and accusers face to face, the door was opened wide to cowardly revenge and treacherous denunciation. A widespread criminal association, the so-called *germania*, which was in league with the police, troubled the whole country-side. In spite of the general poverty, gambling was universal among high and low, and the State, as holder of a monopoly for the manufacture of playing-cards, was the beneficiary of this vice. Drunkenness alone was not among Spain's national evils. The word of abuse "*borracho*" (drunkard) was an insult which could only be avenged by blood. In all ranks, indeed, the outward conception of honour was developed to an unwholesome point. This side of the Spanish national character, that in which its hardness, passionateness, and bizarrerie most strikingly express themselves, is familiar to all through the country's literature and has been most movingly described in Calderon's *El Médico de su honra*. Lope de Vega says: "Honour is something which depends upon others; no one is honoured through himself, for it is from the other that he receives honour." (This curiously coincides with Schopenhauer's definition: "Honour is, objectively, the opinion of others as to our value and, subjectively, our dread of that opinion.") It is very typical of the almost pathological loyalty of the Spaniards that — despite their extreme susceptibility, which made death itself preferable to

an unavenged insult — is illustrated in a number of places. Zorilla's *Del Rey abdicado* has for its title, which the king may insult another and restore anyone's injuries.

Not only the villas and houses — palaces and pavements, and for lamps under the Mac than in Russia, the d coaches were unknown as simply to be u tion of anything like a safety or suchlike th poetry, and gaiety. With them their mag court displayed the sp national festivals, to matic performances world. And even the p petual love-intrigues, the intoxicating perf cost nothing.

The crown and su a race of glossy, mela lived in great poverty and ever-ready *espa* mained proverbial to fore the king, in wh quez has preserved f anæmically pure blo class-consciousness, t with the same incom lineating that very dif acterized Renaissance of this Christian-orie Every facial emotion egg and sugar, and t

new power. In the towns — which was more than in Spain — all classes fell into a very difficult to classify. Also were involved in it to see the royal o the poor at the little sheep's-milk diet; he could but *podrida* soup, con-
sacracon. There were of any sort. Only the bourgeoisie were able to books as a strict of the Inquisition accused man should the door was opened inciation. A wide-
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an unavenged insult — no offence could come from the king. This is illustrated in a number of famous dramas, as, for instance, in Zorilla's *Del Rey abajo ninguno*; here the idea actually gives the work its title, which substantially means that no man below the king may insult another. The king's word had also the power to restore anyone's injured honour.

Not only the villages, but also the towns consisted of mud houses — palaces and public buildings excepted. There were no pavements, and for sole illumination there were the little oil-lamps under the Madonna shrines. Cleanliness was hardly better than in Russia, the dirt of Madrid being indeed proverbial. Post-coaches were unknown, and inns were in such a miserable condition as simply to be undeserving of the name. There was no question of anything like an organized system of information or public safety or suchlike things. And yet life was not without colour, poetry, and gaiety. The numerous religious feast-days brought with them their magnificent processions, in which Church and court displayed the splendour of their power; there were rollicking national festivals, too, imposing bull-fights, and, above all, dramatic performances such as could be seen nowhere else in the world. And even the poverty of everyday life was seasoned by perpetual love-intrigues, jests of both grace and gallows-humour, and the intoxicating perfume of gardens and moonlit nights, which cost nothing.

The crown and summit of this strange world is represented by a race of glossy, melancholy drones — the Grandees — who often lived in great poverty, but even then wore their threadbare *capas* and ever-ready *espadas* with an air and dignity that have remained proverbial to this day. Their pride did not abate even before the king, in whose presence they remained covered. Velasquez has preserved for us the tired, well-bred hauteur of their anæmically pure blood, the devitalizing exclusiveness of their class-consciousness, their mentality become all mask and form, with the same incomparable skill as that shown by Titian in delineating that very different type of self-consciousness which characterized Renaissance man. And woman, at once queen and slave of this Christian-oriental world, petrifies completely into a doll. Every facial emotion is hidden under a thick layer of white of egg and sugar, and the lower part of her body is covered by an

Early
17th
century

Queens
without
legs

enormous barrel of a crinoline, known as a *guardia de vertu*. When Philip IV's bride was travelling through a Spanish city, and the Cortes made a ceremonious presentation of costly silk stockings, the Master of the Ceremonies flung them down indignantly, crying: "I would have you know that the queens of Spain have no legs."

Gracian

The world-outlook of that class of society raised a characteristic monument to itself in a work called *Oraculo manual y arte de prudencia*, published by the Jesuit father Balthasar Gracian in 1653 and translated into admirable German by Schopenhauer. In it we find such rules of life as these: "Leave others in uncertainty as to your intention: it is neither useful nor agreeable to show your cards, it should always be allowed to appear that there is something mysterious in the background"; "keep people hoping, but never quite satisfy them"; "do not countenance extravagant expectations"; "think like the few and speak like the many"; "indulge in pardonable faults, for a certain negligence is at times the greatest recommendation"; "beware of triumphing over your superiors"; "do the popular things yourself, the unpopular through others"; "do not wait to become a sinking sun, drop things before they drop you"; "belong neither wholly to yourself nor to another, for both are a degrading tyranny." And at the close these maxims come out at this surprising résumé: "in a word: be a saint — and in saying that we say everything. There are three things beginning with S which bring happiness: *santidad*, *sanidad*, *sabiduría* (holiness, health, and wisdom)."

El Greco

Yet it was in this curious atmosphere that Calderon's marvellous eloquence blossomed; and the flaming colour-orgies of decorative art, with its ranked lustrous *azulejos*, remind us of that poet's mosaic-like splendour of imagery. The wooden sculptures, unique in the history of art, which, with their glaring paint, naturalistic flesh-colouring, blood-drippings, crystal eyes, crowns of thorns, silver daggers, real silk garments, tears made of glass pearls, and wigs of real hair, achieve both the coarsest waxwork illusionism and at the same time a mysterious, suggestive effect that eludes all artistic criteria. In painting, again, Ribera's massive solemnity and pitiless naturalism, and Zurbarán's simple but most profound monastic piety, accomplished creations of the highest order. Beside them, to mention Murillo — who yet

throughout the nineteenth-century painter — is almost perfume and its billowy cheap *élan* of the popular public is unfailing; and are just pleasing bits of philistine with highly coloured show only too clearly visible to the middle classes. Murillo is the characteristic of seventeenth-century representative, not the shall-had to admit) Italy did lands in that of Rubens Greco.

El Greco lived in Toledo, agony was setting in the proud home of the Inquisition, soul of Toledo that he painted of Rome and the dying But it is not this alone which power; it is above all the transcendence which brought their blanched air, their sunken eyes of visionaries the quite unnatural (in colour and light-distribution. Greco's things and their like seem immensely secondary and he did not paint the truth — forerunner Alarcón calls for centuries he was regarded as foolishness, and Calderon represents him together along with Loyola and the mission of the Spanish Baroque.

It is not yet the time to talk about the Baroque; but now. The Baroque is, like the attempt to get even with

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society raised a character — *Oraculo manual y arte de* her Balthasar Gracian in man by Schopenhauer. In leave others in uncertainty nor agreeable to show your appear that there is some — “keep people hoping, but untenance extravagant ex-weak like the many”; “in- negligence is at times the of triumphing over your yourself, the unpopular come a sinking sun, drop neither wholly to yourself tyranny.” And at the close is résumé: “in a word: be everything. There are three ppiness: *santidad, sanidad, 1).*”

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throughout the nineteenth century counted as the greatest Span- ish painter — is almost blasphemous. His art, with its artificial perfume and its billowy clouds, has the silky optimism and the cheap *élan* of the popular virtuoso whose success with the larger public is unfailing; and his famous scenes of Spanish peasant life are just pleasing bits of opera and glazed idylls, which flatter the philistine with highly coloured misrepresentations of reality that show only too clearly why this artist became the idol of the mid- dle classes. Murillo is the Spanish Raphael; true, but it is charac- teristic of seventeenth-century Spain that it regarded as most rep- resentative, not the shallowest of its leading artists — as (we have had to admit) Italy did in the case of Raphael, and the Nether- lands in that of Rubens — but the most profound: namely, El Greco.

El Greco lived in Toledo — a city which, though its death- agony was setting in precisely at that very time, was still the proud home of the Inquisition and the Councils — and it was the soul of Toledo that he painted: the triumph of the world-church of Rome and the dying pomp of the world-dominion of Spain. But it is not this alone which gives his pictures their incomparable power; it is above all the complete detachment, unreality, and transcendence which breathe from every one of his figures — their blanched air, their strangely contorted and elongated bodies, their eyes of visionaries initiated into the higher mysteries, and the quite unnatural (indeed definitely magical) foreshortening and light-distribution. Gravitation, likeness, perspective — these things and their like seem to us, as we stand before his paintings, immensely secondary and insipid — even false. This “Greek” did not paint the truth — the “suspicious truth,” as Calderon’s forerunner Alarcón calls it in the title of one of his plays — and for centuries he was regarded as a fool because he realized that reason was foolishness, as the “court jester of humanity” that Calderon represents him to be. But on that very account he stands along with Loyola and Don Quixote as the most powerful expres- sion of the Spanish Baroque.

It is not yet the time to write anything really comprehensive about the Baroque; but certain features stand out clearly even now. The Baroque is, like every self-contained world-outlook, an attempt to get even with reality and to reconcile its conflicting

*The three
therapies
for
Rationalism*

years, he was condemned to great physical suffering, which he bore with the noblest patience and composure, almost with serenity. A chronic victim to colic, neuralgia in the head, inflamed gums, and insomnia, he yet denied himself every form of comfort, waited on himself entirely, and even took in an invalid pauper and nursed him. He praised God for his illnesses — for, as he said, to be ill was the only condition worthy of a Christian — and had a positive dread of becoming healthy again. And his sufferings did in fact raise him to heights which are barred to ordinary mortals; endowed, so to say, with weightlessness, he was able to lead a magical, mystical existence in the midst of the profane and greedy world of Mazarinian France and the hard daylight of his rationalistic century. His last years are bathed in an ethereal, astral glow.

Pascal's philosophic method is embodied in the sentence: "One must be three sorts of a man: mathematician, sceptic, and devout Christian." He arrives at belief — and this is the noteworthy and typically contemporary thing about him — not by way of dogma, but of scepticism. He shows too — in direct opposition to Spinoza — that mathematics does not destroy faith, but founds it. It might be said that for him religious truths hold the same position as higher mathematical truths: inferior understanding may consider them nonsensical as long as it fails to grasp them, but from the moment that it does grasp them it is bound to recognize them as essential, proved, and irrefutable.

It is this that the *Pensées* — which may fairly be taken as the profoundest book in French literature — set out to expound. They deal with the "study of man." For Pascal the scientist the human soul is one large field of experiment and he approaches it with the most subtle precision-instruments of analysis; exposes its most secret and delicate, its darkest and most contradictory impulses; measures its heights and its depths; illumines and fixes its most fluid nuances. In short, he applied to psychology the theory of probability of which he was the founder, and, just as he was the first to measure air-pressure, so now he was the first to weigh the apparently imponderable and to make it an object of exact examination. The final result is, all the same, a vast "*amas d'incertitude*." "For what, after all, is man in the midst of nature? A nothing, set against the infinite; a world, set against nothing; a middle thing between nothing and everything. He is infinitely remote from

Pascal's soul-anatomy

both, and his nature is just as far removed from the nothing from which he emerges as from the infinite into which he is cast. This is our veritable condition. This confines our knowledge within fixed limits which we are unable to transcend, being both incapable of knowing everything and incapable of ignoring everything. We are situated on a wide middle plane, always unsafe, always swaying between ignorance and knowledge. . . . We burn with the desire to found everything and to build a tower that reaches up to infinity. But our whole structure crashes and the deep earth opens its abyss." "We are powerless in proving — no dogmatism can refute that; we carry within us the idea of truth — no scepticism can refute that. We yearn for truth and find only uncertainty. We seek happiness and find only misery. . . . But our misery is the result of our greatness, and our greatness the result of our misery. . . . For man knows that he is wretched. He is wretched because he knows it; but he is great because he knows that he is wretched. What a chimera is this which we call man! Miracle, confusion, contradiction! Judge over all things and impotent earthworm, treasure-chamber of truth and dark room of uncertainty, glory and shame of the universe: let him praise himself, I will humiliate him; let him humiliate himself, I will praise him; and so persistently will I contradict him that he shall at last comprehend that he is incomprehensible." (Whereon Voltaire, who commented the *Pensées*, remarked: "Sheer invalid's babble"; and we in turn should retort that while it is understandable enough that the brilliant herald and spokesman of the eighteenth century should hear nothing but "babble" in this passage, it is incomprehensible that Voltaire of all people should make a reproach of illness, for whence did he himself derive his genius if not from his "physiological inferiority," his crooked spine, his abnormally feeble constitution, and his pathological irritability?)

The Pascalian anthropology may be summed up in the sentence: "Man is but a weak reed, but a thinking one." "*Ainsi toute notre dignité consiste dans la pensée. . . . Travaillons donc à bien penser: voilà le principe de la morale.*" But good use of the power of thought must not lead anywhere but to Christ. "All the bodies that are — the firmament, the stars, the earth, the natural kingdoms — do not count for as much as the smallest of minds; for it has knowledge of all these and of itself, and the body

has no knowledge of: together with all their stirring of love; for let Out of all bodies the smallest thought: the different order. All bodies forth a single stirring love is of a different nature. We have already more definitely, that the scientific mind: laying hold of natural history, war, even more of thought produced a problem, either beginning or else regard it as a different way, the world only sought after science the few of the elect, the greatest mind that the

The greatest, but another thinker, equal in alliance but not in illumination the age of Louis XIV to turn — and, what he remains right up to man, although his life overcast skies of Hol Louis was no more than invented by him — a the more deserves close and surprising lesson: historical results in the few individuals who are superfluous, and even the same way if they were oddities whose sphere men of their age considered on the other hand all the ap

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it good use of the
it to Christ. "All
ie earth, the natu-
s the smallest of
self, and the body

has no knowledge of anything. And all bodies and all minds put to-
gether with all their works do not count for as much as the least
stirring of love; for love belongs to an incomparably higher order.
Out of all bodies taken together there could not be formed the
smallest thought: that is impossible, because thought is of a dif-
ferent order. All bodies and all minds together are unable to bring
forth a single stirring of true love: that is impossible, because true
love is of a different and entirely supernatural order."

We have already had occasion to observe, and shall soon see
more definitely, that the seventeenth century marks the victory of
the scientific mind: in all spheres it makes its triumphant entry,
laying hold of nature-research, language-research, politics, eco-
nomics, war, even morality, poetry, and religion. All the systems
of thought produced by this century, in dealing with every vital
problem, either begin with the scientific outlook as their founda-
tion or else regard it as their highest and final goal. One only took
a different way, the way of the god-illuminated genius, in that he not
only sought after science like everyone else, not only found it like
the few of the elect, but conquered it. This one was Pascal, the
greatest mind that the Gallic race has ever borne.

The greatest, but not the most effective. The most effective was
another thinker, equal to him in breadth but not in depth, in bril-
liance but not in illuminating power. This man created the bril-
liant age of Louis XIV — the *grand siècle*, to which we are about
to turn — and, what is more, the complete modern Frenchman as
he remains right up to the Revolution and the World War. This
man, although his life was spent in quiet and solitude under the
overcast skies of Holland, was in fact the true Sun-King, and
Louis was no more than a gilded decorative doll and lay figure
invented by him — a most extraordinary process, and one which
the more deserves close study in that it contains a very valuable
and surprising lesson: namely, that permanently effective results,
historical results in the true sense, have ever been achieved by a
few individuals who struck their contemporaries as unessential,
superfluous, and even harmful pedants and would strike us in the
same way if they were alive now; the work of a few fantastic
oddities whose sphere of activity lay completely aloof from all that
men of their age considered important and central; and on the
other hand all the apparently important things which made so

*The
overcomer*

*The true
roi soleil*

much noise and glitter have now sunk into nothingness, under the ban of oblivion, if not of contempt and ridicule. In short, we shall have to take to heart the lesson that all great things are unprofitable, and no profitable things great, and that true world-history consists in the action of a few unworldly dreams, visions, and delusions.

The miracle to which we allude, a sort of second order of creation, was brought about all unconsciously by a poet-weaver in concepts, a shy aristocrat: the *Chevalier René Descartes, seigneur de Perron*.

The golden age of man, at once grandiose in mind, who united the detestable qualities of ing virtues and ugly vi real founder of Bourbc the greater part of the fortunate Henry IV on the other hand the craft and violence to c who at first acted as Louis XIII himself — of value in him except superior mind — as a conclusion that the im ful policy was not re centralize which strive economy, art — around profound knowledge o of the age, lay the secre dying, bourgeois liberal only effective vehicle of the feeling of the age; the first of modern p of the greatest and on of course, far from bei history as conceived in of ordinary profane his

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CHAPTER II LE GRAND SIÈCLE

"Aimez donc la raison!"

Boileau

Richelieu

The golden age of France begins with Richelieu. This statesman, at once grandiose and unworthy, fertile in ideas and narrow in mind, who united in himself not only all the admirable and detestable qualities of an eminent politician, but also all the shining-virtues and ugly vices of his race, is generally regarded as the real founder of Bourbon absolutism; and in fact he did contribute the greater part of the imposing edifice that the gifted and unfortunate Henry IV had begun and which Louis XIV, more fortunate than gifted, had only to complete. When we remember on the other hand that he not only employed every method of craft and violence to oust Marie de Medicis, the Queen-mother, who at first acted as regent for her young son, but also treated Louis XIII himself — a pathological ne'er-do-well with nothing of value in him except his blind submissiveness to the Cardinal's superior mind — as a dummy in king's clothing, we arrive at the conclusion that the impulse which stimulated Richelieu's powerful policy was not royalism, but that typical French will-to-centralize which strives to organize everything — State, Church, economy, art — around one single shining centre. Therein, in this profound knowledge of the national character and the tendency of the age, lay the secret of his success. Aristocratic feudalism lay dying, bourgeois liberalism was not yet in its birth-pangs, and the only effective vehicle of power therefore was the Crown. This was the feeling of the age; and this was what made Richelieu one of the first of modern politicians — in a double sense, alike one of the greatest and one of the earliest. To call him modern is, of course, far from being a compliment according to the spirit of history as conceived in this work, but it is certainly one in terms of ordinary profane history. He understood what mankind in his

D. T.
Prohibition

During
Ridham
term
in 1934

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To employ those methods, which are not allowed, and to employ them with such skill that their working, as every person (until too late) was one of

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 to gain only a few
 frica, Senegambia,
 captured and Fort
 Guiana came into
 t held first place in
 Nouvelle, though it
 uisiana came into

French hands. On the whole, the French of those days had but
 small success as colonizers, for in this domain Richelieu's cen-
 tralistic system was a failure; no manifestation of vigour could
 thrive under such a handicap of state tutelage, especially in an
 age when all European colonization was a superior form of
 piracy. In other domains also Richelieu was the forerunner of
 Colbert. He sought to protect home industries (in particular
 the flourishing cloth-manufacture) by duties, established new
 branches, encouraged agriculture, and improved communication
 by constructing magnificent tree-bordered high roads which
 became models for all Europe.

We should do very inadequate justice to Richelieu if we esti-
 mated him merely as a politician. Like all great masters of states-
 manship he made his mark not only on administration and
 diplomacy, but on the whole intellectual and social life of the day.
 His principles were the same here as in politics — intense con-
centration, breadth of outlook, order. To bear splendid witness to
 his power he built the Palais Cardinal (which later, as the Palais
Royal, played so interesting a part in history). For the guiding
 of public opinion he founded, and himself contributed to, the
Gazette de France, and for the purification and perfection of the
 French language he created the Académie française, which from
 then on remained the supreme arbiter of correct writing and
 speech, and through which the language first attained its perfect
 clarity, subtlety, and correctness — though at the cost of assuming
 a certain mechanical regularity and fettered uniformity. Similarly
 the "three unities" which he succeeded in imposing upon the
 drama produced a greater precision and transparency of structure
 at the cost of a sensible loss in colour, naturalness, and poetic
 life. It was under Richelieu, too, that the first great salon was
 opened. The house of the beautiful, witty, and amiable Marquise
de Rambouillet became the meeting-place of the intellectual cream
 of the aristocracy, and thus the cradle of that sublime union of
 nobility and literature which remained typical of French society
 for the next two centuries. The ideal of this circle was "le
précieux" — the choice and the tasteful in speech, in thought,
 and in manners — and out of it arose later, when the effort towards
 these ideals degenerated into finicking and superior airs, the con-
 temptuous connotation that the word "precious" now possesses.

The Hôtel
 Rambouillet

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As a matter of fact, in the beginning the tendency was towards the very opposite: towards simplicity, artistic frugality, tasteful reserve; *ordre, économie, choix*, were the fundamental qualities demanded by good form. In sum, in the age of Richelieu we already sense all about us the cool and bright, thin and pure air of the *grand siècle*.

Mazarin

When Richelieu and the King died, at almost the same time, it was once more a foreigner — Anne of Austria — who acted as regent for her son, a minor, and once more a Cardinal who had the real governance, though this time not as an enemy of the Queen, but as her lover. Apart from that, Mazarin was more or less a weaker double and understudy of Richelieu. But his outward success at any rate was almost greater than his predecessor's. He completely crushed the insurrection of the Fronde, in which the feudal elements made their last stand against the exclusive power of the throne. He secured for France, by the Peace of Westphalia, the long-coveted Rhine frontier; by the Peace of the Pyrenees he on the one hand made good the Pyrenean frontier, and on the other acquired, in the possession of certain very valuable south Belgian fortresses, a strong sallyport into the two Netherlands. He created the Rhenish league, which, completely under French influence, turned west Germany almost into a Bourbon protectorate; and he formed advantageous alliances with Sweden, Poland, Holland, and England. In short, France at that time reached a height of diplomatic power which was never, even under Louis XIV, regained. And yet with it all he seems but a genre figure beside the great Richelieu. His insatiable avarice, for instance, was grotesque enough for Molière; no means of satisfying it was too vile or too adventurous. At the time of the Fronde, when bitter pamphlets against the unpopular minister poured in great numbers from the press and were eagerly bought, he had them all confiscated and then proceeded to sell them in secret himself at high prices. Even on his death-bed he occupied himself with weighing gold pieces with the intention of using the lighter ones at cards.

The
Cartesian
Age

This was in the year 1661. After Mazarin's death it was thought by many that a third prince of the Church, the talented, intriguing Cardinal de Retz, would be promoted to the position of ruler of France, but to the general surprise the twenty-three-

year-old monarch rule. On that day all the height of Cartesian age.

The life of the *grand siècle* owes its to the tremendous ran on very unass went through the he attended the Je tary service in Ger grimace to Loret in complete seclusi centre of the world his comprehensive desire whatever f "Savages," he w monkeys could sp they should be for up writing, therel might have had if as possible to do w turbing element, a with the ruling p based on the helio Galileian) theory, become involved by Superficial minds truth and persona man never ceased to Roman Church, a existing order of t blood. And as rega to be able to develc them to the world a that he did not eve:

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the tendency was towards artistic frugality, tastefulness, the fundamental qualities of the age of Richelieu we already find, thin and pure air of the

at almost the same time, of Austria — who acted as a Cardinal who had the reputation as an enemy of the Queen, Mazarin was more or less a Richelieu. But his outward life was more than his predecessor's. He was of the Fronde, in which he fought against the exclusive power of the Peace of Westphalia; the Peace of the Pyrenees he was on the mean frontier, and on the certain very valuable south into the two Netherlands. He was completely under French influence into a Bourbon protectorate with Sweden, Poland, and Russia at that time reached a height never, even under Louis XIV, seems but a genre figure of an able avarice, for instance, the means of satisfying it was the Fronde, when bitter enemies poured in great numbers, he had them all in his hands in secret himself at the time occupied himself with weighing the lighter ones at

Mazarin's death it was the Church, the talented, who were promoted to the position of surprise the twenty-three-

On old monarch announced that now he himself was going to die. On that day begins the age of Louis XIV, which we may call the height of the Baroque or, most accurately perhaps, the Cartesian age.

The life of the remarkable man to whom really the spirit of the *grand siècle* owes its form stands apparently in utter contradiction to the tremendous effect that it produced, for outwardly its course ran on very unassuming and almost conventional lines. Descartes went through the normal upbringing of a nobleman of the time: he attended the Jesuit school, became a licentiate of laws, did military service in Germany, Bohemia, and Holland, and made a pilgrimage to Loretto. The last twenty years of his life were spent in complete seclusion in the Netherlands, his only contact with the centre of the world — the Paris of Richelieu and Mazarin — being his comprehensive correspondence. He felt, as he said himself, no desire whatever for fame, rather indeed a positive dread of it. "Savages," he wrote to one of his admirers, "maintain that monkeys could speak if they wished, but deliberately refrain lest they should be forced to work." I have not had the wisdom to give up writing, therefore I have no longer the peace and leisure I might have had if I had kept silence." He wished to have as little as possible to do with the world, which was to him merely a disturbing element, and he therefore avoided every kind of conflict with the ruling powers. His work on the *Cosmos*, which was based on the heliocentric (though as a matter of fact not on the Galileian) theory, he suppressed when he learnt how Galileo had become involved by his new theory in differences with the Church. Superficial minds have tried to ascribe this to a lack of will-to-truth and personal courage, but they forget that Descartes the man never ceased to be an aristocrat of France and son of the Holy Roman Church, and that in refraining from tilting against the existing order of things he was but following the voices of his blood. And as regards the rest, it was of more importance to him to be able to develop his great thoughts unmolested than to show them to the world amid molestation and controversy; so much so, that he did not even desire a following.

Yet even in his lifetime he could not prevent both opponents and disciples from swarming about him. For his achievements in the mathematical and physical sciences alone were sufficient to

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Yet even in his lifetime he could not prevent both opponents and disciples from swarming about him. For his achievements in the mathematical and physical sciences alone were sufficient to

*The magic
cross of
co-ordinates*

create for him a world-wide reputation. He discovered the law of refraction of light and the function of the crystalline lens in the human eye; he solved the riddle of the rainbow, and his theory of vortices, by which he sought to explain the movements of astronomical bodies, carried great weight in his day, although now discarded in the light of later research. His greatest work was, however, the founding of analytical geometry, by which it became possible to express the properties of every plane curve in an equation whose main constituents were formed out of two variable quantities, the co-ordinates. This was not only a perfectly new, and in the sequel extraordinarily fruitful discovery; it was also something of far greater importance: namely, nothing more or less than a giant's effort to apply algebra — that is, pure thought — to geometry; which means the use of real existence to discover the attributes and laws of existence of actual things *before these things themselves exist*; the capture of reality in a permanently fixed network of lines with reference to which it must orient itself, and from which it can at any time be defined and foretold — a supreme victory of rationalism over matter, even though it be only a fictitious one. Cartesian man holds up the *magic cross of co-ordinates* before irrational reality, and so turns it into his spellbound servant. The symbolical significance of this is incalculable: it contains the key to the whole of French Baroque.

Deductive
man

After mathematics it was the turn of metaphysics to develop its propositions deductively from principles known immediately and self-evidently. Everything is true that I “clearly and distinctly” represent: we can, therefore, draw conclusions only from that which we either are able intuitively to know of ourselves, or can with certainty deduce from such knowledge. It is in a strictly tested and ordered series of such progressive and discovering conclusions that the Cartesian method consists.

The principle at the top of Descartes's structure reads as follows: everything is doubtful, *de omnibus dubitandum*. Those sense impressions from which we construct our world-picture do certainly deceive us sometimes, and perhaps always. All the same, even in case we were justified in doubting everything, one thing would remain quite indubitable: that is, this very doubt of ours. Even though all our conceptions may be false, there is a positive

remainder in the fact that everything be an error; even though I deny it; even though I deny it. In this manner, the starting-point *de omnibus dubitandum*, or — since all this immediately proceeds from the *cogitans*, by setting up whose existence is doubted, the existence of his spirit Descartes, is divided. Mental quality is extended in thought. The body without thought: *me* — two curious conclusions of his age: first, that man is the necessary cautious creature; clearly and distinctly error is his own fault in the proper use of the divine thinking substances can think, the human body in communion with the soul, a no soul of any sort automata.

Let us try to gain insight into the Cartesian method expressed in a particularly emotional language. It is a strict method, a passionate belief in it, a logical master-key: this method, the “true” is the cardinal conviction, the dominating life-formation-process, of the Leibniz and Napoleon, to take the Cartesian method. It dissects the world under examination, inductively, following the

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remainder in the fact that they are conceptions; even though
everything be an error, the existence of our error itself is no
error; even though I deny everything, I am still the I who
denies. In this manner Descartes arrives direct from his start-
ing-point *de omnibus dubito* at the conclusion *dubito ergo*
sum, or—since all doubt is thought—*cogito ergo sum*. But
he immediately proceeds to identify this with a third, *sum*
cogitans, by setting up the hypothesis not only that man is a being
whose existence is distinguished by its thought, but that the whole
existence of his spiritual half consists in thought. The world, for
Descartes, is divided into two substances: bodies, whose funda-
mental quality is extension, and spirits, whose essential attribute
is thought. The body is never without extension, the spirit never
without thought: *mens semper cogitat*. This leads Descartes to
two curious conclusions, strikingly characteristic of himself and
his age: first, that man, if he applies the Cartesian method with
the necessary caution and only agrees with that which he has
"clearly and distinctly" recognized, can never be in error, that
error is his own fault into which he falls only when failing to make
proper use of the divine gift of knowing; and, secondly, that as
thinking substances can never be extended, extended ones never
think, the human body is a machine which has nothing in com-
mon with the soul, and animals, since they do not think, have
no soul of any sort and differ in no wise from complicated
automata.

Let us try to gain a closer view of this philosophy, which Des-
cartes expressed in a crystal-clear and at times almost dramati-
cally emotional language. The first fundamental trait that we per-
ceive is a strict methodic of all-round application and, with it, a
passionate belief in its power to win victories. There is a method,
a logical master-key: he who owns it owns the world; if I have
this method, the "true method," I have the whole thing—such
is the cardinal conviction of Cartesianism, and it develops into
the dominating life-passion, determines the whole future evolu-
tion-process, of the Latin soul from Descartes, by way of Voltaire
and Napoleon, to Taine and Zola. This method is the analytical
method. It dissects the given reality, or such of its sections as are
under examination, first of all into its "elements," and then de-
ductively, following the "right" way, gets back to it. It corrects

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strikes six or seven. He goes, in his logical course, even further still and declines to place even human sensations among the spiritual processes; for him they are likewise mere phenomena of movement. The passions are only false judgments, confused, incorrect, obscure notions; and there is therefore no justification for their existence, and they can and must be conquered by reason, reason being the faculty of "clear and distinct" conceptions. We recognize here the habit of mind — akin to that of the Greek Stoa, but adjusted to the point of view of the man of the world — which hovered over the seventeenth century as an ethical ideal: that of the man who has tamed and rationalized all his instincts by the clear methodology which has become his *life-form*; who looks down upon everything that is the outcome of elementary instincts and the unregulated sphere of the will as uncivilized and plebeian, tasteless and barbaric, unphilosophical and unæsthetic; who feels everything not subject to reason to be subaltern and in bad form. But already the eighteenth century is heralded in the conviction that everything that conflicts with reason represents an unripe moral formation and an aberration of nature, destined to be overcome in the course of progress.

In each individual province the Cartesian system did no more than draw logical conclusions from its supreme principle of *cogito ergo sum*. From thought Descartes extracted the fact of the human ego and of the whole world. It is true that when Gassendi argued that man could draw conclusions as to his existence from any of his other activities, and say, for instance: "*Ambulo ergo sum* (I walk, therefore I am)" Descartes quite rightly replied that man could only be assured of the fact that he was walking by his conception of that fact; that is, by thinking he was walking. But he brought thought and existence not merely into such a relation of major and minor premiss, but also into that of identity, by establishing that the being of the mind consisted solely in thought, and that things thought were therefore the only reality. If, for instance, Gassendi had challenged him with the maxim: "*Volo ergo sum* (I will, therefore I am)," on which Schopenhauer's philosophy takes its stand, Descartes would not have been able to produce the same rejoinder; for even if I become conscious of my will only through my imagining it, the question still remains, may not this will nevertheless be the origin of my existence? Through

the fact of my thought reality Descartes turns. He was nevertheless one of the great philosophers in the voice of their time epoch to a system. And convinced that only the activity: "*Quod nescio* Cartesian Geulinx. Only a soul must think: "*I* Malebranche.

This mind, which Cartesianism presents, is a fiction into which any being. It is out of the pure thought that Descartes sums. Man, as he comes with his *cogito*, his not-fying, which builds up and nature; world-astronomies, physics; virtues. Yet at bottom perhaps unaware of it thinks and thinks, is: but only the thought of what is real (or at any curve, but the general: conceptions have less what guarantee have not a dream? "When a single characteristic the waking conditions I am completely at a loss at this moment." Here true Baroque philosophy to a reality of the second in hypothesis — as a direct distrust of the whole too, in combining with

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may even be asserted that to this very day almost every Frenchman is a born Cartesian. The French Revolution crushed the absolutism of the Bourbons as completely as is possible to imagine, but so far from dethroning Descartes, it confirmed and even extravagantly heightened his power.

With Louis XIV the transition from Pre-Baroque to full Baroque is completed. His autocratic government covers about five and a half decades. At his death the late Baroque, known as Rococo, set in. We have previously remarked that the epoch of his becoming absolute monarch is marked by a number of other dates of decisive significance; and so it is with the end of his reign likewise. His death took place in 1715, and in the same year Malebranche, the most important of the Cartesians, died. In 1713 Frederick William I came to the throne of Prussia, in 1714 the house of Hanover began its rule in England — two significant turning-points in politics. And in 1716 Leibniz died — in whom, as we shall see, the Baroque spirit found its highest concentration. The death of the Sun-King signifies therefore, in more ways than one, the end of a historical epoch.

The extreme absolutism that Louis XIV set up followed self-evidently from the supremacy of Cartesian Reason, which requires a centre from which everything may be uniformly and methodically ruled and directed. The motto: "*l'État c'est moi*" had for the men of the time a meaning very far removed from that which frivolous critics have since attached to it. The king was the centre, selected by God and Reason, of the earthly system of co-ordinates. Everything had to orient itself on him, and if anyone had been rash enough to think otherwise, he would have appeared to the feeling of the age not only as a traitor to the State and to majesty, but as something far worse, a person unable to think systematically. The king is, to begin with, and then the State — developed from him just as the cross of co-ordinates precedes the actual points, lines, and surfaces. The king does not rule the State, he makes the State. From this a radically absolutist theory naturally and necessarily follows, and its clearest and most impressive exposition is to be found in the writings of Bossuet, the "eagle of Meaux," who was both one of the most moving pulpit-orators and one of the most brilliant historians of his time. In his *Politique tirée de l'Écriture Sainte*, he asserts

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D. T.
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of Madame de Maintenon's brother, who, when his sister said she could not endure her dull life by the side of Louis, exclaimed: "Are you thinking of marrying God the Father, then?"

The external instruments by which Louis XIV wielded and sustained his unshakable authority were bureaucracy, police, and standing army — the three outstanding and characteristic elements of the modern state — which were brought to their highest development in his reign. Over the whole land was drawn the net of a carefully graded and organized official hierarchy. There was prompt and relentless enforcement of taxation, an ever open source (which, however, eventually ran dry) for the immense expenditure on the business of state. The capitation-tax (*la taille*) was very high and at the same time inequitably distributed, since the nobility and clergy were exempt. In addition there were heavy indirect charges on a number of the most essential domestic articles, above all the notorious salt-tax (*la gabelle*). Equally detested and feared were the *lettres de cachet*, by means of which the King could intern whom he pleased without trial for an indefinite period.

The nobility, deprived of its proud feudal independence, was transformed by Louis XIV into a court aristocracy which had no other purpose but that of enhancing the splendour of royalty. He did, it is true, fill the public offices and, above all, the higher military posts, with nobles for preference, but, even so, from being minor sovereigns they had become crown officials, distinguishable from ordinary subjects only by outward honours and decorations. And apart from them the King, as a matter of fact, drew into his service large numbers of the bourgeoisie, wherever he found talent and enterprise, and not infrequently he put them into the highest posts, especially on the administrative side — hence the nickname that Saint-Simon gives him in the *Mémoires*, "*le roi des commis*." In this wise there arose a new and very influential caste, the *nouveaux riches*, which by the purchase of land and consequent ennoblement, by lucky speculations, and by securing aristocratic connexions by marriage climbed rapidly.

The King's closest attention was given to the army. He was not himself what is called a "militarist," but he realized that constant wars, which flattered patriotic pride and at the same time directed abroad the craving for action, were the surest means of

Louis XIV's
home ad-
ministration

Lenôtre is the creator of French garden-construction, which lays out its parks in the form of mathematical figures, and plants them with the aid of compass and ruler. Fountains and pools were laid out with the same symmetry, as for instance the *Bassin de Latone* at Versailles, where frogs are set round at regular intervals, all sending out their jets in the same faultlessly equal curves. The same spirit breathes from the minuet, perhaps the most remarkable dance ever invented, in that it achieves the feat of wedding the most chilling affectation, deliberation, and marionettism to the most bewitching grace, vivacity, and airiness. And indeed at bottom the whole salon-life of the period was a minuet. Were there not strict regulations as to how many steps one took before it was permitted to bow, the particular line of the bow, and the depth of it in each particular case? There was nothing in this society which did not conform to a minute and considered regulation, nothing that was left to chance. Life was one great drawing-board squared in standard units, a chess-board on which certain uniform figures made their moves to order.

Even the great King could not escape from this strict moral etiquette. It was the one power stronger than he. His day was strictly ordered: every hour had its prescribed occupation, dress, and company. The absolute monarch was at bottom no more than a great doll which certain persons chosen to that end dressed, undressed, fed, took out, and put to bed. No one might hand him a handkerchief but the head of the handkerchief section; the inspection of his night-stool was a separate court office; to pass him a glass of water was the work of four people. His whole life was one tiresome, boring reception of the same faces and the same expressions. When the ceremonial of the French Court was described to Frederick the Great, he remarked that if he were king of France his first governmental act would be to appoint a viceroy to hold his court for him.

The life of the court was one long repertory piece, always the same, which began at eight in the morning and ended at ten at night, only to begin all over again next day. But, what is more, the life of all France was a similar comedy. It took an amazing amount of self-control and self-denial to carry out the ticklish, exhausting title-rôle of the hero in this comedy, but Louis XIV solved this difficult problem with such consummate mastery that we do not

even see the effort behind the benefit of Europe: intelligent performance, mendacious one too.

Louis XIV was determined. For his portraits he posed in equestrian stances, wished to be presented on horse which is in the attitude of a sculptor. Girardon carved that Louis XIV held a sword for his fatherland — a sword which ruins the work from the manner, however, the king was always tactful, always smiling and angry only in the presence of *Tonans*. With women, he was courteous, and he was the lowest kitchen-maid. His humiliation and of refusal of delicacy is seen in his at sought asylum with his father. He treated him as a sovereign. He made him to style himself King, shield, according to the king. On one occasion he threatened from the temptation of st had insulted him. When battle, once said to him: should no longer need to "I should be sorry for that and made him a handson

His excellent constitution fatigues of his position consisted usually of four plates of partridge, a large dish of soup, a plate of cakes, fruit, and developed an equal vitality. King so long as it wore a p

A. H.
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La Rochefoucauld is the first real aphorist of modern times. His short sentences are compressed moral and psychological treatises. In them too there lives the *esprit géométrique*, which is seen in their razor-sharp antithesis, their crystallographic phrasing. He is none the less the man of the world and of the salon, even in point of style. His sketches are not merely witty, but also pleasing and graceful, elegant as drops of a choice perfume, the strong extract of the fragrance left by many thousands of minor experiences. The author's philosophical system is very simple. Just as psycho-analysis explains everything on sexual grounds, so he derives all human actions from a single motive: namely, *Porgueil, la vanité, l'amour-propre* (pride, vanity, self-love): "many as are the discoveries that have been made in the realm of self-love, it still holds many an unexplored country"; "selfishness speaks all languages and plays all rôles, even that of unselfishness"; and "even virtue would not get so far did not vanity keep her company." And, because he is ever on the alert for the secret under-layer of vanity, he succeeds in rooting it out of its last hiding-place and catching and holding its most delicate nuances: "we should rather hear evil spoken of us than nothing at all"; "to decline praise is to ask for it twice over"; "we often pardon those whom we find tedious, but never those who find us tedious"; "whether philosophers regard life with affection or indifference is merely a matter of the direction taken by their vanity." Virtue, too, is only a form of vice: "the virtues lose themselves in selfishness as rivers in a sea"; "we are often only prevented from giving ourselves up to a particular vice because we possess several varieties"; "when the vices desert us, we flatter ourselves that we have shaken them off"; "old people give good advice by way of consoling themselves for no longer being able to give bad examples"; "the vices are an ingredient of the virtues just as poisons are an ingredient of remedies: prudence mixes and mitigates them and uses them with good effect to combat the ills of life"; "if love be judged by the majority of its works, it more resembles hatred than friendship," for "true love is like supernatural apparitions, which everyone speaks of, but only the very few have seen." Yet La Rochefoucauld is no cynic, but a sceptic full of secret aspirations. He is convinced that intellect cannot for long play the part of soul, and that the real *politesse*

D.T. / A.H.

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de l'esprit rests in "thinking nobly and delicately," that cunning and treachery arise solely from ineptitude, and that the surest way of being deceived is to believe oneself more artful than other people. A large number of his *bons mots* are distinguished by extreme delicacy, as, for instance: "It is a greater disgrace to mistrust our friends than to be deceived by them"; "To be in too great a hurry to clear off a debt is a sort of ingratitude"; "We are easily consoled for a friend's misfortunes when they give us an opportunity to show our love for him." This blending of frivolity and nobleness, harsh materialism and sensitive tactfulness, makes La Rochefoucauld the finest bloom of all the intellectual flora which sprang to life around Louis XIV. His saying: "Ridicule is more shaming than shame," mirrors the whole world of Versailles with all its light and shade, and he once summed up the whole of this culture in the words: "Every member of every class of society adopts a particular look and posture which shall make him appear what he wishes to be regarded as; we may say, therefore, that the world is made up of nothing but attitudes." And in fact we scan this race in vain for faces and spontaneous movements; wherever we look there is nothing but pose and gesture.

The Allonge

The costume of the period illustrates this very clearly. It is exclusively for salon wear, designed for parade occasions, for persons perpetually "on show." The doublet disappears under the *justaucorps*, a richly embroidered gala coat, reaching to the knees, with wide sleeves, long cuffs, and enormous buttons. Ladies wore the full robe with tight bodice, a train — whose length might be six to forty feet according to the wearer's rank — and the *cul de Paris*, a padded bustle suggesting abnormal development behind. Boots gave way to buckled shoes, and gloves of fine white leather were indispensable for both sexes. The chief article of external apparel was, however, the *allonge* or large state wig, which was introduced in 1625 and universally worn by 1655. As the chancellor von Ludwig said, "it made men like lions," and that is why light brown or blond was the favourite colour. At about the same time there vanished the last indication of a beard, the "fly"; and all the world went clean-shaven. The feminine counterpart to the *allonge* was the *fontange*, a towering head-dress made of lace, ribbons, ruchings,

Marion has distasteful hair

and false hair, which five feet.

It was common: XIII's baldness, and upon the *fontange*, out of servility. Now correct than this. France that led the and, above all, a none to impose a costume of France set in only against the wig for own — and first mou ever create a fashion himself ludicrous by "*es ist erreicht*," and wearers as travelling societies. The "Empe which was no whit more really happened to be mandated. It should also designed for the conce present-day toupet, but ing and completing the plumed hat or scarf. Fi to try to trace the cau wig to the bald head of

For the wig is the humanity. It enhances these were the two und it imparts style, and th that matter, no novelty i familiar with it, and so a people whose culture and who even used artifi which created their pyra of elaborately plaited ha The shallow nineteenth tive; nowadays we beg

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It was commonly held that the wig owed its origin to Louis XIII's baldness, and that the ladies, not to be left behind, seized upon the *fontange*, and that after that all Europe followed suit out of servility. Now, nothing could well be more feeble and incorrect than this. First of all, as we have just seen, it was not France that led the fashion in Europe at that time, but Holland; and, above all, a nonentity like Louis XIII was the last man likely to impose a costume on his generation. The cultural beginning of France set in only with Louis XIV, and he personally fought against the wig for many years — having fine long hair of his own — and first mounted one in 1673. Indeed, no monarch can ever create a fashion; he can but experiment with it and make himself ludicrous by so doing. The beard of the cut known as "*es ist erreicht*," and the Austrian "imperial," only labelled their wearers as travelling wine-merchants and members of veterans' societies. The "Emperor Frederick" beard, on the other hand, which was no whit more ornamental, did not degrade, because it really happened to be the fashion that the spirit of the age demanded. It should also be remembered that the wig was at no time designed for the concealment of a lack of natural hair, like the present-day toupet, but was from the first an *article of dress*, adorning and completing the outward appearance in the manner of a plumed hat or scarf. Finally and emphatically, it would be idiotic to try to trace the cause of such a universal phenomenon as the wig to the bald head of an individual contemporary.

For the wig is the deepest symbol of seventeenth-century humanity. It enhances and it isolates (we shall see presently that these were the two underlying tendencies of the age); moreover, it imparts style, and that by its very unnaturalness. It was, for that matter, no novelty in history. The peoples of Hither Asia were familiar with it, and so above all were the Egyptians — they also a people whose culture was based on a supreme style-instinct, and who even used artificial beards. The same spirit of abstraction which created their pyramids and sphinxes insisted upon erections of elaborately plaited hair and square-cut beards made to hang on. The shallow nineteenth century regarded Egyptian art as primitive; nowadays we begin slowly to realize that in comparison

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had as many as three hundred coffee-houses, and already special rooms were reserved for play, billiards and ombre being the favourite games. On the other hand smoking was allowed only in the less polite establishments. It may even be said that coffee then played an even bigger part as a universal tonic than it does today. It is indeed very typical of that naturalist age, for it represents a stimulant that produces what may be called a *sober intoxication*. Voltaire, for instance, was a confirmed coffee-drinker. He may or may not have put away fifty cups a day, or rather a night, as he is said to have done, but he was certainly incapable of living and working without the beverage, and the effect of it is clearly seen in his nervous, transparent, overwrought, and, as it were, over-exposed manner of writing. Besides coffee there were other new foods and drinks. Fruit ices; sparkling wine (not yet, for a century, called "champagne"), the production of which only became possible with the introduction of corking; and chocolate, the favourite Mexican drink, to which Europe only began to accustom itself after someone had conceived the idea of sweetening it — poverty-stricken Spain in particular found in this a popular form of nourishment, and often enough the people's meal would consist of it alone. Yet this tea, coffee, and chocolate did not drive out alcohol. The Germans were still famous or infamous for their reckless drinking, and French and English did not lag far behind, whereas the southerners remained (as ever) relatively moderate. Finally, the fork, whose appearance, or non-appearance, has been noted from time to time, became recognized as a useful implement. From being mocked at as "affected" by the satirists of the first half of the century, it established itself at the French Court about 1650, and thenceforward it was generally accepted. Up till then meat had been conveyed to the mouth either by hand or — as was thought more elegant — by the knife. Another new custom was the taking off of hats. Previously the head-covering had been either not touched at all in greeting or had been merely pushed back on to the neck. On the score of cleanliness much was lacking even in the highest circles, and in this respect one perceives a definite set-back. The public baths, which existed everywhere in the declining Middle Ages and even at the Reformation, now disappear completely, and there was an almost entire lack even of private bathing-facilities. The toilet consisted normally of dipping

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— the perturbations of the elliptical paths of the planets, the inequality of the moon's motion, the ebb and flow of the tides. But Newton was too profound a thinker to draw materialistic conclusions from the results of his researches. It was precisely this admirable ordering of the universe that confirmed him in his belief in a divine founder and controller. He even tried his hand at theology and wrote a treatise on the prophet Daniel and the Apocalypse. In his last years he gave himself up almost exclusively to religious problems. Neither the almost superhuman achievements of his speculative powers, nor the extraordinary number of honours bestowed upon him in recognition of these during a long life, could rob him of his modesty. "*Evangelij simplicitatem moribus expressit*," runs the inscription on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

England at this time held the leading place in scientific development. Cromwell's system had crumbled at his death. The son of Charles I returned from banishment and ascended the throne as Charles II, amidst general rejoicing. He displayed a great interest in science, was a member of the Royal Society (to which the most prominent national scientists of the age belonged), busied himself with astronomy, and founded the famous observatory at Greenwich. He was tactful, good-natured, sociable, and extremely intelligent; his urbanity went so far as to lead him, after the night of his last battle with death, to make his excuses to those around him for being such an unconscionable time in dying. He danced, played ball, or told anecdotes, brilliantly; was a great patron of the arts, particularly the drama; but with all his amiable (and in some respects dazzling) qualities he remained internally a cold and soulless being, idle, frivolous, and entirely unprincipled, intent on nothing but the satisfaction of his ever-present unslakable thirst for pleasure. He even visited Parliament solely for amusement, and was wont to say that a political debate was as entertaining as a comedy. The licentiousness of his court was a byword in London, and it was not without an undertone of contempt that his people nicknamed him the Merry Monarch. One day, when the Earl of Shaftesbury waited on him, he remarked, smiling, that here was the most dissolute of all his subjects. "True, Your Majesty; of your subjects," replied Shaftesbury.

Though anything but a revengeful fanatic, Charles was equally

Charles II

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far from possessing noble and passionate convictions. He had nothing of the senseless despotism-mania of the Stuarts, but neither had he any of their lively ambition. He regarded himself neither as absolute monarch by divine right, nor even as the responsible director of the nation's destiny. At bottom he was nothing. He was a man of peace, but purely from indolence; tolerant, but from superficiality. He had but one passion, and that the most harmless — and the lowest — namely, love of money. For money anything could be obtained of him: alliances, changes of faith, concessions to party despotism, concessions to the people's liberty, edicts of toleration, deeds of terror, declarations of war, or peace-treaties. He sold Dunkirk, his neutrality, his allies, his royal privileges, whatever was demanded of him. His extravagance only applied to his loose and vulgar amusements; when it was a question of reasonable sums for the upkeep of the State he was stingy. His officials followed his example and were of a corruptness hitherto unknown in England: the ministers in particular made vast fortunes in their official capacities. In other respects, too, his reign was unfortunate: there occurred, for instance, the unheard-of thing that an enemy fleet — the Dutch under Admiral de Ruyter — swept up the Thames and threatened England with invasion. Then a new and terrible outbreak of plague devoured the country, and a monstrous fire laid the whole city of London in ashes. It was precisely at that time that the doctrine of "passive obedience," advocated earlier by Filmer, won general acceptance — that the king has the power of a father over his children, he was responsible only to God and not to his subjects, who would not be justified in offering resistance to any manner of treatment the monarch chose to adopt. Yet never has such absolute subservience been rendered to a prince who desired it less, wanted it less, and knew less what to do with it.

The
"Glorious
Revolution"

Charles II was succeeded by his brother James II, a zealous partisan of the Romanism to which Charles only confessed his adherence on his death-bed, and of the autocracy which he had shown no inclination to assume. The new King possessed all the bad, but none of the good, qualities of his predecessor, for he was malicious, stupid, and obstinate. Men of other faiths and political opponents he treated with cruel severity. He was supported by Judge Jeffreys, a grotesque monstrosity of a brutal, bloodthirsty

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James II, a zealous only confessed his racy which he had ing possessed all the lecessor, for he was faiths and political was supported by brutal, bloodthirsty

drunkard, who is still execrated in England today, after over two hundred years, for his misdeeds; it was his boast that he had had more traitors executed than all his predecessors since the reign of William the Conqueror. James II was apparently a sadist like Henry VIII and also sexually perverse in other respects: he took only mistresses of exceptional ugliness. One of them, Catharine Sedley — who was witty into the bargain — once remarked that she did not know what he found in her to attract him: it could not be that he saw any beauty in her — since she had none — or any intelligence — since he had none. His method of argument was to meet all objections by repeating his own statement in the same words, believing that he had thereby won the debate. His daughter (later Queen Anne) did precisely the same, and Marlborough said she inherited it from her father. Here, however, as she was a woman, it is perhaps hardly necessary to bring in heredity as an explanation.

After he had for three years done everything possible to embitter even the most devoted and patient of his subjects, there came the "Glorious Revolution": his son-in-law William of Orange was unanimously summoned by Whig and Tory alike to take the throne. To reconcile the right to revolt with the duty of passive obedience was a simple matter for English "cant." The theologians explained that, although religion forbade any opposition to the king, the Commandments were not valid for every occasion: in certain cases it was permissible to put them aside. It was forbidden to kill, yet this general law allowed of exceptions in war; similarly, it was forbidden to swear, yet witnesses were bound to take the oath in court in the interests of truth. In the same way it was lawful in certain instances to resist godless princes: examples of this were to be found in the Old Testament itself. Others pointed out that it was not the people who had risen against James, but James who had risen against God, whose laws he had broken; that it was he who had failed to render unto Cæsar that which was Cæsar's. In spite of all this, however, William of Orange would not have reached his goal had he not had a most effective ally in James's own incredible narrow-mindedness and tactlessness. The new King's foreignness and sober reserve were not calculated to make him much more popular with the English than his forerunner; all the same, the complete devotion of his wife who as

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James's daughter was in the nation's eyes the really legitimate ruler of England, made his precarious position easier, and in addition he was one of the greatest diplomats and generals of his time. As a Dutchman — and such he remained all his life — he recognized in Louis XIV the hereditary enemy. He therefore effected a complete change in English policy — which, on account of Charles's perpetual need of money and James's absolutist and Catholic tendencies, had till then stood under French influence — and brought into being that great coalition against France of which we have already spoken.

In the externals of civilization England was at that time little more advanced than the other countries of Europe. We have seen something already of the deplorable condition of the communications. Travelling by coach was slow and dangerous on account of the swamps, and costly on account of the strong teams required. The only way to make speed was to ride. In the towns streets were almost too narrow for carriages to pass, and goods were accordingly carried chiefly on go-carts, drawn by dogs. On the other hand, the inns were famed all over the world for their excellence, and letters were safely conveyed with a degree of punctuality and speed that was very striking in those times. The nobility still lived for the most part as country gentry in quite peasant-like conditions. Some idea of the lighting arrangements outside the capital may be gleaned from the fact that, as late as 1685, a private contractor named Edward Heming undertook for an annual sum to keep a light before every tenth house in London up till midnight. Most houses in the country were still built of wood, and the rooms had neither wall- nor floor-coverings and were painted with a mixture of lamp-black and beer. Strong beer formed the usual drink of the country gentleman. How customary it was to take on board quantities of liquor is vividly illustrated by the fact that an order of the time forbade courts martial to pronounce a death sentence except between the hours of 6 a.m. and 1 p.m. Obviously, the theory was that after dinner the gentlemen would be in no condition to assume the responsibility of so grave a decision. The men had few intellectual pursuits, their principal occupation being hunting, gambling, and politics. Women's education was on a still lower plane and showed a great falling-off in comparison with that of the ladies of Elizabethan times; for, whereas many of the latter

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London was, however, containing half a million, all England — while twich, had not quite the Great Fire the city was original and softened more imposing and far no less than politically a vassal state of France. Theatrical manager, reformer, and abolitionist theatre in the (considerable use of music plays as "dramatic operations.") John Dryden, Boileau, Corneille, and cleverly calculated to Dr. Johnson said of his bricks and left a city of spere's coarse bricks had the empty and unsolid Rymer, William's history monkey knew more about taste than Shakspeare, a growling of a dog there Shakspeare's tragic pathos

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London was, however, by this time already a real capital, con-
taining half a million people — the tenth part of the population of
all England — while the two next biggest cities, Bristol and Nor-
wich, had not quite thirty thousand inhabitants apiece. After the
Great Fire the city was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in an
original and softened Renaissance style, which made it both far
more imposing and far more comfortable than of old. Artistically,
no less than politically, England was at this period more or less
a vassal state of France. William Davenant, dramatist and the-
atrical manager, reformed the stage by creating a pompous illu-
sionist theatre in the Classical taste of Louis XIV, with a con-
siderable use of musical aids. (He even arranged Shakspeare's
plays as "dramatic operas" with numerous musical interpola-
tions.) John Dryden, the poet laureate of the day, emulated
Boileau, Corneille, and Racine in a cold but brilliant art of verse,
cleverly calculated to please the public taste of the moment.
Dr. Johnson said of him that, like Augustus, he found a city of
bricks and left a city of marble. But in the course of time Shak-
speare's coarse bricks have proved more beautiful and lasting than
the empty and unsolid marble splendour of Dryden. Nevertheless
Rymer, William's historiographer, asserted at the time that a
monkey knew more about nature and a baboon possessed more
taste than Shakspeare, and that in the neighing of a horse or the
growling of a dog there was more living expression than in all
Shakspeare's tragic pathos.

The Puritans had always looked askance at the theatre, and
eventually they had put a ban on it. On the return of the Stuarts
a reaction naturally set in. Not only did the people throng to all
the public amusements that had so recently been scorned; they
also insisted on their being as riotous and licentious as possible.
Not only were the old prudery and bigotry shaken off; but hon-
ourable conduct and piety were looked on as a sheer disgrace and
the surest sign of hypocrisy. In consequence of this, English
comedy took on some extraordinary forms. Women, who even in
the gay Elizabethan age had not been allowed to appear as ac-
tresses, now took over the female parts, and it became a great

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only the qualities and not the substance of things, their phe-
nomena, but not their being. He considered, however, that even
this relative knowledge sufficed for the needs of life and the order-
ing of our actions. The existence of God is demonstrated directly
from the existence and nature of the world; the maxims of mo-
rality can be demonstrated with the same precision as the rules
of arithmetic. In Locke we have the first genuinely English phi-
losophy, which embraced all the decisive national characteristics:
it is deistic and moralist, democratic and practical, a triumph of
sound human understanding, of the golden mean and the truth
of facts; we shall often meet it again in its varied forms.

England was the sole European great power that emancipated
herself from the contemporary absolutism; Germany, on the con-
trary, may almost be said to have swallowed it whole. The rever-
ence of the Germans for even their smallest potentates was bound-
less. A publicist wrote to the duodecimo prince Ernst Ludwig of
Hesse: "If God were not God, who would have more right to be
God than Your Princely Serenity?" And even before officials
— of whom Christian Wolff said that as the monarch's assistants
they should be regarded as "princes in miniature" — people
almost died of awe. In consequence of the theory of state omni-
potence, sovereigns felt themselves privileged, and indeed obliged, to
interfere in everything, supervising and correcting the entire pri-
vate life of citizens like tyrannical fathers of families or form-
masters. Even the *Acta Eruditorum*, Germany's only scientific
publication of those days, announced that nothing that concerns
the rights and the actions of princes would be criticized in its
columns. The king's subjects bent the knee not only to his person,
but even to his empty carriage when they met it in the street. It
was at this time, too, that the army of court offices was established
— chamberlain, chaplain, medicus, master of the stables, master
of the hunt, master of the ceremonies. Tradesmen regarded it as
the highest honour to be appointed court baker, tailor, shoemaker,
or gardener. The untitled, the bourgeoisie and the common people,
were despised as *roturiers*, existing merely for the purpose of sup-
plying money, soldiers, and hands to the court. It was not that
they were treated with cruelty: they were merely considered as
creatures of a different order with correspondingly different duties
and different rights — or, rather, no rights at all. Macaulay says,

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D. T.
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with the German language: laying it mercilessly under contribution for his imagery, ravishing it in his parables, and using it as a pole-axe in his moral lectures.

In this period also occurred the first rise of the state of Brandenburg-Prussia, which the Great Elector elevated to a European power. By pursuing a policy both shrewd and perfidious he freed the duchy of Prussia from the overlordship of Poland, and by overthrowing the Estates — a process attended by great brutalities and illegalities — he established unlimited monarchy in his lands. For the external security of his government, and for protection against the ever-present threat of Sweden — then a great power — he created the standing army, the *miles perpetuus*. He constructed the Friedrich Wilhelm Canal, which connected the Elbe with the Oder; organized his own posting system, which was far quicker than that of the Taxis business; improved the fiscal and educational system; established the university of Duisburg; promoted agriculture, cattle-breeding, and the reclamation of marshland; enlarged and beautified his capital (amongst other things by the Schlossbibliothek and the avenues of trees in front of the Schlossbrücke, which received the name: "Unter den Linden"); ran a small navy (which, however, went to pieces under his successor); and even founded a trading colony with a fort on the Gold Coast of Guinea. In his religious policy he was guided by the greatest tolerance. Himself a member of the Reformed Church, he extended complete freedom, not only to Lutherans and Catholics, but also to Socinians and Mennonites, and his Edict of Potsdam invited all who were persecuted to come under his protection. As a consequence of this the Huguenots in particular came into the country in great numbers, and rendered highly valuable services as engineers and architects, merchants and financiers.

Frederick William was doubtless one of the strongest political personalities of his age. But the whole age was very fruitful in outstanding personalities. One of these — and the chief — was Prince Eugene, who, though originally destined for the Church on account of his insignificant figure and shy manner, became one of the most brilliant generals of his century. His victories at Zenta and Peterwardein, Blenheim and Turin, Oudenarde and Malplaquet roused the astonishment of all Europe and had the result of securing to the Habsburg monarchy Italy and the Netherlands,

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this Leibnizian psychology makes beyond the Cartesian is immense.

In a world which proceeds thus stepwise from the least to the greatest, from the lowest to the highest, there can be nothing superfluous, nothing harmful, nothing unjustified; therefore we live in the "best of worlds." God, whose essence is truth and goodness, chose it from among all possible worlds on that very account. As the world is composed of monads — that is, of individuals — but on the other hand the essence of the individual consists in limitedness, it follows not only that evil exists, but that it is necessary, evil being nothing but a physical or moral limitedness or incompleteness. If incompleteness were not, the world would not be complete, but would simply not exist. The evil in the world may be compared to shadow in a painting, or dissonances in a piece of music. That which appears confused and discordant as an individual detail, affects us as beautiful and melodious when seen or heard as part of the whole — an argument which (as may be remembered from our first volume) we find in St. Augustine. Since God could not create perfect beings, he created such as could become more and more perfect by degrees: not perfect, but perfectible. Even the greatest artist is limited by his material: instead of an absolutely good world (which is merely impossible) God created the best — that is, the best possible — world. In this world everything is pre-ordained by the divine wisdom and made to harmonize by the divine creative power: and it is this pre-established harmony, presiding over all, which reveals the world as a work of art. But Leibniz gives a truly Baroque turn to this train of thought in equating the art-work to clock-work. For this is how he tries to explain one of the main problems of the philosophy of his day, the correspondence between body and soul: they behave like two clocks, so perfectly constructed that they always keep exactly the same time.

At first sight it might seem that the Baroque, which culminated in Leibniz, was merely going to carry on the tendencies of the Renaissance, in that its effort was ever to render existence more and more logical. And indeed it does take one important step further, in the fact that it mechanizes. But the Baroque is a far more limited, fissured, and enigmatical problem than the Renaissance: its soul-life is incomparably more labyrinthine, more hidden, composed of

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swamp motives, these, that now obtain the mastery, while the fine earlier forms begin to dissolve in an aristocratic decay. Over all there is the soft cool breeze of evening, the fading blue and tender rose which herald the close of the day. A grey autumnal mood is settling upon humanity and is reflected in the faded tints of its external covering, which, for choice, was of honey-yellow and tea-green, dark grey and pale red, violet and brown. This decadence-style *par excellence* is weary, toned down, anæmic, and, above all, feminine: affectedly infantine and naïvely obscene, as a woman is; veiled and boudoirish; perfumed and painted; satiny and sweet-toothed; without masculine depth and worthiness, but equally without virile heaviness and pedantry; lightly poised as if dancing, and so achieving the miracle of an architecture that almost defies the laws of gravitation; for ever ambiguously smiling, but seldom with a whole-hearted laugh; amusing, piquant, capricious, epicurean, witty, coquettish; full of anecdote, short story, and point; chattering and open-minded, sceptical and popular, with the atmosphere of comedy, theatrical and yet domestic: even the caryatids of the age, such as Frederick the Great, Bach, and Voltaire, were in a sense genre figures of more than life-size.

This late Baroque has indeed an intimate character which the High Baroque never possessed. It is in the best sense a tapestry style, which sets out purely to please, to decorate and refine, and regards violence of expression as not only vulgar, but inconvenient. The characteristic building to which invention and care were devoted was no longer the pompous palace, but the *petite maison*, the small pleasure-house, furnished with all the charms of a luxury of intimacy rather than display, and, as compared with the preceding architecture, having something discreet, reserved, and personal about it. Under Louis XIV men lived only in public: that is, for and by reason of the court; they counted only when they appeared before the King and as long as they continued so to appear. For that reason every vital manifestation, from a profound thought to a graceful bow, was designed for parade and calculated for the effect it would make at Versailles. Now, however, fifty years of gala performances had left them weary, and they began to appreciate the joys of retirement, of letting themselves go, of belonging to themselves, of the *petit comité*. The very

names of these villas — *Érémite, Monrepos, Solitude, Sans-souci* — are an index to the change in taste. Gone are Jove-like aloofness and heaviness of line; their aspect is now gracious, unconstrained, hospitable. In the rooms within there are no longer the stiff ceremonial chairs with high, hard backs, or the imposing decorative pieces of heavy material, but comfortable upholstered chairs, sofas with silken cushions, and small white lacquered tables with fine gold lining. Even such quiet effects as these were further toned down by replacing the gold with silver, or shading it to mat; here as in all else the positive was avoided and preference given to broken, fading, mixed colours and delicate materials such as rosewood, violet-wood, tulip-wood. The items of the inventory begin to wear the subjective stamp of their owners and to serve their personal aims. A host of new articles of furniture, expressive of the new mood, came into fashion about this time. There was the *boîte à surprises*, a secretaire with cunningly contrived secret drawers and surprise mechanisms, and the lady's writing-table prettily called "*bonheur du jour*." All the objects in daily use were impregnated with scent, and enamelled perfume-pans filled the apartments with exquisite odours. The leading artists took an interest in every one of these details and were able, by bringing them all into harmony, to create a finely graded atmosphere of artistic satisfaction and comfort. Watteau painted fashion-plates and shop signs, and Boucher designed headings for note-paper, menus, and business papers.

Pastel and
porcelain

A special note of these Rococo interiors was the predominance of pastel and porcelain. Indeed, no kind of painting could have expressed so well the intellectual attitude of this whole period — its delicate, fleeting, pale, expiring character, so well attuned to a soft velvet background — as the pastel, even apart from the fact that it is a medium particularly suited to the intimate portrait. European porcelain was first manufactured in 1709 by the Saxon Johann Friedrich Böttcher, whom Augustus the Strong kept in captivity for himself as his alchemist; and, as it turned out, this discovery of his did in fact develop into a sort of gold-making, for the new material made a conquest of the whole continent. The Meissen factory, which was founded shortly after, supplied everyone with cheap, handsome, and practical eating-utensils and drove not only earthenware and pewter, but even silver from the table.

The classic maker of Kändler, whose enameled size birds, monkeys, and As for Augustus the that he sacrificed half with porcelain. In Vienna in 1718, but the Gern in the Sèvres factory, England Josiah Wedgwood him, using it chiefly for Finally all Europe was only candlesticks and inlays for furniture and more than life-size this sort of thing was proper paths of a variety the nature of its material; the soul of the times; that it did in the Rococo, ordinarily and exclusively fragile, and demure and

Before Böttcher's death China, and even after prohibited for sale as Chinoiserie, but a prompting of the Rococo mind, the pattern-giving of the century's sculptures, wall-papers. Novels transported the happy, serene people and governors; historians, even as an El Dorado, pre-emption; pagodas and bamboo bridges appeared, traced back to Chinese then enjoyed great popularity as well as being a thoroughly self-satisfied, and theatrical as well.

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The classic maker of German porcelain was, however, Joachim Kändler, whose enamoured shepherds and shepherdesses and life-size birds, monkeys, and dogs were the delight of the elegant world. As for Augustus the Strong, he was so obsessed by his new craze that he sacrificed half his fortune to it and filled a whole castle with porcelain. In Vienna, too, a fine porcelain-factory was opened in 1718, but the German manufactures had a powerful rival later in the Sèvres factory, built on the initiative of the Pompadour. In England Josiah Wedgwood invented the material named after him, using it chiefly for masterly reproductions of Classical vases. Finally all Europe was seized by a veritable mania for china. Not only candlesticks and lustres, clocks and stones, flower-pieces and inlays for furniture were made of it, but whole rooms and coaches and more than life-size monuments were formed out of it. All this sort of thing was of course merely the diversion into inappropriate paths of a very subtle art that, so long as it respected the nature of its material, was a vital and pregnant expression of the soul of the times; the reason why it found the eager response that it did in the Rococo soul was precisely that it was so extraordinarily and exclusively suited to the polished, coquettish, select, fragile, and demure art of miniature.

Before Böttcher's discovery porcelain had been imported from China, and even after it Meissen goods were for a long time exhibited for sale as Chinese. And this was not merely a business trick, but a prompting of the instinct of the age. China was, to the Rococo mind, the pattern country of wisdom and art. In the beginning of the century "Chinoiserie" — Eastern pictures, vases, sculptures, wall-papers, lacquers, and silks — came into vogue. Novels transported the reader into that fairy realm in which a happy, serene people enjoyed a blissful existence under learned governors; historians, with Voltaire at their head, extolled China as an El Dorado, pre-eminent in morals, religion, and administration; pagodas and tea-houses, bell-pavilions and hanging bamboo bridges appeared in the gardens; and even the pigtail is traced back to Chinese influence. The peacock, too, which just then enjoyed great popularity, has something Chinese about him, as well as being a thorough Rococo bird — decorative, bizarre, self-satisfied, and theatrical, Sunday-afternoonish, and domestic as well.

Chinoiserie

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say yes, but neither do they say no." Juvenal declared that some women had themselves divorced before the green boughs which welcomed them to their homes as brides had faded. And Voltaire wrote to the same effect in his article *Divorce*: "Divorce probably arose in the same period as marriage. I believe nevertheless that marriage is the older by a few weeks." Even the sadistic circus-enjoyments of the Romans find their pendant in the fact that in Paris members of the highest circles liked to go to an execution by way of a society sensation, and that, as witnesses assure us, many women became on these occasions sheer orgiasts. 147

Boredom had to be avoided at all costs. Accordingly in the eighteenth century French culture received a new fillip. *Esprit* was born, the spirit of champagne, which is froth and wine in one. But with this almost morbid straining to be, under all circumstances, stimulating and brilliant, aromatic and effervescent, the old monumental air, the dignity, seriousness, and depth disappeared. Great tracts of the soul wholly withered, were contemptuously avoided or flippantly ignored. The glitter which streams from the departing Baroque is the phosphorescence of corruption.

Men thought, no longer in laboriously built-up and compartmented systems or heavy drugging syllogistic chains, but in close piquant polemics, faceted epigrams, time-killing satires, peppered pamphlets, and razor-edged aphorisms; or, again, in *poésies fugitives*, lyric-epigrammatic *niaiseries* that had only a shimmering streak of any train of thought in them. Dialogue, novel, short story, all became vessels for philosophy. Even the conscientious and profound Montesquieu draws the coloured ribbon of a scandalous harem adventure through his *Lettres persanes*. It was essential to be understood by everyone, even the half-educated, the society man, the public, and, above all, the ladies.

This speaks out of the portraits too. Scholars are no longer painted with book, pen, and spectacles, but as smiling, nonchalant men of the world. Nothing is allowed to disillusion us by suggesting the technical aids to their work; nor indeed must this work itself smell of oil, ink, and work-room, for it would have you believe that it is nothing more than a light, tasteful, and pleasant article of luxury, one of the many indispensable superfluities of the self-indulgent life of society. The gardens of science, guarded from the eyes of the profane as holy ground in the Middle Ages, hedged

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however, and there developed out of it a delightful Rococo farce which might well have served for one of Maupassant's best stories. Voltaire announced: "*Pater est, quem nuptiæ declarant. Let us include the child in Madame du Châtelet's miscellaneous works.*" Monsieur du Châtelet was then invited to Cirey. He came at once and spent some very agreeable days there. Madame was unusually kind to him, and shortly after his departure he was able to announce to his friends that he expected a child. The piquancy of the whole incident lies in the probability that everyone concerned was playing a part before the others. This kind of vaudeville in real life occurred almost daily. It would be difficult to find a more brilliantly comic "curtain" than the remark of the gentleman of France who, finding his wife in *flagrante delicto*, said: "But how careless of you, madame! Think if it had been anyone else but me!"

The *Cicisbeo*

Every woman had to have at least one lover, otherwise she was more or less compromised socially. In Italy many ladies stipulated for a particular *cicisbeo*, or even two, in the marriage contract. The bridegroom, having himself long since figured as a *cicisbeo* in some other similar contract, raised no objection. In her famous letters from Vienna, Lady Montagu reported that it was considered a serious insult there to invite a lady to dinner without her two men, the husband and the official lover. Her astonishment at this shows that the custom had not spread beyond the Continent; the hegemony of the middle-class element came so much earlier in England than elsewhere (as we shall presently see) that there is no question of an English Rococo in the proper sense of the word.

The declared lover — called in France *petit maître*, in Italy *cavaliere servente* — who was not infrequently an abbé, attended his mistress like a shadow: on her visits and her walks, to the theatre and to church, to balls and to gaming-tables; he sat beside her in the carriage and walked beside her litter, carried her sunshade and petted her lap-dog, which was his most dangerous rival in the lady's affections. In the morning he woke her, pulled up the blinds, and brought her chocolate; later on he made himself useful over her toilet and escorted the visitors to her bedside. For ladies preferred to receive even slight acquaintances at the hour of the toilet and even, at a later period, when in their morning bath. This custom is all the more curious in that bath-tubs were hardly used

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There is another often than the bath swing, which was s chalance. Coming in typical Rococo elem fantile innocence, th of man and the coq which it produced ac of course, other far l and "Spanish fly," v it is incomprehensib lead to the conclusi erotic. It was, on the no account to forgo the thoughts and enc problem of love and t technique makes it ci in others he had come when form and not a principal problem sig of decadence. It was o fullness of its feeling highest subtlety and k had hazarded its gar tematizers appeared. wrights — it was left fill that rôle. On the ot precisely in the period life develop the refin which are in fact their

although there were no erotic geniuses, there were great "amorists," incomparable virtuosi in the art of love, which developed at that time into a veritable science. At the head of these virtuosi of both sexes stand Madame de Pompadour, whose name became a legend, and Casanova, whose name was promoted to the level of a generic label, while a figure like the Duc de Richelieu may be taken as the representative of the whole species; for although he lived to be ninety-two, he received daily, right up to his death, a fat bundle of love-letters, many of which he did not open. An experience at Château Tournay, when he was sixty-six, was the first and probably the only defeat of his life: he wooed the beautiful Madame Cramer in vain, and his failure so amused him as a curiosity that he himself told the story everywhere. Another time he was even the cause of a duel with pistols fought over him by two ladies of the highest aristocracy.

D.T.

The
ugliness
patch

Neither is the fact that Rococo was an age of gynæcocracy to be accounted for by any specially strong development of eroticism. The source of this is to be sought in two other places. First, in the feminization of man, which increased decade by decade. "Men," said Archenholz, "are more like women now than in any other period of time." For another thing social life in the Latin countries had gradually taken on the most grandiose forms, and wherever a complicated social standard reigns, there also reigns woman. The social primacy of the femal sex in the Renaissance originated in the same way. Only the Renaissance was a definitely virile age, and its feminine ideal was the virago; in Rococo, on the contrary, a woman could not look feminine and childish enough, and the prevailing ideal was one of fragility, in conscious imitation of the china doll. Health was considered uninteresting, strength plebeian. The aristocratic ideal, which in the days of Corneille and Condé still corresponded to a sort of *Kalokagathia*, was now transformed into an ideal of refinement, hypersensibility, and elegant languor, an emphasis on unfitness for life, and morbidity. The beauty-patch — which had already come up in Louis XIV's time, but only now became the dominating element in the physiognomy of the woman of the world and ought really to be called the ugliness patch — was meant to serve as a piquant interruption in the regularity of a face and thereby emphasized the tendency to asymmetry, innate in Rococo; while at the same time it suggested a beauty-defect, a

wart, thus making her with a new trait of morbid reached, in given and animals, and had dropped out hair-bag had smaller since tucked away in silk bow. By the army) the pigtail which was indistinguishable wore real or false. Usually the powder float down on to Prince Kaunitz; whose duty it was Brühl owned five powdered — "a la Great's comment. of powder.

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wart, thus making of every woman a *belle-vilaine* and endowing
her with a new and perverse charm — it was, in fact, one more
trait of morbidity. Later on, the stage of sheer bad taste was
reached, in giving the *mouche* the form of various stars, crosses,
and animals, and edging it with diamonds. The majestic *fontange*
had dropped out as early as 1714; by about 1730 the *crapaud* or
hair-bag had supplanted the wig, which had been growing steadily
smaller since the beginning of the century: men's locks were now
tucked away in a little bag which was tied up with a coquettish
silk bow. By the middle of the century (earlier in the case of the
army) the pigtail (*la queue*) had become universal. Powdering,
which was indispensable for well-groomed people, whether they
wore real or false hair, was an extremely laborious performance.
Usually the powder was flung up towards the ceiling and allowed to
float down on to the head, the face being protected by a cloth.
Prince Kaunitz used to walk through a double row of lackeys
whose duty it was to powder him as evenly as possible. Count
Brühl owned five hundred wigs, which were all kept permanently
powdered — "a lot for a man without a head," was Frederick the
Great's comment. Faces, too, had to be kept under a heavy layer
of powder.

The Rococo powder, like the Baroque *allonge*, was no freak of
fashion, but the most eloquent symbol of the age. In the Rococo a
man past forty had done with life, and a woman far sooner. Mar-
riages were earlier than at the present day. Girls often married at
fourteen or fifteen, youths at twenty. In his letters Voltaire calls
himself an old man from his forty-fifth year on. His friend the
Marquise du Châtelet felt that she cut an impossible figure when
at forty she found herself expecting a child. Standards such as of
this kind may and do undergo great transformations, but all the
time the spirit of the age, whatever it may be, is their foundation.
As late as the end of the nineteenth century a woman of thirty
acted as chaperon at a ball; now she takes dancing-lessons at fifty.
In the French dramas of morals of the eighties the philosopher who
looked on at life and love with the eyes of a resigned observer was
seldom over forty; the modern films like to make the unprincipled
seducer a man of fifty. The Rococo felt itself to be old, while at
the same time it was filled with the desperate longing of life
for the youth that is vanishing, and that is why it eliminated

Rococo's
tragic
mask

differences in age by ordering grey hair for all. Rococo felt sick and anæmic, and therefore powder had to give it, as it were, a uniform of pallor and anæmia. The young or young-painted face with its white hair is a moving symbol of the Rococo soul, the *tragic mask* of the time: for every age wears its appointed character-mask, in which all its *velléités* are consciously or unconsciously summed.

The men's dress was the costume of a spoiled boy, with its delicate silk coats, knee-breeches and beribboned shoes; rich jabots and lace cuffs, glittering gold braid and silver embroideries, and the gala sword that was purely a toy. The toning of these garments was delicate, discreet, and feminine, favourite colours being pistachio, mignonette, apricot, sea-green, lilac, and dun. Some of the shades reached unheard-of refinements: a new yellow-green was called "goose dung (*merde d'oie*)"; a brownish yellow "*caca Dauphin*," in honour of the new-born heir to the throne; in *puce*, or flea-colour, there were many grades, such as flea-head, flea-shank, flea-belly, and even flea-with-milk-fever. Beards were so completely out of fashion during the whole of the eighteenth century that actors were distinguished, not by their beardlessness — as was the case until recently in our own day — but by their moustaches, and even this is true chiefly of those who specialized in brigand parts.

The most important feature in a woman's exterior was her thin girlish waist. This was produced by means of a whalebone corset, which finished off in a long, acute angle. These unfortunate ladies began their lacing early in the morning and tightened the strings every quarter of an hour until the desired wasp's waist had been achieved. The massive crinoline, too, which was called a pannier (that is, hen-coop) on account of its vast dimensions, had no other purpose but to emphasize by contrast the slenderness of the upper part of the body. It also was stiffened with whalebone, and the enormous demand for this material was a novel windfall for the Dutch, the whalers for all Europe. It will be remembered that in Spain the crinoline had been called the "guard of virtue," but by this time it certainly was not that; it left the feet free and was merely a coquettish covering which not infrequently exposed, as if by accident, the naked body beneath (for ladies wore no drawers in the Rococo). Over the crinoline was worn the silk robe, richly trimmed with garlands, passementerie, lace and ribbon, real or

artificial flower dress of the Q whole story of serpent. Graduation of Europe well as by society could only enter preposterously possible. At home by the "Adrienne" was worn with it tury it became the walking-sticks. tery was the fan duction of the umbrella that could sunshade or par copied exactly from panniers, patches but painted and ladies and gentlemen.

We find it de made to hold some of activity, such or the telescope, some particular culture-period: represented with nineteenth-century a telephone. For article accompanied rooms of the period which confronted pocket-mirrors were use, and the glint flected in the looking on the walls. The "mirror cabinets" which the likenesses:

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artificial flowers, and occasionally with hand-paintings. On the dress of the Queen of Portugal, for instance, could be seen the whole story of the Fall, complete with Adam, Eve, apple-tree, and serpent. Gradually the crinoline, which by 1720 had taken possession of Europe and was worn by peasant women and servants as well as by society ladies, grew to so colossal a size that its wearers could only enter a door sideways. Equally uncomfortable was the preposterously high-heeled shoe, which made walking almost impossible. At home and in intimate circles the crinoline was replaced by the "Adrienne," a loose, voluminous garment, but this also was worn with a tightly laced bodice. At the beginning of the century it became the custom for ladies to carry gracefully beribboned walking-sticks. Another indispensable item in the coquette's battery was the fan, which only now came into its own with the introduction of the folding variety. Another new discovery was the umbrella that could be folded up (this was the *parapluie*; the fixed sunshade or *parasol* was somewhat older). The whole costume was copied exactly for the children, who not only wore hair-bags and panniers, patches and fancy swords, fans and three-cornered hats, but painted and powdered, curtsied and kissed hands, like the little ladies and gentlemen that they were.

We find it delightfully comic that the figure on a monument is made to hold some object suggestive of the late lamented's sphere of activity, such as the scroll of the poet, the wheel of the inventor, or the telescope of the nautical hero. By analogy we might regard some particular utensil as peculiarly representative of each culture-period: the man of the dawning Modern Age might be represented with a compass, Baroque man with a microscope, nineteenth-century man with a newspaper, the man of today with a telephone. For Rococo man this symbol would be a mirror. This article accompanied him through his whole life. The reception-rooms of the period were filled with full-length Venetian panels which confronted the visitor with his own complete image. Small pocket-mirrors were introduced into all kinds of articles of daily use, and the glittering light of chandeliers and lustres was reflected in the looking-glasses of every shape and size which hung on the walls. There were even rooms — the extremely popular "mirror cabinets" — that were completely lined with glass, in which the likeness of the beholder was multiplied to infinity. This

*The passion
for
mirrors*

mirror craze is expressive of many things — not only of the most obvious, such as vanity, self-love, narcissism; but also of pleasure in regarding oneself, of self-analysis and absorption in the ego-problem, which, indeed, frequently amounted to a veritable mania for introspection. Rococo saw the dawn, amongst other things, of the classic letter and memoir literature, of self-descriptions and great confessions, of psychology. This new science was an achievement of the eighteenth century, and we shall see how the craving for self-dissection and soul-fathoming rose with each succeeding generation until, towards the end of the century, it had almost attained to its modern levels. And there is a second thing which the mirror of Rococo man reflects; the love of appearances, of illusions, of the variegated outer shell of things. And what this signifies is not so much superficiality as an extreme, sophisticated artistry. We have life in its reflection as we have a torrent in its rainbow, said Faust, and a similar *leitmotiv* Nietzsche would have us believe of the Greek culture: "Oh, these Greeks! They understood the art of *living*: it consists essentially in keeping valiantly to the surface, the fold, the skin; in worshipping the semblance . . . these Greeks were superficial from a sense of *depth*!"

Theatrocracy

There was one profession to which the mirror was as indispensable as the retort to the chemist, or the blackboard to the schoolmaster; namely, that of the actor. And here we get to the very core of Rococo: it was a world of the theatre. Never, before or since, has there been such a passion for witty masquerading, beautiful illusions, scintillating comedies, as in the Rococo. Not only was existence itself an everlasting carnival of masking, intrigue, and a thousand fleeting jests and secrecies, but the stage was the dominating factor in daily life, comparable to the orator's tribune in Classical antiquity or the sports-ground of today. Amateur theatricals were everywhere: at court and in the villages, in castles and in middle-class houses, in universities and in nurseries. And almost everyone played the game well. In this mania for the theatre we have the strongest, clearest indication of the most profound will of the age: a yearning for the final uncovering of one's own soul. The art of the stage has often been called a sort of "prostitution," and rightly. Men have a deep-rooted instinct to prostitute themselves, uncover themselves, show themselves naked. This was at the root of the immemorially old Dionysus-cult, in

which men and women showed their bodies. The Greeks, however, but a "sacred rape" psychology, we stumble upon which is inherent in all State and society that always wear covering down, except in the case of the prostitute; therefore, in the very province of the supreme domain of the human being appears the painted, than anywhere else the "prostitution" which falls, the inner substance, whether the bearer will or no, more than most people are playing, but some are literally magical in our eyes.

Gynæocracy and the Rococo throughout. As, however, no clear definition of the Regency, which speak of the *style Régence* century and later, of the *Louis XVI*, which is still the style. The first section of unrestraint and laxity, something of the triumph of festivities become steady until, on reaching the Cl. numb, stiff-jointed old notions of pigtail and R no justification whatever pigtail belongs to is the I

We have already remarked the death of Louis XIV, nobility as well as common freely when the double pigtail moved from the land. "G

D.T.?

which men and women in their intoxication tore their clothes from their bodies. The Greeks did not call this a shameless orgy, however, but a "sacred raving." And if we try to put it all in terms of psychology, we stumble against the strangely suggestive *haut gout* which is inherent in all cynicism. In everyday life it is exacted by State and society that we shall skilfully avoid being ourselves, but always wear coverings, draperies, veils. The curtain is always down, except in the one case where it is up — the theatre. It is, therefore, in the very place which the mistaken layman regards as the supreme domain of masks, disguises, and transformations that the human being appears more undisguised, more genuine and unpainted, than anywhere else. This is the real meaning of that "prostitution" which forms the essence of acting. The soul's vizard falls, the inner substance becomes manifest: the secret must out whether the bearer will it or no. The theatre stands, in fact, for more than most people think: it is no garish superficiality, no mere playing, but something that unseals and releases, something literally magical in our existence.

Gynæocracy and theatrocracy determine the course of the Rococo throughout. As to the division of the age into periods, however, no clear definition or unanimity of opinion has been reached. For the Regency, which lasted from 1715 to 1723, we generally speak of the style Régence; from that time up to the middle of the century and later, of the style Louis XV. and finally of the style Louis XVI. which is substantially identical with the "pigtail" style. The first section of the Rococo was marked by a reckless unrestraint and laxity which in its quality of violence retained something of the triumphant Baroque vitality. Then its vital manifestations become steadily more weary, anæmic, and filigree-like until, on reaching the Classicizing "pigtail" stage, they lapse into numb, stiff-jointed old age. It used to be the custom to make the notions of pigtail and Rococo synonymous, but for this there is no justification whatever; rather it is doubtful whether what the pigtail belongs to is the Rococo at all.

The Regency

We have already remarked the undisguised rejoicing with which the death of Louis XIV was received. All the world — court and nobility as well as commonalty and canaille — breathed more freely when the double pressure of despotism and bigotry was removed from the land. "God alone is great, my brethren," were the

great Louis, he inflicts the fall of Puri- to indemnify the old régime declaring all in his family happy during the one after the other, and the re- he son of the in the theatre on account of iding for her the vices," for res to this day amiable, but andard in all very aptly to his sins into a oco style, but ning his good y, for success n forgave the ory. It was he panions of his e vices." The new excesses the ambition m" organized daughter, the used no par- : just then in nstance, who rs' War, was his sister the normal limits it is in keep- the violation

of children was perhaps never so widespread as in the Rococo period.

On the occasion of one of these orgies a document was brought to the Regent to sign. He was already so drunk that he could not do so, and he therefore handed the paper to Madame de Parabère with the words: "Sign, whore." The lady replied that it would not be fitting for her to do so, whereupon he said to the Archbishop of Cambrai: "Sign, bully." As he also refused, the Regent then turned to Law with the command: "Sign, crook," but neither would he do it. "Here's a well-governed realm," said the Regent finally, "run by a whore, a bully, a crook, and a drunkard." But it looks as if there was a little of fanfaronade in this case too, for his government was in more than one respect better than that of either his predecessor or his successor. He expelled the Jesuits from his court and favoured the Jansenists, paid off a fifth of the two thousand million livres of state debts left by Louis XIV, effected a rapprochement with the sea-powers, and, with the help of his tutor, the lascivious and adroit Cardinal Dubois, was able to carry out a pacific policy. Oppressions of the censorship and arbitrary imprisonments came almost entirely to an end under him, particularly as he, like all genuinely dignified persons and most genuinely witty ones, was impervious to personal attack. When Voltaire, in his first drama, *Œdipe*, had the incredible audacity to make an allusion to the Duke and his daughter in describing the incestuous relation between the King and Jocasta, the Duke sat unmoved in his box, although he naturally understood it all, clapped applause, and granted the young author a considerable annual allowance.

One of the greatest public catastrophes of France prior to the Revolution was undoubtedly that associated with John Law, to whom allusion has just been made. This wealthy Scotsman — handsome, clever, fashionable, and undeniably a financial genius — had conceived the fruitful (and in itself correct) idea that the capital of the state and the great private banks was not something expressed merely by their stock of gold and silver, but should include the natural values and man-power available for their transactions. He claimed, in consequence, that it was justifiable to call for credit from the public and to issue bank-notes which could not be fully covered by the cash in hand. His private bank,

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eventually became entirely independent of the court. This "*no-
blesse de la robe*" formed a powerful clique, hostile to the court
and the Jesuits, which (by reason of the numerous marriages of
its members to rich merchants' daughters) formed at the same
time a plutocracy of bourgeois colour. After Fleury's death
the court no longer commanded respect in either home or
foreign politics. Frederick the Great characterized the French
system of government in an apt and witty remark one day at
the opera, when the curtain did not come right down and the
feet of the dancers were left visible. "Absolutely the Paris minis-
try," he exclaimed, "legs without heads." It says much for the
long-suffering royalism of the French that this King, the most
unlovable and useless that they had ever had, nevertheless was
named *le Bien-Aimé* from the popular joy at his recovery from
a dangerous illness in 1744 and ruled happily for thirty years
thereafter.

During this epoch France's rôle in European history was no
more than that of a lustful and impotent intriguer. After the War
of the Spanish Succession the notions of a "European balance of
power" and a "Concert of the Powers" began to come into
fashion, the idea being that the existing system of states formed,
as it were, a well-appointed orchestra in which no one leading part
was allowed to domineer. But as these catchwords were obviously
dictated, not by any genuine love of peace and justice, but by pure
envy and a jealous fear of allowing others to rise too high, they
did not prevent wars; they merely extended the theatre of war, in
that the coalition type of war became even more typical than it
had been before. It was rarely that individual states went to war;
we see nothing but alliances, which are promptly dissolved when
one of the members scores a decisive victory. The great France-
Habsburg opposition remained a fixture; Spain and Sweden
dropped out of the array of great powers, their places being taken
by Russia and Poland, while England was even thus early the
arbiter of Europe in virtue of her long diplomatic training and
riper political experience.

The territorial changes during the first two-thirds of the cen-
tury are — apart from the change of ownership in Silesia — casual
and uninteresting, consisting in an unintelligent and arbitrary
exchange of provinces and scraps of provinces. At the Peace of

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In all these political happenings the feelings and wishes of the people played not the smallest part. It was all a matter, so to say, of private understandings among the individual potentates turning upon marriage connexions, territorial desires, contracts and breakings of contracts, personal ambitions and leanings. We have drawn attention to the imitation of French absolutism by rulers and subjects all over the continent. Germany in particular developed a limitless servility, which was the more grotesque, being practised chiefly by the smaller states. A Württemberger parson informed his Duke that his grace's "most high swine" had eaten his own "most humble potatoes." Every duodecimo princeling cherished the ludicrous ambition of copying Versailles and had to have his Italian opera, his French pleasure-seat, his pheasant preserve, and his parade troops. It was equally indispensable that he should keep expensive favourites: so definitely was this demanded of him by custom that in some cases — for instance, that of Frederick I of Prussia — the prince felt obliged to maintain a merely titular concubine. Said a citizen of a minor capital with emotion, as he watched his ruler drive past with his newly-wed young bride: "Now there is nothing wanting to our prince but a handsome mistress." Augustus the Strong — whose nickname was no mere flattery — had over three hundred illegitimate children, one of whom, the Countess Orszelska, became his mistress. Duke Leopold Eberhard of Württemberg was even less scrupulous, for he allowed the thirteen children whom he had by his five mistresses to intermarry. No one dared to criticize such behaviour; everything which took place at the courts of these little god-kings was justified, and the subjects celebrated the name-day of the illegitimate sovereign lady of the moment as if it had been a national festival, feeling themselves highly honoured when the prince stooped to a townsman's daughter. Other encroachments on their liberty were suffered in the same unresisting way. The innumerable hunts did indescribable damage to the fields and often ruined a whole harvest. Preparations for court diversions would sometimes absorb the services of half the population, and the cost of all the disturbance as often as not be met by recruiting and selling the people. Withal, nothing whatever was done to raise

*Duodecimo
absolutism*

P. 7

P. 7

the working power of the country. In eighteenth-century Germany there was an accepted standard of one cleric and five beggars to every twenty of the population.

The most intellectual capital in the Germany of that day was Leipzig, which, as the seat of the great fairs and the most distinguished German university, as the metropolis of the artistically minded Polish-Saxon kings and the book trade, and as a centre of fashion and frivolity, had achieved the proud position of an Athens-on-the-Pleisse. For all that, everything that Saxony produced in the way of literature was of the purest repetitive kind: well-informed and methodical, thrashed-out and finicking, pedantic, furiously revised, and equally tireless and tiresome with its wearisome repetition of the same elementary commonplaces. A pleasing figure is Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, clergyman's son and professor, who, though weak alike in physique and creative power, was spotlessly pure in style and in character. He was a really effective influence, not only through his novels and comedies, lyrics and works of edification, but also through his well-attended "moral lectures" and through an extensive correspondence in which he played the part of wise and sympathetic father-confessor to all and sundry. Frederick the Great said of him: "He is a very different fellow from Gottsched" and "There's something so *couplant* in his verses." This was an excellent characterization: he owed his extraordinary popularity to the soft, ingratiating form in which he expressed his harmless wisdom. The tenderness with which he approached his readers made him an ideal women's writer. His humour leaves us somewhat cold, suggesting, as it does, grandpapa in the nursery; his fables — which are all that survives of his work — give the impression of having been written definitely for a class-book, as pieces for the lower school. The fundamental trait in his nature was a touching, albeit rather tiresome, old-maidishness, just as Gleim, for all his love-songs, was typical of old bachelorhood. The "Anacreontics" who sat at the feet of "Father Gleim" were anything rather than amorous, being far too gauche and well-behaved for that. They were not even straightforwardly in love, but merely in love with a perfectly nebulous and schoolboy notion of the state of being in love which had taken possession of their childlike souls. Neither were they ever really intoxicated, but again only drunk with the

bare notion and garlanded wineb Kant was possible poems commonly

From about 1750 the actor was filled with his main theoretical *vor die Deutschen* of the imitation of *et prodesse*, expression and narrowness. I by the two Swiss, object of poetry is these "must ever ideal they found to of Æsop. At bottom so different as they were more like quotations and details, other as regards the better, and their standard undoubtedly did a complacent, narrow 1765 the young Goethe him."

For a time Goethe the actress Friederike Schlegel's important part in the however, she quarrelled with the stage figure that she had in her hand and a gilt-edged, pretty, clever, temporary stars who are managed dogmatically, and her presence on the stage. As for her, she insisted on assiduousness of her company, on a consciously curving, weeping, burning of Harlequin.

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field the violin-makers Amati, Guarneri, and Stradivari achieved such a mastery in their art as has never since been equalled. In 1711 the Florentine Bartolomeo Cristofori invented the ~~piano-forte~~ *piano-forte* or hammer-piano, which gradually pushed all other stringed instruments into the background. Along with the *opera seria* the *opera buffa* appeared, Pergolesi's *Serva padrona* being the most famous example; and it was under the influence of the "buffoonists" that Rousseau wrote the first comic opera: *Le Devin du village*, which brought him a brilliant success. He and the Neapolitan Duni, who also lived in Paris, were the founders of this new type, in which the frozen passion of the *dramma per musica* dissolves in playful grace, and the stiff pompous aria is replaced by the coquettish chanson. In serious opera, too, Jean Philippe Rameau with his orchestral colouring went a certain way to meet the Rococo taste for brightness and glitter, though the Lully tradition was too unbreakable in France, and there was no real departure from program music, but only its expansion and enrichment with imagination and charm.

Even Handel, as we know, only broke away from Italian influences in his old age. He carried the art-form of the fugue to its greatest height in vocal as Bach had done in instrumental music. In his full choruses, particularly in *Israel in Egypt* (which is almost entirely made up of them), we have for the first time, as the object of an art-creation, something — namely, the mass, the people — of which the dramatists were still unaware, for it was not until *Tell*, or even, more accurately, not until *The Weavers* that a playwright attempted to bring the collective soul on the stage as his hero. Bach, on the other hand, put the awakening power of the German bourgeoisie, the Pietists' inner fervour and sturdy love of God, into music and gave it immortality. In his monumental chamber-music the rhythm and weight of Baroque were wedded to the intimacy and introspection of Rococo. Of the two, Handel is the less problematical, but the more *cantabile*; he is the psychologist, Bach the metaphysicist. In fact, one might perhaps place them in parallel with Leibniz and Kant, and not only for this reason, but also in the sense that Handel, as a sought-after and revered master, set up the macrocosm of his creation in sight of all, while Bach, living in the constricted atmosphere of lower social conditions, built his still mightier and more universal realm within himself;

Bach and
Handel;
Frederick
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Leibniz and Handel forced their own world upon the world at large, Kant and Bach encircled the whole world in their own. Bach and Handel, however, were alike in the intense Germanic ethos which fills all their works. This gigantic double sun forms one of the two undying titles to fame won by the Germany of that time in the realm of the spirit. The other is Frederick the Great.

The King

"Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there," says Carlyle; "raise him to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country." A recipe as admirable as it is simple, but, like almost all good and simple recipes, very seldom followed. Obviously it would be the most natural thing if the best were always at the head of things, the cleverest and wisest, the strongest and best-armed, the eye that sees furthest with past and present, the gleaming focus in which all the world's rays unite: if, in a word, the brain were in command as is the case with the simplest human individual! Yet this self-evidently normal case has happened at most a dozen times in the better-known sections of the history of humanity: a dozen times in three thousand years. One of these few cases was Frederick the Great.

The Father

The year 1740 was a year of change of government, not only in Prussia and Austria, but also in Russia, where the Tsaritsa Anna was succeeded by her grand-nephew Ivan VI, a minor; and in Rome, where Clemens XII was followed by Benedict XIV, "il papa Lambertini" — the most popular pope of the eighteenth century, a deeply honest man and a scholar, even-tempered, modest, passionately interested in contemporary literature, and so unprejudiced that Voltaire could risk dedicating his *Mahomet* to him. Frederick, it has sometimes been argued, owed his success in great part to his extraordinary predecessor, and the relation has been likened to that of Philip and Alexander. This grotesque opinion is represented by two parties who are in other respects entirely opposed to one another: the official Prussian historians who would make out every Hohenzollern to be a genius, and the equally biased Socialist history-writers who will have no king a genius at any price. Actually Frederick William I handed down to his son only the instrument of policy — that is, the army — and not a single political or even philosophical idea. Philip, on the contrary, who was probably a greater man than his successor, planned out the

whole scheme of what the author of *Alexander* the splendid actor of the

But even among the place in Prussian history. The same critic considerate and brutal, self-sacrificing. It is a paradoxical genre figure should have introduced for its general adoption the idea of patriarchal concerned himself not of the economic situation their clothes and lodgings wives and of callings, chance. He was in fact the some, father of his country right to misunderstand that the said children of

He possessed neither what he did possess he his minor faults — his c tion of all intellectual a which humanity finds it his unpretentious virtue modest personal needs — thank him for raising that also was one of his freak in itself. He regarded it of gigantic toy, and he collected china, or Pope ing methods became a otherwise worthy prince means was employed to women, cards, alcohol, served, brute force. The cision, the Prussian cadet duction of the iron ram

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whole scheme of what the latter accomplished. He was in a sense the author of Alexander's conquests, and the "King of Asia" but the splendid actor of the heroic part.

But even among those who give Frederick William his proper place in Prussian history, we find the most contradictory judgments. The same critics will, without rhyme or reason, call him considerate and brutal, clear-sighted and narrow, malicious and self-sacrificing. It is fairest perhaps to regard him as a cranky, paradoxical genre figure. Certainly it is characteristic that he should have introduced the pigtail into his army a generation before its general adoption in Europe, and he undoubtedly carried the idea of patriarchal absolutism to the point of caricature. He concerned himself not only with the taxation and military service, the economic situation and the hygiene of his subjects, but with their clothes and lodging, reading and conversation, choice of wives and of callings, culinary arrangements and church attendance. He was in fact the well-meaning and severe, faithful and tire-some, father of his country, and he made liberal use of the paternal right to misunderstand and ill-treat the children. Small wonder that the said children developed a formidable "father-hatred."

He possessed neither many bad nor many good qualities, and what he did possess he possessed in only a moderate degree. But his minor faults — his coarseness, his stinginess, and his detestation of all intellectual and artistic aspirations — were of the sort which humanity finds it harder to forgive than the major sins; and his unpretentious virtues — his love of order, his diligence, his modest personal needs — did no one any good. Nor did his people thank him for raising the army to an imposing strength; for this also was one of his freaks. The army was not a means, but an end in itself. He regarded it as an entirely personal property, as a sort of gigantic toy, and he collected tall fellows as Augustus the Strong collected china, or Pope Lambertini fine prints. Prussian recruiting methods became a byword for baseness. In this respect this otherwise worthy prince knew no restraint. Every conceivable means was employed to entice more Grenadiers into his ranks: women, cards, alcohol, false promises — and, if none of these served, brute force. The troop movements were models of precision, the Prussian cadenced step went like clock-work. The introduction of the iron ramrod, combined with this iron discipline,

made it possible to develop an exceedingly rapid fire. And without these achievements the virtuoso strategy and wide-ranging policy of his son would have been impossible.

Frederick was the opposite of his father in almost every respect, even in his attitude to militarism. From several of his intimate and therefore unquestionably genuine utterances we know that he loathed war. This did not, however, prevent him from making it when he considered it necessary, and making it more vigorously and aggressively than anyone else. He called war a "scourge of Heaven" and regretted that he could not live to see the day when humanity would be rid of it. For another thing, he was not even a monarchist. This may sound a strange and almost incredible thing to say of an eighteenth-century king (and the strongest and most victorious of them into the bargain), but there is not the least doubt that it was so. All his life he treated his crowned colleagues with a truly extravagant contempt, and he was full of bitter mockery for everything connected with court ceremonial, holding his own crown without the slightest sense of doing so by higher investiture, or even merely by juridical title. He knew, of course, that he was something more than most other mortals, but it was for that reason, and not as happening to be a king, that he wanted to be honoured.

Frederick William had all his life been a pious man in the matter of orthodox church beliefs, a scorner of the subtleties of diplomacy and the refinements of literature, gnarled, robust, primitively healthy and primitively honest, simple to the extreme in his daily needs, and single-minded to the point of half-wittedness. Frederick, on the contrary, had a sovereign scorn and distrust of all positive religions that was but a degree removed from atheism. He placed a far higher value on works of art and philosophy than on any achievement of practical life, was a past master in diplomatic juggling, and a supreme gourmet in all the higher pleasures; at the same time he was anything but "healthy" in the sense of a normal person, having an extraordinarily irritable, complicated, and contradictory nature, highly labile in his inner equilibrium, and physically also delicate and sensitive. Like every genius he was "physiologically inferior" and psychopathic, and like every genius he became master of his psychosis by developing a hypertrophy of strength in his moral and intellectual capabilities.

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It is often said that he inherited his delight in work and sense of duty from his father; but the diligence of genius is something of quite a different order from that of the average man: the latter arises out of a mechanical sense of orderliness and the instinct to be active (which is a primitive bee-like vital instinct), but the former from an almost maniacal devotion to an exalted mission, a sublime sense of responsibility towards one's own magic destiny.

The fact that Frederick the Great was dominated all his life by a great leading idea not only made him the invincible hero of his time, but endowed all his individual actions — unlike those of his crowned rivals — with imagination and genius and meaning. This basic idea of his was no more and no less than the Platonic demand that kings should be philosophers, and philosophers kings. In his book on Plato, Walter Pater says of Marcus Aurelius that it was precisely because the philosophic outlook was so essential a part of him, because he was the passionate devotee of philosophy and in particular of Platonism, that he was so excellent a servant of the Roman people in peace and war. Just such a ruler was Frederick the Great. In this alone lay the true meaning of "enlightened absolutism," the slogan of the day, of which only he could grasp the deeper meaning and which only he could transform into a living reality. Absolutism means unlimited control, and enlightenment spreading of light; this formula, therefore, asserts nothing more or less than that light shall reign, the strongest soul rule, the clearest head organize. There is no need to discuss the outward forms by which such an ideal may be realized; this is a matter of complete indifference, a mere question of costume. Whether such a ruler be styled Cæsar or High Priest, President of the Reich or People's Commissar, he will always be the legitimate king because he is the philosophical king.

His tolerance alone suffices to show Frederick as a true philosopher. We mean tolerance, and neither free-thinking nor liberalism. It is possible to be "liberally" minded and yet have a very illiberal mind, in which (as is the case with most free-thinkers) an understanding for differently constituted points of view has no place. This type of the "enlightened" is as much the prisoner of his narrow one-sided doctrine as the reactionary whom he scorns. The same is true of liberalism as usually practised. It is liberal towards liberals only; the rest of the world are obstinate heretics and blind

*The
Philosopher*

The Genius

fools on whom the better world-outlook must be imposed in spite of themselves. And this, after all, was the typical behaviour of the Enlightened in Frederick the Great's time. In the eighteenth century we see everywhere in the high places these dictators of progress, who held it to be their mission to force happiness upon a lagging humanity. Peter the Great and Charles XII, Catherine II and Joseph II, Cardinal Fleury and Robespierre and many others were guided by this fixed idea, which penetrated even as far as Portugal, where the Marquis of Pombal built up a positive reign of terror of Enlightenment. Thus in reality these rulers were nothing but converted children of darkness, and they furnish yet one more proof of the psychological fact that tolerance is essentially obnoxious to average humanity. But Frederick the Great was tolerant, not in his capacity of free-thinker, but as a genius. Genius tolerates everything because it contains latent within itself every imaginable specimen of mankind, every impulse of the soul, and knows how to conform to everything because it possesses creative imagination. Frederick practised that genuine tolerance which consists simply in recognizing every alien individuality and its laws. For this reason he could even tolerate reaction. He, as the head of the chief Protestant power of Germany, was far more lenient to the Jesuits than was the Roman Emperor. The latter abolished monasteries while the former restored burnt-down Catholic churches. Not that Frederick was by any means without personal prejudices, but, sharply marked as were these very subjective and one-sided convictions of his, clear-cut, strong, and luminous as was the profile of his personality, he had yet a sufficiency of understanding for all other opinions, and, what is more, he actually took them into account in practice. Certainly he was in a way a spiritualist and ideologue, for he always argued from certain abstract principles, direct soul-experiences. But this was counterbalanced by his highly developed mental elasticity, his capacity for accommodating himself at any time to the special "conditions of the problem" which reality imposed upon him in his experiments. He was unusually tenacious and conservative in matters of theory, and correspondingly supple and progressive in his application of theory to life; and it is this double quality which in fact forms the basis of all productive thought and action.

Another eminent mark of genius was his boundless sincerity, a

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quality which, rare enough in any case, seems almost an impossi-
bility on the throne. Even his attitude to truth shows the contra-
dictoriness, and yet in a higher sense the unity, of his nature. As a
politician he had no qualms about giving the whole world a false
impression, and he prided himself on beating all his enemies at
sleight-of-hand and double-dealing. Yet, living though he did in
that age, of hollow lying and empty masks, he was one of the least
mendacious men that ever lived. Untruthfulness was to him a sort
of technical language of which he made use in masterly fashion
in the transaction of his business; but in all things which he
thought really serious and important he was actuated by incor-
ruptible probity and merciless self-criticism. This is why, in spite
of being raised so high above his fellow-men by birth and position,
talents and deeds, he figures to posterity largely as a private indi-
vidual free from any historical nimbus. A number of endearing
minor traits also help to bring him nearer to us. There is, for in-
stance, something impish yet touching in the remark made by this
great monarch and controller of battles that the only fame worth
having was that of an author. He would polish away at his verses
in the midst of his campaigns, and in the presence of literary men
of note he felt himself a pupil desirous of profiting by their art.
Everything he did or left undone secures for him our personal
attachment. How charmingly unkinglike, for example, is his de-
testation of hunting! The marked and even consciously ambitious
wit which, like a fine essence, pervades all his doings, from big
affairs of government to the most everyday conversations, also
affects us as a "private" attribute. Even his decrees were glitter-
ing *bons mots* worthy of a Swift or Voltaire. One day, when he
confirmed the acquittal of a thief convicted of sacrilege, whose
defence "that the Blessed Virgin had herself given him the silver"
was admitted as not incredible by Catholic authorities, he added
that he forbade him in future, on pain of heavy punishment, to
accept any presents whatever from the Holy Virgin. Another time,
in reviewing the case of a soldier convicted of having had un-
natural connexion with his horse, he settled it with the words:
"The swine is to be transferred to the infantry." Very attractive
too is his lively feeling for escapades of every sort, which clung to
him until well into middle age. Macaulay thus describes this side
of him, not, of course, without implying a black mark for bad

5 for the people.
20th century.

conduct: "If a courtier was fond of dress, oil was flung over his richest suit. If he was fond of money, some prank was invented to make him disburse more than he could spare. If he was hypochondriachal, he was made to believe that he had the dropsy. If he had particularly set his heart on visiting a place, a letter was forged to frighten him from going thither." With such things did Frederick the Unique occupy himself while engaged in making his army the most powerful striking force, his administration the most capable, and his State the most feared in all Europe. The respectable Macaulay deduces from all this the wickedness of his nature. We are inclined to think that it is only through such traits that human greatness becomes human and bearable. They are rarely absent from the nature of true genius and, far from indicating an evil disposition, they express an indestructible childlikeness and a supreme artistic playfulness which takes everything and nothing seriously. In this, as in so many other respects, Frederick the Great resembled Voltaire. The old friendship between these two men, as registered in their correspondence, forms one of the wittiest chapters in the history of the eighteenth century. There we have French pepper and Prussian salt thrown together and so intimately blended that the mixture became too sharp and biting for any philistine to sample without tears of vexation.

*The Hero
from
curiosity*

So complicated and paradoxical, yet so clear and transparent is the character of this king that it leaves the democratic historian nothing to "debunk." He went so far in self-criticism as to make himself out at times worse than he was. He admits frankly that the mainspring of his policy was ambition. He tells us how, when as Crown Prince he heard of the Turkish War, his heart thumped as if he had been an actor waiting for his cue. Yet when it came, he advanced from the wings without hesitation, and it was clear from the earliest scenes that he was determined not to play the little episodic rôle assigned to him by the European management, but to improvise an entire new text as protagonist and filler of the title-rôle of the age. In 1740 he wrote to his friend Jordan: "My youth, the fire of my passions, the craving for fame, even — to conceal nothing from you — my curiosity, in a word, a secret instinct tore me from the sweetness of repose I had been tasting; it was the satisfaction of reading my name in the papers and eventually in history that tempted me." And long afterwards in his

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Historical Memoirs he repeats that his decisions in 1740 were influenced by the desire to make himself a name. These, again, are quite the trains of thought of an actor. This king who goes to war out of psychological curiosity, a species of theatre-mania, and from the ardent desire to appear in the paper, and not only so, but frankly admits such impulses — this detached independence, this bizarre coquetry, this sophisticated and yet naïve craving for the limelight, is Rococo of the most genuine kind.

Strange as it may sound, Frederick the Great was not an earnest person. By an "earnest" person we can only understand one who is caught by reality, the "practical" man, the materialist; and by a non-earnest person we mean the intellectual man who is capable of looking down on life from above, taking it now humorously, now tragically, but never earnestly. Both the humorous and the tragic aspects have one and the same root; they are two polar and therefore complementary expressions of the same world-feeling. Not to take existence seriously is something that belongs no less to the tragic than to the humorous focus. Both are based on the profound conviction of the worthlessness and vanity of the world. And so it comes about that Frederick the Great is one of the few figures of his age that are truly tragic and are yet at the same time enveloped by the breath of a sublime irony.

But at the close of his life, as "Old Fritz," he — like all other really great men: Goethe and Kant, Ibsen and Tolstoi, Michelangelo and Rembrandt — becomes completely unreal and ghostly, transcendent and transparent, already half an inhabitant of the other world. An immense solitude spreads itself about him, he is weary of "ruling over slaves" and wants to be buried beside his greyhounds.

Doubtless he had great faults; but then, the favourites of mankind are not the proper ones. The whole age did him joyous homage because he was the strongest and most human, wisest and most foolish of all: Cæsar and Don Quixote, Hamlet and Fortinbras in one person. In Switzerland there were people who fell ill with mortification when he lost a battle; in England, which even as an ally has never liked to see a development of power on the Continent, his victories were celebrated like national festivals; in Paris one became socially impossible if one took sides against him; in Russia he had an enthusiastic following at court, headed by Peter,

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the heir to the throne; even at Naples and in Spain his portraits were on sale.

The Danish minister Bernsdorff called pre-Frederician Prussia a young lean body with all the appetite that belongs to this stage of physical development, and Voltaire mocked at it as a "border state." A glance at the historical map will show that such a state, consisting in the main of two disconnected coastal areas with a few oddments of territory in the west, was incapable of existence in such a form. One cannot reproach Frederick the Great for his aspirations towards Silesia, unless one is prepared in principle to deny to a political organism the right of forcible expansion. Through this addition, which enlarged the extent of the state by a third and the population by a half, Prussia first obtained that stability and solidity of territorial basis without which a great power is unthinkable. It is only too comprehensible that Frederick succumbed to this temptation. But from the moment when he incorporated Silesia with hungry Prussia, he looked upon the latter as sufficiently provided for. In 1745 he declared, at Dresden, that from that time on he would not attack a single cat, unless indeed he were forced; that he regarded his military career as closed. And beyond a doubt he honestly meant it. No one but an imbecile would maintain that he embarked on the Seven Years' War otherwise than against his will; only, as he himself was anything but an imbecile, he naturally began it at the moment which appeared to him relatively the most favourable.

Endless rubbish has been written and printed about the "brutal surprise attack" and "perfidious breach of treaty" in 1740. It is an Austrian lie that Frederick was bound by the Pragmatic Sanction. The fact is that the Emperor had guaranteed the succession of the Rhenish dukedom of Berg to Frederick William in return for his assent to the treaty and yet ten years later took diplomatic action against him in collusion with France, England, and Holland with the object of forcing him to relinquish these claims. That Frederick did not wait until Austria was fully equipped, but occupied Silesia in mid winter — an unheard-of proceeding according to the strategic practice of the day — is merely a proof of his courage and originality in not thinking on traditional lines, and of Austria's heaviness and mental apathy. His simple and therefore crushing logic was: first to obtain posses-

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Podewils; "when one has the advantage, should one take advan-
tage of it or not? I am prepared with my troops and with every-
thing. If I do not exploit my opportunity, I shall have in my hands
an asset that I do not know how to use; but if I do exploit it, they
will say that I am clever enough to turn to good account the ad-
vantage I possess over my neighbours." And in 1743, he says, look-
ing back in the preface to the first draft of his *Memoirs*: "I do not
claim to defend the policy which the established custom of the
nations has handed down to us as legitimate. I merely expound in
simple fashion the reasons which, it seems to me, bind every prince
to follow the practice authorizing deceit and misuse of force; and
if he did not, I say frankly that his neighbours would only take
advantage of his integrity, and that the wrong assumption and the
fallacious conclusion would ascribe to weakness what had been
only virtuousness on his part. These reflections and many others,
well weighed, have made me decide to conform to the custom of
princes. . . . One finds oneself confronted, at bottom, with choos-
ing between the dreadful necessity of sacrificing one's subjects or
one's word. . . . And so the sovereign sacrifices himself for the
welfare of his subjects." What other prince would have been able
to discuss with such deep and clear, such honourable and plainly
worded objectivity, this immense moral dilemma, which, unfortu-
nately, is an undeniable reality! Who else indeed would have been
even conscious of this tragic conflict? The sense of an overwhelm-
ing life-tragedy breathes to us out of these and countless similar
confessions made in widely dissimilar periods of his life. They are
the words of a genius predestined by its intellectual form for a world
of pure reflection, but flung, a martyr, into the troubled sphere
of action, to which — humbly accepting its fate — it sacrifices itself.
This, in all nudity, was the real soul of that intriguer and un-
scrupulous *Realpolitiker*. But men are very odd: when one man
rises up in their midst, sharing their guilt, indeed, but knowing it
and suffering under it, they do not call him greater and better than
themselves, but throw it in his face that he is no saint.

For that matter, not only the inner life of Frederick the Great,
but his system of foreign policy is very often entirely misjudged.
He was in no sense Austria's "hereditary enemy." We have seen

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at home everything that till now has been imported." In the same spirit he forbade his officials to visit foreign watering-places for cures, and limited his subjects, when they went abroad, to a certain sum for travelling. Every household was bound under official supervision to use a fixed minimum quantity of salt, and permissions to marry were only obtainable in return for the purchase of goods from the royal porcelain-factories. Nevertheless, this tyranny had its good points: enormous mulberry plantations were laid out for the home production of silk, and hop- and potato-growing made excellent progress under state fosterage.

Napoleon once said: "Genius is diligence." And this definition of it, like others, will fit Frederick the Great remarkably. It sounds incredible, but is nevertheless true, that in this country literally everything, from the greatest and roughest tasks to the smallest and most subtle, was done by the brain and working-power of one man. It must have been instructive, paradoxical, intriguing, and alarming for the contemporaries to see this thousand-eyed manager running the whole state-system down to the last thread. Here the King showed not only the diligence, but the all-roundness of genius. It is not too much to compare him with Julius Cæsar in this respect. The man of genius can do everything, knows every-thing, understands everything. He is never a specialist. He is there, ready, and able to do exactly what circumstances may require. Frederick refused to let himself down at any particular standpoint, he was a polyhistor of life. Whatever he took in hand became trans-fused with his vigour, which, ever the same, one and indivisible, needed only to be given a sphere, any sphere, of action to expand instantly and triumphantly.

For this reason Frederick the Great's strategic achievements, recognized as extraordinary by even his bitterest enemies, cannot be considered apart from his personality as a whole. We have grown used to thinking of generalship as the expression of a specific professional knowledge and a definable professional talent for which it is sufficient to graduate in a few military courses. But just as it is not enough for a great doctor merely to have studied medicine, or for a great artist to know how to use his colours, so is a great commander unthinkable without some deeper knowl-edge of the human soul, the way of the world, and in general all things worth knowing. He must be a sort of artist and, above all,

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a philosopher. That Prince Eugene possessed these attributes we have seen: it was for him that the greatest thinker of the age wrote his principal work, not simply "dedicating" it to him (which would signify nothing at all), but literally composing it for him. Julius Cæsar, again, was not only the friend of Cicero (who was his political opponent), but his superior in literary and philosophic talent. As for Moltke, a look at his skull suffices to show that we are dealing with a first-class thinker. And who is able to say how much Alexander owed to his father's grandiose act in giving him Aristotle, the most spacious and the best-filled brain in all Greece, for a teacher? To draw any distinction of principle between the activity of a Napoleon and that of a Shakspeare is nonsensical.

And yet who would not rather be a sort of Shakspeare than a sort of Napoleon? Who would choose to command dull, boring armies of grenadiers when he might have the entire world-history in all its vividness and abundance for his army of operation? Who would care to translate his inward strivings into ugly, obstinate, and at best disillusioning realities when he has power to summon radiant idealities that never fail him? Who would desire to drive men's bodies when he can lead their souls, direct the march of thought instead of the march of feet?

The tragedy of great men of action is the tragedy of poets who are stuck fast in life. Only so can we account for that loathing for life which so filled and so drove Julius Cæsar in his last years that he went almost knowingly to his death; or for the great Alexander's jealousy of the little Achilles: for in truth it was not Achilles, but Homer, who was the object of that jealousy. And Frederick the Great would joyfully have given his throne and his army and all his conquests and victories for the power to become, not indeed a Voltaire, but just a modest Maupertuis.

He did not approve of war. He bore it with sorrow as the field chosen by destiny for his creative activity. And nobody, at the bottom of his heart, really approves of it. But history up till now — which is after all no more than a sort of prehistory of real humanity — has taught that war is manifestly one of the biological functions of our species. And, admitting frankly that it has to happen anyhow, it is at least desirable that it should be in the hands of men of genius.

The strategy of its poetry, had grand and rigid routine. Prussia laid the object of the war at came to battles all more or less by the exposed head of in plode of itself. Frederick "emetic" to be res the application of speculation. Similar the period, in which columns and in each individual fighting battle consisted purely. The conception of still unknown. Frederick forming a sort of refusing" it) in order moment. In his time though it was not over two thousand years ago arrived, the Greek valled masters, consequently. Epaminondas simultaneously. Epaminondas degrees of depth the right or left side. Leuctra in one of the between Hellenes. The initiative, in that it is only fully effective. Consequently, only like Frederick the Great not always succeed. method by his cavalry pletest mastery, and cisive points. The essence these innovations were

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again — must be artificially created. Stags and deer in enclosures are designed to give the *illusion* of living nature, and ruins were specially built, and even mountains painted on canvas, to suggest a romantic wildness. The Baroque principle of staging nature still ruled, though with the opposite sign. These ideas were to some extent realized by William Kent in his *fermes ornées*. Montesquieu, the first great Anglomaniac in France, on his return from England transformed the park of his ancestral château into an English garden. Typical of the awakening nature-sense, too, are the popular *bals champêtres* of the day and the “inns,” so called, where fine ladies and gentlemen dressed up as barmen, peasants, huntsmen, and fishermen and played at the simple life. Sleighing was a favourite amusement, and Klopstock sang the praises of skating. In summer fashionable ladies formed the habit of wearing wide straw shepherdess hats. At first it was merely a coquetting with Nature, and this Nature was not yet that of Romanticism — notwithstanding its mountain backgrounds and its cult of ruins — but the idyllic, inviting, touching, lamb-brook-and-meadow Nature lying caressingly at their feet. The highest praise for any scenery at that period was to call it “pleasant.” Moreover, Wolffian rationalism and utilitarianism strongly pervaded everything still. The country was lovable above all as the donor of tasty vegetables, nourishing milk, and fresh eggs. The high mountains were held in abhorrence. As late as 1755, in the *Dictionary* which the English contemplated with astonishment as a world-wonder, Dr. Johnson described mountains as diseased growths and unnatural swellings on the earth’s surface, and complained, after his journey in the Scottish Highlands, that an eye accustomed to flowery pictures and waving corn was appalled by this wide domain of hopeless barrenness. The only comfortable landscapes to look at were evidently the bread-and-butter-producing regions. The high tracts were barren and therefore could not be beautiful. Haller’s poem *The Alps*, again, which made an immense sensation, contemplates only the human accessories of the Swiss landscape and has a moralizing, political tendency even at that.

Bible and
ledger

By this period the modern Englishman was already complete and ready-made: a mixture of spleen, cant, and business, with his shrewdness and sobriety occasionally seasoned with fixed ideas, with thoroughness in place of depth, and plainness instead of sig-

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eternity, on week-days in physics and the Stock Exchange, and
with equal fervour in both cases. On Sunday the Bible is his
ledger, and on week-days the ledger is his Bible.

After the death of Queen Anne the crown had fallen to the
Elector of Hanover, which circumstance brought about once more
a personal union between England and a Continental power:
George I, intellectually as much of a nonentity as his three name-
sakes who succeeded him, had not even mastered the language of
the country, and conversed with his officials in dog-Latin, so that
it was useless for him to attend a Cabinet meeting. His prime
minister was Robert Walpole, who had been active in promoting
the Hanoverian succession and secured a permanent majority for
its support in the Commons by means of an elaborate system of
bribes. The corruptness of the age is satirized in Gay's *Beggar's*
Opera (which was, incidentally, a parody of the fashionable Italian
opera of the day). But when, at the first performance, a couplet
on these bribes was encored after wild applause, Walpole had the
wit to call for a second encore, and so brought down the house in
his own favour. In Parliament, into whose hands the direction of
the whole of foreign policy had fallen, he relied upon the Whigs,
and he still kept his position under George II.

During this reign an extraordinary event took place which was
perhaps more fraught with consequences than anything in English
history: Robert Clive established the British supremacy in East
India. An inexhaustible stream of rice, sugar, spices, and vege-
table oils poured over England. Until Clive's time, Macaulay
tells us, the English had been mere home-keepers. But now the
race for money set in, and the little self-sufficing, exclusive island-
people became at one blow a nation of international dealers, mer-
chant traders, and colossal speculators. The "nabobs," as they
were called, returned from India, with the parvenu's display of
their newly-acquired riches, and formed a new social class — the
despised but envied "self-made man." The commercialization of
the whole of public life made rapid progress. *Trading on the basis*
of samples set in, and there developed also the warehouse type of
business, in which financiers merely dispose of manufactured
articles, secured at a low price by advance payments. (These are

Comfort

D. 7.
in England

Franklin
and
Robinson
Crusoe

in fact the two typical forms of modern economy.) Simultaneously the abundant influx of ready money introduced "comfort," a thing until then unknown to modern times. This English word had a curious origin. It meant at first "consolation" or "encouragement," and only now acquired the sense of "ease," "well-being," or "convenience," under which meaning it has been adopted in German. To an Englishman it is actually the supreme consolation and encouragement, and the final legitimization of his existence in his sense of well-being in it. The Calvinistic divine Richard Baxter, living in England in the times of the Restoration and the Glorious Revolution, tells his followers in his *Reasons for the Christian Religion* that they may work for God in order to become rich. Success in business counted as a proof of election; such was his — and in general the English — idea of Predestination. In place of Christian justification there appears the bourgeois, practical prosperity-justification: the well-to-do on earth are the righteous; the unblessed and the damned are the poor — an inversion of the gospel teaching unparalleled in its impudence and shallowness.

Writing in his incomparable plastic way on the England of that time, Taine says: "A preacher here is nothing but an economist in priest's clothing who treats conscience like flour, and fights vices as if they were prohibitions on imports." In real life this type is most closely embodied in the story-book hero Benjamin Franklin, author of the phrase: "Time is money"; in literature we have the most complete representation of it in Defoe's *Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner*. Robinson Crusoe is the very able man who is equal to any emergency: a practical economist, politician, and technician; a deist who believes in God because he has discovered that this also is a practical sort of thing to do. It is significant that, besides writing his books (more than two hundred of them), Defoe established the first hail- and fire-insurance societies and savings-banks. The extract of his philosophy is found in the words with which the father Crusoe sends forth his son on the journey. He tells him that "the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kinds of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and

all desirable pleasures of life; that the World, and the labours of the hard circumstances were rest. . . ."

After Franklin's English domestic most successful "Clarissa, or the most important thing the distressed parents and children famous novel is saying to add: "Pamela, or the Letters from a Beauty," published. In religion in the mind has its Foundation that it agreeably INCIDENTS, is into many Pieces calculated minds they should bourgeois drama — a sickly sweet and This was a type the *comédie larmoyante* admirers and "bliss" was the first author by the actress scenes went down the stage, too, ever to produce plays of the *Zärtliche Sitten* as he has succeeded in giving the theatre, and, above all, could see and observe kindly caricatures

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all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly thro' the World, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head . . . or harass'd with perplex'd circumstances which rob the soul of peace, and the body of rest. . . ."

After Franklin and Defoe came Richardson, creator of the English domestic novel, and likewise primarily a shopkeeper. His most successful work (of over four thousand pages) is called: "*Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady*; comprehending the most important concerns of private life, and particularly showing the distresses that may attend the misconduct both of parents and children in relation to marriage." Another equally famous novel is so well characterized in its title that there is nothing to add: "*Pamela: or, Virtue Rewarded*. In a series of Familiar Letters from a Beautiful Young Damsel to her Parents. Now first published. In order to cultivate the Principles of *Virtue and Religion* in the minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES. A Narrative which has its Foundations in TRUTH and NATURE; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a variety of *curious* and *affecting* INCIDENTS, is intirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to *inflamm*e the minds they should *instruct*." The father of the middle-class bourgeois drama — a pendant to the family novel that is even more sickly sweet and more false — was George Lillo, a jeweller. This was a type which quickly became popular in France as the *comédie larmoyante* and was considered "touching" by its admirers and "blubbering" by its enemies. Nivelle de la Chaussée was the first author to take it up, having been advised to do so by the actress Quinault, who pointed out that sentimental scenes went down better with the public than tragic ones. Voltaire, too, ever on the alert for others' successes, soon began to produce plays of this *genre*. The first German attempt was Gellert's *Zärtliche Schwestern*. Only Holberg — the "Danish Molière," as he has been (a little extravagantly) called — succeeded in giving his countrymen a national comedy, a national theatre, and, above all, a national looking-glass in which they could see and observe themselves, not unduly flattered, but quite kindly caricatured. He was a rapid versifier (like all true comedy-

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who regards every unmoral action purely as an error in judgment: in a murder, for instance, there is a mistaken idea that one can restore the dead to life; in torturing animals, the erroneous notion that they do not feel pain; in disobedience towards God, the false belief that one is stronger than he. Similarly, Mandeville in his *Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices made Public Benefits*, as the very title indicates, puts forward the cynical view of the modern statesman that selfish and unscrupulous competition among individuals supplies the motive power for the well-being of the community.

But the most characteristic figure in English philosophy at that time is David Hume. His sensational achievement was his explanation of the notion of causality, which he accounts for by habit, the frequent repetition of the same experience. Our empiric entitles us only to the opinion: first A, then B, the *post hoc*. But our mind is not satisfied with that, and, on the basis of having observed this constantly recurring sequence, says: first A, therefore B, thus making a *propter hoc* out of the *post hoc*. The idea of substance, too, arises solely from our habit of always combining the same ideas with certain groups of characteristic features. In the same way is to be explained the consciousness of one's ego: for by regularly relating our impressions to the same subject we get the idea of an unchanging carrier of these impressions, whereas it is really nothing but a "bundle of ideas." Arguing on the same lines, Hume declared himself opposed to the theory of the Social Contract: long before men were able to sign any state contract, compulsion had already united them, and the obedience which had become a habit through that compulsion brought about the existence of governments and subjects without any such contract. All this is truly English: the prudent and short-sighted insistence of the sole authority of empiricism, the distrust of all metaphysics and ideas, the deep-rooted conservatism which puts down everything to habit, and the relentless superficiality which in its wonderful keenness and vigour becomes almost profundity.

In Weininger's *Geschlecht und Charakter* we find the subtle remark: "The difference between Hume and Kant can also be drawn characterologically, much as I can distinguish between two men of whom the one finds the highest art in Makart and Gounod and the other in Rembrandt and Beethoven." Elsewhere he says

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order and break the law of Nature. In such cases we speak of miracles. The result is, there is nothing real in the world but God, souls, and ideas.

It was not Berkeley's system, however, but Empiricism that conquered England and, through England, Europe. The first great representative of English philosophy on the Continent was Montesquieu. In his *Lettres persanes*, published in 1721, he began as a critic, exposing with a fine wit that veiled a deep seriousness the public institutions and conditions of contemporary France: the Papal Church and the monastic system, confession and celibacy, heresy-courts and sectarian disputes, extravagance and iniquitous taxation, corrupt finance and the privileges of the nobility, the decay of the Academy, the Law crash, and in general the régime of absolutism, even though it should claim to be "enlightened." Seven years later there followed his *Considérations sur les causes de la grandeur des Romains et de leur décadence*, an extremely clever and searching piece of history-writing in which he showed — with an obvious reference to democratic England and absolutist France — how the Roman Empire owed its greatness to liberty, and its downfall to despotism. His third work too, *De l'esprit des lois*, is completely imbued with the English spirit, representing law and State as the product of soil, climate, custom, culture, and religion, and praising constitutional monarchy as the best form of government. Contemporary with him was the Marquis Vauvenargues — who became a military officer in defiance of a delicate constitution and died at thirty-two. Vauvenargues's merits were not fully appreciated at the time, but Voltaire was one of the few who at once recognized his high quality, and he wrote to this obscure colleague, twenty years younger than himself: "Had you come into the world a few years earlier, my own works would have been better." For Vauvenargues the highest qualities of a writer were *clarté* and simplicity. This limpidity was the adornment of profundity, the "philosopher's letter of credit," the "gala dress of master-minds"; obscurity is the realm of error, and a thought which is too feeble to bear simple expression announces itself as only fit to be discarded. In his incorruptible art of soul-testing he sometimes reminds us of La Rochefoucauld: he says, for instance, that love is not so sensitive and fastidious as self-love, as we scorn many things to avoid being forced to scorn ourselves; that most

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men love fame without virtue, but only a very few virtue without fame; he describes the art of pleasing as the art of deceiving, and thinks it strange that modesty should be demanded of woman, considering that what they value most in men is impudence. But with all this there lived in Vauvenargues the soldier-spirit of the seventeenth century, a heroic enthusiasm for fame, courage, and noble spiritual passion; his favourite word is "*l'action*." And at the same time he looks into the future and the realm of Sensibility. No one, he says, is so likely to make innumerable mistakes as the man who acts according to reason. "*Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur*," was one of his immortal sayings. He was the first prophet of the heart, but a manly, unsentimental prophet, belonging to an older, stronger, and less complicated race.

But the lesser lights paled before the star of Voltaire — the hero of the century, even though in an eighteenth-century sense of the word "heroism."

In a much-quoted passage from his notes to Diderot, Goethe says: "When families spread over a long period it may be observed that nature at last brings forth an individual member of it who comprises in himself the characteristics of all his ancestors and unites and gives full expression to all the talents which have up till then made only spasmodic and tentative appearances. It is the same with nations, whose collective virtues are sure, with good luck, to be summed up one day in an individual. So for instance there arose in Louis XIV a French king in the highest sense, and so in Voltaire we have the greatest writer that it is possible to imagine among Frenchmen, and the one most harmonious with his nation." It was pointed out in the Introduction to this work that genius is nothing but the extract of the innumerable small desires and labours of the great mass of the people. One can find such a general representative for every race and every age; and even for the smaller sections, for every family or clan, every town, every season. The circle represented by Voltaire had the widest imaginable radius: for Voltaire is the essence of all France and of all the eighteenth century. And consequently he was a compendium of all the faults and errors, vices and contradictions, of his nation and his generation. If, as Goethe in his fine allegory indicates, he really embraced all the scattered family features in his physiognomy, it is entirely senseless to make it a reproach to him that

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any bookseller proclaim me as the author, I can assure him he will gain nothing by so doing. Far from selling a single copy more, he would on the contrary damage the credit of the book. To maintain that I, who have been away from France over twenty years, could have so lived myself into French law would be perfectly absurd." About the dictionary he wrote to d'Alembert: "As far as there is any danger of it, I beg you will inform me, so that I may disavow the work in all the public papers with my accustomed honesty and innocence." And in a letter to the Jesuit Father de la Tour he went so far as to assert that if anyone had ever printed over his name anything that could offend even a village sexton, he was prepared to tear it up; he wished to live and die in peace without attacking anyone, without harming anyone, without taking up a standpoint that could offend anyone. The statement may be hazarded that this intention of causing no offence anywhere was only very imperfectly realized.

We must, of course, take into account that it was extremely dangerous to acknowledge the authorship of works which might incur the displeasure of Church or government, and that almost all Voltaire's colleagues practised the same tactics of denial and anonymity. "I am," he said to d'Alembert, "an ardent friend of truth, but in no sense a friend of martyrdom." Anyhow, in Voltaire we have to recognize a new form of heroism. In the place of the death-martyrs there appeared life-martyrs; purification through asceticism is now not sought within the walls of monasteries, but in the turmoil of the world; death no longer appears as the glorification of life, and the hero is no longer the one who renounces life, but the one who fights on in it with resignation.

To Voltaire's over-stimulated and hyperactive militancy we may also ascribe his many small meannesses, of which his attitude to Frederick the Great is particularly characteristic. The unavoidable friction between these two geniuses produced incessant sparks of hatred, love, and wit. The very manner of their coming together was strange enough. In order to compromise Voltaire in France and thus to get him to his own court, Frederick had a very insulting letter of the poet's circulated among a number of influential persons who were attacked in it. Voltaire, on his side, tried to raise as much money as possible out of the King's weakness for him. Frederick the Great, finding out one day that

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Voltaire's
character

he had overpaid Voltaire, limited him in the use of light and sugar; Voltaire proceeded to pocket the candles in the salons. Lamettrie informed Voltaire that the King had said of him: "One squeezes an orange and throws it away"; while Maupertuis informed the King that Voltaire had said of him: "I am obliged to look through his verses, he sends me his dirty linen to wash." Voltaire made an anonymous and offensive attack on Maupertuis; Frederick composed a reply, also anonymous and equally offensive. Frederick had Voltaire imprisoned in Frankfurt on his return from France and searched for compromising documents; Voltaire in turn, on his release, wrote compromising revelations in France.

We have deliberately emphasized the most dubious points in Voltaire's life-story, because for a long time, and occasionally even today, these and similar small traits have been combined to form the picture of an ambiguous, treacherous, even squalid character. Of the bad qualities of which Voltaire is accused, vanity is the only one which he possessed in a really full measure, and herein he contrasts most unfavourably with Frederick the Great. But it is a quality that he shared with the great majority of artists, and indeed with the great majority of mankind, besides which it had in him a kindly, childlike, and at times childish note which disarms us. To call him malicious and mendacious, for instance, is only half true; he was malicious only when in a state of defence, mendacious in small things when under the influence of his vanity or timidity (both of which were rooted in an almost pathological sensitiveness); in all major matters he was of the most complete uprightness. And to call him supremely egotistical is completely and unreservedly wrong. He was avaricious only during the time when he was amassing riches; from the moment that he possessed them he used them in the most unselfish and liberal way for others; and as for the incorrect methods by which he obtained them, let us not forget that we are in the age of Rococo, which displayed its decadence by, amongst other things, the loss of moral standards. To the question, then, which so often arises: why did this great mind lack integrity? the reply is: because the Rococo mind lacked integrity. For Voltaire neither belongs to nor wished to be one of those supernatural heroes of morality who, as opposite numbers to the great criminals, stand outside the moral

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second half of the sentence runs: "but all Nature cries aloud that he does exist."

It is, however, very difficult to say what his true opinion on these matters was, so susceptible and desultory was his mind, and so subject to the personal impression of the moment. And, besides, everything that he openly expressed was only exoteric doctrine; in the secret chambers of his brain there may well have been quite other and more radical ideas. Possibly his true confession of faith is contained in the words he wrote to Madame du Deffand, six years before he died: "I knew a man who was firmly convinced that the buzz of a bee did not continue after its death. He said, with Epicurus and Lucretius, that it was absurd to presume an unextended being; an extended being ruled, and pretty badly at that. . . . He said Nature had so arranged matters that we think with our heads just as we walk with our feet. He compared us with a musical instrument which does not give forth another note when it is broken. He maintained that man—like every other animal and every plant, and perhaps every being in the world—was manifestly made so that he might be and then not be. This man, too, when he had grown as old as Democritus, used to do as Democritus did and laugh at everything." And nine years further back, on the threshold of his eighth decade, Voltaire gave expression to his profound resignation of spirit in a letter to d'Argenson: "*J'en reviens toujours à Candide: il faut finir par cultiver son jardin; tout le reste, excepté l'amitié, est bien peu de chose; et encore cultiver son jardin n'est pas grande chose.*"

Cultiver son jardin: to cultivate this garden which Voltaire had planted, to make it yield more and more profusely, was the task which the age of Enlightenment set itself and solved. Voltaire held it to be a small thing, but to the Enlightenment it was a very great thing.

D.T. *

Le Jardin

D.T. * — Our ultimate aim, as
came to see in the end, was to
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destroy at least its lustre,
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various rocks arranged in superimposed layers like the storeys of a house, the second is a block in which all kinds of rocks are mingled together. In our period the three main ideas were *not* arranged one on top of the other like sedimentary rocks, with the stratum of the Enlightenment coming first, then that of Revolution, and last that of Classicism, in the same way as sandstone, slate, and lime succeed one another on a mountain. Rather we have what the petrographer would call "sills" and "dikes," for the whole age was permeated with all *three* tendencies. At most we might say that the strongest and widest-spreading phase of the Enlightenment was from the middle of the century till about 1770; that in the next quarter-century, from 1770 to 1795, it gave place to the Revolutionary current; and that in the last two decades, down to 1815, Classicism finally prevailed. Or, to keep to the metaphor: one type of rock predominates in each part of the mountain range, but all three are found in all parts of it. Right at the beginning of the period each one of the three movements appears with decisive and definitive activity. The *Encyclopédie*, the pioneer of the French Enlightenment, began to appear soon after the middle of the century; Rousseau's *Contrat social*, the code of the French Revolution, was published one year before the end of the Seven Years' War, Winckelmann's art-history, the Bible of Classicism, a year after the Peace; and all three movements only reached their climax towards the end of the period, Enlightenment in Kant, Revolution in Napoleon, Classicism in Goethe.

In political history the epochal event of the French Revolution marks a clear gulf which more or less cuts the period into two discrete sections. For the moment we shall not pass beyond this boundary, except in our account of scientific studies, in which, to avoid later repetition, we shall extend our account to the end of the century.

The Seven Years' War had a double significance for Europe: first, by giving Frederick the Great the opportunity to display his genius in its most brilliant form, it gave the world a spectacle such as it had not seen for centuries; secondly, it was the first world-war in the modern sense, being fought simultaneously in the four quarters of the world and having colonies as its true war-aim. The quarrel appeared to hinge on a few strips of Prussian territory; actually the stakes were immeasurably rich and extensive

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world-war*

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tory has called the Roman Empire Cæsarian and the Greek world-culture Alexandrian.

Like almost all great historical personages, Frederick stands on the bridge between two ages, marking the conclusion of the one, the rise of the other; he joins the absolutism and the artistic impulse of the Rococo with the liberalism and naturalism of the Enlightenment. His direct influence in this way, however, was only on the French Enlightenment; the German, of which Berlin became the centre, benefited only indirectly through the all-pervading intellectual awakening which had streamed from his personality. The qualities of French culture which particularly attracted him were just those that were least German, its playful humour, void of profundity, but also of heaviness; its cool and bright scepticism, with faith in nothing but itself, its penetrating wit, for which it had to pay the penalty in the loss of real creative ability. We can well believe that the choice was not hard between Voltaire and Nicolai, between Diderot and Ramler, and that he had no understanding in his old age for such wholly new phenomena as *Götz* or *Die Räuber*, or even the *Critique of Pure Reason*; but it is curious that he never felt any contact with Lessing, with whom he had so much in common. At bottom Lessing's achievement, in his own field, was similar to Frederick's. He fought on different fronts with vigour and originality, won for himself a victorious position, and in the end raised the realm in which he ruled to be one of the great powers of Europe.

It would be a great mistake to think that during the French Enlightenment there was any conscious struggle against the aristocracy and the monarchy; on the contrary, the almost universal object of attack was the Church. Possibly a well-trained and politically experienced mind could have caught a glimpse of a general revolution even in this form of the opposition, but the French nobility of the time had no conception of national life and the motive forces of history. Above all they had no notion of money: the strongest power of modern civilization was unknown to them. In an age when religious and political disputes were soon to be replaced by economic, they were not only incompetent on all such questions, but literally uneducated. All they knew was that money was necessary; otherwise how could one spend it? Money was necessary, but to them the necessary was the obvious; money was like

Philanthropy
of words

air, just as essential for life, but just as easy to acquire and hence just as valueless.

Until the last decades before the Revolution there was, superficially, the most beautiful harmony between government and people. On the accession of Louis XVI the cheers for the King lasted uninterruptedly from six in the morning until sunset; at the birth of the Dauphin strangers embraced each other in the streets. When aristocratic virtues were treated on the stage, the people applauded; when those of the people, the nobility applauded. It was a comedy of sentimental brotherhood, with warm words and muzzy emotion, but no one thought to draw from this fine feeling even the most trivial practical result. In a word it was *philanthropy*.

*The bureaux
d'esprit*

The whole movement of the Enlightenment was regarded by the French aristocracy merely as a sort of amateur theatricals which were to give to society a new and piquant interest; but none marked the danger of the play. The French have always been fascinated by the bizarre, and what could be more paradoxical, more original, than a cleric who doubted God or a noble who masqueraded as a democrat? The germs of the great Revolutionary literature, which is usually called Encyclopædist, are to be sought in the intellectual circles, which — at first ironically, but later in all earnestness — were called "*bureaux d'esprit*." The first of these salons was that of Madame de Tencin, a lady with a hectic past which had made her the mother of a number of illegitimate children, among whom was d'Alembert; she had farmed him out immediately after birth and only tried to approach him again when he had become famous; he rejected her proposal contemptuously and continued to live with his foster-mother, a simple woman of the people who had most touchingly protected his childhood. One of her lovers was Law, who helped her to win a great fortune by selling her Mississippi shares before the crash came. At the time of her first salon she was already forty-five years of age and inclined to fatness; she was not yet one of the free-thinkers, but was on excellent terms with the Jesuits and the Pope Lambertini, of whom we have already spoken. Her successors were Madame Geoffrin, a lady of charming and delightful social genius, and Madame du Deffand, who united an exceptional intelligence with a vast egoism. The latter had as her companion a poor girl, Mlle

de l'Espinasse, who intellectual fascinate, becoming jealous, "Home" of her own d'Alembert, who were won over to her salons patronized salons with Rousseau, Madame Quir, famous actress Quir. The monuments *Dictionnaire raisonné* appear in 1752; in 17 in the most fascinating and with magnificent literature and æsthetic theoretical and technical ability to handle a deadest of all intellect and clarity, but the main object of the nothing less than a vision the light during the editors was skillfully suspected of containing "Freedom of the Will" expounded orthodox and such discussions would opposite views, supporting references (which the elucidated the connexion. The soul of the whole a scientist united elegant an amazing and iridescent excelled in philosophy, story-teller, art-critic, above all he was a fine devoted to his task. His considerable changes in a sort of monism, according

Epigenesis
and
Neptunism

Essai sur le despotisme, in which he declared that the king was nothing but the first minister, "*le premier salarié*," the head but not the master of the people, who is appointed and paid for definite tasks and can at any time be removed if he fails to fulfil them or even misuses his position.

Closely related to the extension of the materialistic ideas was the development of natural science — indeed, it is difficult to say which of the two was cause and which effect. The flourishing of exact research does not lead necessarily to a rejection of spirituality, as is shown by the seventeenth century, which was dominated by Descartes and Leibniz. But in the next century there was a decisive change, for whereas previously the front place had been occupied by mathematics and theoretical physics — which are at bottom idealist sciences — now it was purely empirical disciplines that began to claim man's chief attention.

First, as to the theories themselves, the earlier ones still held their ground for a very long time, and it was only gradually that they gave place to the more modern conceptions. Albrecht von Haller used the whole weight of his authority to support Harvey's "preformation" theory, according to which the whole organism with all future generations was already present in "involution" in the egg. Against it Kaspar Friedrich Wolff set up his doctrine of "epigenesis," propounded in his *Theoria generationis* in 1759: the origin of the organism is a process of growth whose course is decided partly by heredity, partly by latent dispositions, partly by external and mechanical causes. The experiments he made to crystallize this hypothesis make him the founder of scientific embryology. Although his assumption was more plausible and easier by far to grasp, it met at first with little credence, but eventually it proved victorious, and inevitably so, because it contained one of the guiding ideas of the time: namely, the idea of evolution; it gave expression to the same feeling which twenty years later caused Lessing to regard the history of religion as a gradual evolution to an ever purer and more adequate idea of God, and gave to Kant his wonderful conception of the whole world as developing out of the conditions of our reason.

Geology too became the object of increased attention. Here ruled the "Neptunistic" doctrine taught by Abraham Gottlob Werner, who, from 1775 on, worked as a revered teacher in the

School of Mines changes of the Werner was also minerals wholly ing their extern about him: "Tl vast many-colou simultaneously knew where and an opposition to Hutton, a contra acceptance much change in fire, in the earth against Buffon, too, who nervous style to p tive sciences; and greatest influence But it was in e cisive changes occ imponderabilia ha regarded as a subst and magnetism. Tl all these processes "imponderability" multaneously with Scheele, discovered the one is the "caus tion of acids, he call ceeded in explaining Again, contempora hydrogen, he arrive water, and thus the e economy was reveale achievement was the the sum of the mat though he had clearl had established it irre in practice to the id

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School of Mines at Freiberg, and who explained all (or almost all) changes of the earth's crust as the result of the action of water. Werner was also one of the first to attempt the subdivision of the minerals wholly by their chemical composition, while not neglecting their external peculiarities. Novalis, who was his pupil, said about him: "The impressions of his senses crowded together in vast many-coloured pictures; he heard, saw, touched, and thought simultaneously . . . he played with forces and phenomena and knew where and how he could find this or that." There was also an opposition to this Neptunism in the "Plutonism" of James Hutton, a contrary theory which likewise only won through to acceptance much later: he saw the main cause of geological change in fire, in the volcanic reactions of the glowing interior of the earth against the already hardened earth surface. There was Buffon, too, who employed the splendid rhythms of a fine and nervous style to present the results so far obtained by the descriptive sciences; and, indeed, it was as a writer that he exercised his greatest influence on contemporaries.

But it was in electrical and chemical theory that the most decisive changes occurred. So far, in both subjects, the dogma of imponderabilia had held undisputed sway. Light, like heat, was regarded as a substance, and similar views were held of electricity and magnetism. The failure to discover any increase of weight in all these processes had been explained by the assumption of the "imponderability" of these elements. Now Lavoisier, almost simultaneously with the Englishman Priestley and the Swede Scheele, discovered that the air is made up of two gases, of which the one is the "cause" of fire; because this acted also in the formation of acids, he called it oxygen. In his further researches he succeeded in explaining breathing and fermentation in a similar way. Again, contemporaneously with Cavendish, the discoverer of hydrogen, he arrived at an understanding of the constitution of water, and thus the enormous rôle played by oxygen in the earthly economy was revealed at last in its main lines. The summit of his achievement was the cardinal law that in all chemical processes the sum of the materials remains an unaltered quantity. Yet, though he had clearly laid down the theory of the elements and had established it irrefragably by exact measurement, he still held in practice to the idea of imponderables, and he included heat

The New
Chemistry

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* P.T. It was hard to maintain one's contempt for the Rummhoff when one contemplated the elegant solution oxygen gave to fundamental

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chaotic; and thus also light is caused by vibration in the ether — a liquid substance somewhat similar to air, but incomparably finer and more elastic. "In actual fact, then, nothing comes to us from the sun, any more than from a bell whose ringing hits our ear." Euler's successor in Berlin was Lagrange; his *Mécanique analytique* and his classical work on the problem of three bodies and on the differential calculus were epoch-making.

Finally there are three scientific successes which we will not leave unnoticed, though they received little attention from the period, because they were in advance of it. In 1787 Saussure ascended Mont Blanc for the purpose of studying earth structure. In 1793 Christian Sprengel published his *Secret of Nature revealed in the structure and fertilization of flowers*. This, as the book describes in detail, is brought about as follows: insects, in searching for the juice of flowers and for that purpose settling on the flowers or crawling into them, of necessity rub off the pollen on the stamens, owing to the hairiness of their bodies, and bear it to the pistil. This is appropriately covered either with fine hair or with a sticky substance. Nature, moreover, "who never does things by halves," has seen to it "that the insects perceive the flowers from a distance, either through their appearance or their smell, or both. All succulent flowers are, therefore, provided with a corolla and many of them diffuse a scent, which for mankind is mostly pleasant, often unpleasant, sometimes intolerable, but for the appropriate insect is always pleasant. . . . Then when some insect, enticed by the beauty of the corolla or the fascinating scent of the flower, has settled upon it, it either notices the honey immediately, or fails to do so because it lies in some hidden part. In the latter case nature helps by a mark which consists of one or more spots, lines, dots, or figures which are of a different colour from the corolla and so offers more or less of a contrast with it. This mark always lies at the point at which the insects have to crawl in if they are to reach the honey. . . . All flowers, that have neither corolla nor, in its place, any noticeable or coloured calix, and are not scented, possess no honey and are not fertilized by insects, but mechanically by the wind." His work was little heeded, and even less attention was at first given to the Englishman Edward Jenner and his inoculation against smallpox, which even to Kant seemed nothing but the "inoculation of bestiality." The

Fertilization
of flowers;
Vaccination

close-packed and little differentiated; (4) the corolla, greater and delicate and glowing with colour; (5) the stamens, shaped almost like a thread and containing an extremely fine juice; (6) the leaves of the fruit, again extensive and enfolding the seeds. This abstraction, which never actually appears, but exists only as the plan, the scheme or idea at the basis of all formations (though Goethe would not admit this himself at first and only learnt to see it under Schiller's influence), is the Goethean "prime plant." A similar standpoint is to be found in his treatise on the intermaxillary bone (1784), in which he followed the various forms in which this bone, which he had discovered, appeared throughout the whole series of the vertebrates. In the next years, as a result of careful osteological observations, he came to the conclusion that the human skull consists of metamorphosed vertebræ: thus these vertebræ play the same part in anatomical investigations as the leaf does in his botanical, and as a pendant to the "*Urpflanze*" he sees floating before him an ideal model (which he calls an archetype) of mammal skeleton. In all his physical studies he started with the conviction that everywhere he must search for the prime phenomenon, the "*Urphänomen*," to which all the manifold varieties of appearances may be traced.

Manifestly, we are in the "*siècle philosophique*." Everywhere men searched for the idea of things, but for the idea that *appears*. There is a very definite relationship, as well as difference, between Goethe's "*Urpflanze*" and the primitive man postulated by the French Revolution for its political and social metamorphoses. Both are abstractions, but they are not abstractions opposed to reality, like the ideals which, though inaccessible, point the way, or the hypotheses which, purely artificial, yet help us on the path. They are abstractions which ask to be dug out of actuality as its true life-core, and therefore they are regarded as concretely existent. At the same time there is a sharp difference. Goethe conceived the idea of the "*Urpflanze*" in order to make the familiar reality which he observes ever and again, more intelligible, clearer, more uniform, more imaginable, and thus in a sense more real; but the Revolution constructs the phantom of primitive man blindly, arbitrarily, unreally, in order to twist, to distort, to cripple reality, and thus to make it more intractable, incomprehensible, chaotic, and unreal. The "*Urpflanze*" is won from life, the

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knowledge against the oppressive power of belief." He makes it quite clear, in this and other places, that he takes Judaism to be the true religion of reason, which he secretly opposes to Christianity; and yet, though he scorned Christian ceremonies with smiling superiority, he held with the most scrupulous care to the absurdest ritual demands of his own creed. In him there comes out, in an ultra-modern guise, the bitterness of the Jew against the Saviour, combined with the fanatical worship of the twice-times-table and of interest rates, the Jewish hatred of idealism, of the mysterious, of God. The native spirit of Judaism, even when it loses itself in the most lofty heights (and Mendelssohn was emphatically not one of the lone walkers on high places), ever retains the character of a materialism that has overshot itself. And always it remains rationalistic. The assumption that reality consists of the things that can be proved, or, better, be touched, is a Jewish discovery, though the most appalling nonsense. The Jews have shown the most supreme heroism and the most selfless contempt of death in countless wars, but always for highly realistic motives. All great Jewish reformers have been *Realpolitiker*; Jewish ritual is for the most a matter of sanitary regulation, and the highest conception of Judaism, the Messianic idea, tries inaccessible heights indeed, but is certainly not *other-worldly*: it is a concrete fantasy. That was why Jesus was persecuted by the whole of contemporary Judaism with such measureless bitterness; not because he was a reformer, for the fickle people was quite used to reformers, nor because he opposed the hierarchy, which was widely unpopular, nor yet because he championed the lower classes, for the atmosphere was not unfavourable to such, but because he was a dangerous revolutionary who dared to proclaim: "My kingdom is not of this world." It was this which offended the deepest and innermost instinct, the fundamental life-feeling of Judaism, since it was in fact the complete reversal and abolition of the specifically Jewish world-conception. When Jesus introduced the transcendent into religion and ethics and taught mankind that in it alone dwells reality, he began a colossal revolution that Judaism instantly saw in its right light.

If we keep this in mind, it will be quite intelligible that the Jew Mendelssohn should be one of the chief spokesmen of Religion as purified by Enlightenment; for if from the Christian's

credo we abstract did, nothing remained to its Old Testament eyes, has one means of the reason as right." With such a reality in his *Phædo*. His aim in the first was to elucidate, no time had for believing which today a man on reason and has upon, would find for Plato revised by M like Garve, Engel, must admit its success just like the worthy who sees in him not apprehends nothing = Knowledge"; which culminated in

In the *Morgenstern* whether openly or tacitly of the idea of C the natural laws declared revelation they saved of compromises, which result of dishonest this Salomo Semler, who *paratus criticus*, introducing to which the suited their words to in our time, when new understood. On the other hand Wolff, a pervading *à la* Wolff, a pervading garization of theology. sicotheology," which fraction of the world to define were new inventions s

"He makes it deism to be the Christianity; with smiling to the absurdest comes out, in an ant the Saviour, times-table and the mysterious, it loses itself in aphatically not is the character ways it remains s of the things wish discovery, have shown the tempt of death tives. All great sh ritual is for highest concep- cessible heights a concrete fan- e whole of concess; not because ed to reformers, widely unpopu- classes, for the because he was "My kingdom the deepest and Judaism, since f the specifically he transcendent n it alone dwells laism instantly lligible that the kesmen of Re- the Christian's

credo we abstract the *absurdum*, as the rational faith of the time did, nothing remains but a Mosaic religion which has one prophet added to its Old Testament quota. Even philosophy, in Mendelssohn's eyes, has only the task of "making clear and certain, by means of the reason, what ordinary common sense has recognized as right." With such primitive weapons he tries to prove immortality in his *Phædo* and the existence of God in his *Morgenstunden*. His aim in the first book is made clear in the preface: "My task was to elucidate, not the grounds which the Greek world of the time had for believing in the immortality of the soul, but those which today a man like Socrates, who would have his beliefs based on reason and has the efforts of so many great minds to build upon, would find for thinking his soul immortal." That means, Plato revised by Mendelssohn and enlarged by "great minds" like Garve, Engel, and Nicolai. If we approve the purpose, we must admit its success, for Socrates does talk about last things just like the worthy tradesman and popular writer Mendelssohn, who sees in him nothing but the founder of a popular ethic and apprehends nothing in him but a rationalistic equation "Virtue = Knowledge"; who perceives nothing at all of the splendid irony which culminated in his voluntary death.

In the *Morgenstunden* he taught the prevailing deism, which, whether openly or tacitly, was the creed of the cultured, and left little of the idea of God except that of a wise being, who fulfils the natural laws decreed by the philosophers. In the matter of revelation they saved their faces for the time being by all sorts of compromises, which were either illogical or (more often) the result of dishonest thinking. Thus the eminent theologian Johann Salomo Semler, who applied to the Bible a very competent *apparatus criticus*, introduced the idea of "accommodation," according to which the Son of God, the apostles, and the saints suited their words to the needs of men of their time; therefore in our time, when needs had changed, they could be otherwise understood. On the other side Rationalism, seeing everywhere, *à la* Wolff, a pervading wisdom in nature, led to a ridiculous vulgarization of theology. It was no longer enough to talk of a "physicotheology," which from the universality of law and the adaptation of the world to definite ends had argued a wise creator; there were new inventions such as litho-, phyto-, melitto-, acrido-

Utilitarian
interpretation
of the
Bible

ichthyo-, testaceo-, insecto-theology which were supposed to give evidence of God in all the detailed phenomena of stones, plants, bees, locusts, fish, snails, insects; there were even a bronto- and a seismo-theology, which led to the knowledge of God through the proper understanding of thunder and earthquakes. The utilitarian interpretation of the Bible was especially favoured in Evangelical services; the Manger was used in sermons to indicate the value of stable feeding, the Easter visit of the women to the tomb to prove the value of early rising, and the entry into Jerusalem to point the undesirability of damaging trees by the cutting of young branches.

*The
Resurrection
fraud*

The whole attitude of the time towards religious history may be summed up in the much-discussed work of Hermann Samuel Reimarus, which only circulated in a manuscript in his lifetime and was published later in fragments by Lessing, who pretended he had found it in the Wolfenbüttel Library. The real author was not known until 1814. Starting with the thesis that "a single untruth which contradicts evident experience, history, common sense, incontrovertible axioms, or the rules of good morals, is sufficient to cause a book to be rejected as evidence of divine inspiration," he takes a jump of which the audacity becomes almost imbecility, and argues that the apostles invented the story of the Resurrection for their own benefit: after the incessant wandering about with the Messiah they had forgotten how to work, but had realized that preaching the Kingdom of God supplied nurture for the preacher, since the womenfolk had been only too glad to maintain the Messiah and his future ministers in comfort. They therefore stole the body of Jesus, hid it, and proclaimed to the world that the Saviour had risen and would soon return. Jesus, in agreement with the popular Jewish conception, had pictured the Kingdom of God as a powerful kingdom of this earth and himself as its future king, but he and his disciples had been bitterly disappointed; and the latter had therefore invented a new scheme, according to which Christ had to suffer and die for the salvation of mankind, but had thereafter risen to heaven, whence he would soon come to restore his kingdom.

That a hypothesis which made of the apostles a greedy band of swindlers could meet with such a welcome finds its explanation in that complete lack of historical and psychological under-

standing which the whole per simply intended for by the Jew surdity has se marus; but th Testament, wh gives opportun study of the Bi merely transfo it, filling it witl — which is the today — but th words, that he v once called him commonly tho show that he wa details here; b scholar with sti logical, yet a m this question to the most remar thority than W Messiah, as the Messiah and di two simple consi why did he do n secondly, if Jesu nize him as sucl present day? Th the sword, but o had occurred pre Messiah was to l certainly the righ or less than the

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conscientious and too honest ever to dream. And this word is to be taken as literal fact, for, as Leisewitz wrote to Lichtenberg, "he often assured me that he had never dreamed." His life ran its course wholly upon the illuminated half of our soul-sphere.

Lessing's last and deepest work is the *Education of the Human Race*, in which he treats the history of religion as a progressive revelation of God. The first stage is Judaism, the childhood, in which education is carried on by immediate concrete punishments and rewards; the second stage, the adolescence of humanity, is in the Christian religion, which directs "a generation more proficient in the practice of reason, no longer by hope and fear of temporal rewards and punishments, but by nobler and worthier motives." "And thus Christ was the first sure and practical teacher of immortality." But a third age is yet to come, "the manhood of full enlightenment and of the purity of heart which loves virtue for itself." The Bible is not the basis of religion, but religion the basis of the Bible, and Christianity is older than the Old Testament. And in that he introduces the idea of evolution into the treatment of history, and treats each of the great religions as justified at its own stage; in that he rejects the shallow "rational Christianity," remarking that it was a great pity that none could tell where it was rational and where Christian; in that he thinks of his own age, which seemed to the complacent philosophy of his time as the object and climax of all history, as nothing more than a halting-place in the progress of the divine scheme — he has passed far indeed beyond the Enlightenment.

Lichtenberg

With Lessing should be mentioned Lichtenberg, one of the secret classics of German literature, for whom one would willingly exchange Wieland, who was never anything more than a clever man of letters. Goethe once said of Kant that when he read him, he felt as though he were entering a brightly lighted room; and there are few German writers of whom this would be truer than of Lichtenberg; except that his room still has all sorts of half-obscure angles, projections, and passages which lead to the most appalling haunted chambers.

It is a justifiable assumption to make of significant minds that they should be, as it were, a sort of focus of their age; and since all rays concentrate in them, it should be easy to follow each beam from the focal point and thus explain the time from the man, and

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Inquisition; established industrial schools, in which all idle youths were retained till they had learnt a trade; set in order the state finances by dismissing numbers of lazy courtiers, so that there was always money in the treasury; set up an Exchange, a great Staple-house, an Arsenal, and an Academy of Sciences; encouraged street sanitation and the circulation of books — and all this against the will of the aristocracy, the people, and even of the King, who was only kept docile by fear of conspiracies and attempts on his life. After Pombal's death the whole structure collapsed.

Five years after the expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal, the same fate overtook them in France. The King hoped to save them and suggested to the Pope that he should reform them; but he replied in the famous words: "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*" The other Bourbon states soon followed suit: Spain (where a revolt in Madrid was made the excuse), Naples, and Parma. In the end Clement XIV had no course left to him but to dissolve the order. Next year he died, and his death was immediately attributed to the Jesuits. Finally the only sovereigns who tolerated them officially were the Greek Orthodox Catherine and the Protestant Frederick — who could not let the chance of a gibe pass by and wrote to Rome that the Pope's writ did not run in the lands of the King of Prussia.

In the circumstances the Jesuits had no other course but to carry on under all sorts of shams and disguises and to turn their power into wholly subterranean channels. Particularly they tried to insinuate themselves into all kinds of other societies, sometimes even when these were of diametrically opposite tendency. They were to be found among the Freemasons and Illuminati, and their capacity to be anything, to change themselves into anything, which was discussed in the last volume, was once more displayed most convincingly: they became even free-thinkers and "friends of the light."

The
Illuminati

The founder of the Illuminati, the Ingolstadt professor Adam Weishaupt, had himself been a pupil of the Jesuits, though he afterwards became their bitterest persecutor. The two main principles of this new order (which soon spread over the whole of Europe) had been learnt from the Jesuits: namely, strictest organization and most rigid secrecy; indeed, the whole order was a

sort of antithesis and counterpoise to the Jesuitical dogmatism, vanity, mysticism, and the order, which became *arrivisme* that in those countries, had still to take root. It was banned in Bavaria as a dangerous sect, and exiles found a ready welcome to it may be gauged from the fact that Bahrdt, an adventurer while enjoyed some reputation, appeared in 1774 as Saviour as a subtly stage-managed would have us believe to be everywhere even in those countries unmistakably suggesting

While the Illuminati through spiritual sterility their most active member was Freiherr Adolf *Umgang mit Menschen* — a pen-pusher and one of the most orient themselves purely to the whim of the public; and write only to please, in the end a deadly bore; for there was nothing uninspiring than a man with others. His *Umgang mit Menschen* he himself says in the preface scamped some of his other compliments, but putting gained over no short space at all what it is generally of good tone — but a contrived. It treats, in homely fashion of social intercourse with the elements and ages, children, betrothed and debtors, teachers, pupils, artists, enemies, tradesmen

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sort of antithesis and counterpart of Jesuitry. Very soon, however, dogmatism, vanity, mystical formulæ, and pomposity penetrated the order, which became one of the main fields for the political *arrivisme* that in those days, owing to the absence of any parliament, had still to take refuge in such forms. In 1784 the order was banned in Bavaria as a result of Jesuit manipulation, but the exiles found a ready welcome elsewhere. The importance attached to it may be gauged from a remarkable book of Karl Friedrich Bahrdt, an adventurer and doubtful littérateur who yet for a while enjoyed some reputation. His *Briefe über die Bibel im Volkston* appeared in 1782; in this he depicts the coming of the Saviour as a subtly staged comedy of the Essenes, whom Bahrdt would have us believe to have been a secret society, with "lodges" everywhere even in those days and with tendencies and practices unmistakably suggesting those of the Illuminati.

While the Illuminati, who died out within a few decades through spiritual sterility, are hardly heard of nowadays, one of their most active members has retained a certain fame to this day. This was Freiherr Adolf von Knigge, who published his *Über den Umgang mit Menschen* in 1788. Knigge was an unscrupulous pen-pusher and one of the earliest of that class of writers who orient themselves purely by the commissions of publishers or the whim of the public; and he shared the lot of all such authors who write only to please, in that within half a lifetime he was already a deadly bore; for there is nothing more uninteresting and more uninspiring than a man who thinks and creates what is wanted by others. His *Umgang mit Menschen* alone was an exception, and he himself says in the preface that he had not scamped it as he had scamped some of his other works. "I am not writing a book of compliments, but putting down the conclusions of an experience gained over no short span of years." And in truth the work is not at all what it is generally assumed to be — namely, a manual of good tone — but a contribution to the practical philosophy of life. It treats, in homely fashion, but not without a certain refinement, of social intercourse with all and sundry: with the different temperaments and ages, classes and professions, with parents and children, betrothed and married, friends and women, creditors, debtors, teachers, pupils, guests, hosts, princes, courtiers, scholars, artists, enemies, tradesmen, servants, and neighbours, even of

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might at any time make the impossible possible. Everyone be-
lieved in the magnetic cures which apparently endowed people
with the powers of the prophets, the so-called mesmerism, on
which Mesmer did very good business in Paris, Vienna, and else-
where. Great popularity was also enjoyed by the wonder-cures and
devil-exorcisms of Gassner and the invocation of ghosts by the
innkeeper Schrepfer — who ended in suicide. The two most promi-
nent representatives of this business were men of whom everyone
has heard — Casanova and Cagliostro. The first, who was at least
as famous as an international crook as he was as a seducer of
women, wandered about the world as a cabbalist, astrologer, and
necromancer practising rejuvenation cures, gold-making, and
soothsaying. To Cagliostro magical arts and shams of all kinds
were a means of livelihood; when his servant was asked if the
Count was really three hundred years old, he replied that he could
not say, as he had only been in his service for a hundred. The
technique of these masters of sharp practice were dealt with ef-
fectively and in factual detail by Schiller in his *Geisterseher*;
“their only capital,” said Chledowski, “was their faith in human
folly, and it was a capital which paid high interest.”

But this period, in which soberest rationalism and crassest
superstition, audacious charlatanry and true prophecy moved side
by side, produced the polar complement to Cagliostro in the seer
Swedenborg, whose figure, unrecognized and misunderstood by
contemporaries and posterity, strides through history as a superb
riddle. During the greater part of his life his face was turned to-
wards worldly concerns. His original occupations in which he has
considerable achievements to his credit had been mineralogy and
mathematics, engineering and mining technique. Then suddenly
in his fifty-fifth year he received the revelation, and from that
time forth he had dealings only with the higher worlds. There are
many proofs that he possessed abnormal occult powers: he learnt
details from the dead which could not possibly have been known
to him previously; he told the Queen of Sweden things which no
one knew but herself, and in Gothenburg he saw the complete
course of a big fire which broke out at the same moment in Stock-
holm, whence news only came two days later to confirm his story.
Whether he was in continuous and special communication with
angels, we cannot of course test, but he at least believed it. His

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centralized administration is a monstrosity; it may be questioned indeed whether it is beneficial even to the most homogeneous State; witness France, where in every period and under every government the rage for centralization has known no bounds.

When Frederick heard the news of Maria Theresa's death, his first words were: "*Voilà un nouvel ordre des choses!*" The new order made itself felt in almost every sphere; the nobility was put on an equality before the law with the middle classes. Spanish ceremonial, like Spanish court dress, was abolished; even on the most formal occasions the Emperor never wore anything but his simplified uniform, even without the stars of his orders, and on his travels he preferred the Werther costume, which was despised by the more conservative even of the middle classes. All processions and pilgrimages were banned, holy days considerably diminished, various brotherhoods broken up, monasteries and church property secularized. These drastic activities led the Pope to take the sensational step of visiting Vienna in person, where the Emperor received him respectfully, but where he achieved nothing. To provide a substitute for the extensive charities of the clergy state hospitals, poor-houses, and foundling hospitals were set up out of the proceeds of the confiscated property, but these new institutions had no very good reputation. The universities were robbed of all their privileges and completely officialized, to their considerable detriment; for the new education decree changed them from homes of scientific research to mere training centres for future officials, and only those subjects which could serve this end were taught, and taught by miserably paid professors. On the other hand, much was done for the elementary schools, whose number and standard were considerably raised, but even these were dominated by the mechanical regulations of the Josephine compulsory enlightenment: the arrangement of lessons was prearranged in such detail that at every minute Vienna knew which page of the text-book was being read by the children throughout the kingdom. "Good God!" cried Mirabeau, "even their souls are to be put in uniform!" That is the summit of despotism!" The idea was to metamorphose, at a moment's notice and without consulting anybody's wishes, a clerical population into a liberal, a peasant and bourgeois society into a bureaucratic.

But most ill-timed of all were the attempts to force into a

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and the legislative assembly that she summoned to help her was a mere comedy, a concession to the spirit of the age. She differed from Joseph II in the clearness of her vision, which never contemplated the impossible, and in her lively interest and understanding of the intellectual life of her time. She corresponded regularly with Diderot, d'Alembert, and Voltaire and other literary notabilities, whom she tried to attract to her court by rich gifts and pensions, and she was herself an authoress. Like Frederick and Joseph she attended to all details of government with inexhaustible energy. "Madame," the clever Prince de Ligne said to her one day, "I know no cabinet that is smaller than the Russian; it extends from one side of your head to the other." Her prudent advances and retreats, coupled with her tenacity, made her far more successful in her Balkan policy than Joseph. Her aim was Constantinople; she failed to win it, but it was under her government that the three partitions of Poland were brought about.

The catastrophe of the Polish Kingdom was long overdue. It was incapable of survival, if only because with its enormous extension it had a disproportionately small and moreover poor coastline. In addition, its form of government was impossible. The king was elected — on almost every occasion by a disorderly vote — and had practically no power. The *liberum veto* allowed every provincial deputy to cripple the measures of the government; there was even a rule that when one single law was rejected by any such vote, everything that had previously been settled was nullified, and it was of course easy enough to buy one such veto. Even at the beginning of the century it was common to talk of the "royal republic" of Poland, but it might as well have been called the "royal anarchy." The right of armed resistance was constitutionally guaranteed to the nobility, the *Szlachta*. The population consisted of a few great families of colossal wealth, a hopelessly insolvent beggar-nobility, and as to nine-tenths of the rest a serf population destitute of any rights whatsoever, in whom the nobility (as Georg Forster says in his *Ansichten vom Niederrhein*) had eradicated the last trace of a thinking faculty. Between the two, there were only Jesuits and Jews, and almost no middle class. Brandy, gambling, and syphilis were the three powers which had dominated this "chivalrous" people for generations — even

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tended garden full of weeds, a gathering-place just as much of folly and error as of virtue and greatness." Goethe in his youth wrote: "If we can find a place in the world in which to settle with our possessions, a field to feed us, a house to cover us, is not that our fatherland? And are there not thousands in every state who possess this much? And are they not living happily within these limits? Why, then, this useless striving after a feeling which we neither can have nor would like to have, and which, with certain peoples, and at certain moments only, has been and is the result of fortunately concurring circumstances? Roman patriotism! May God save us from that as from any monster. We should have no stool to sit on, no bed to lay ourselves down in." And even as a matured man he comments thus on the recent establishment of the Rheinbund: "a split between the coachman and the groom on the box which aroused more feeling in us than the division of the Roman Empire." The author of an "article from Katzenellenbogen" in Schlözer's *Staatsanzeiger* certainly expressed a general feeling when he wrote: "Others may deplore the fact that our rulers have no authority on the Ganges, but I regard it as a blessing for our country that the Hanseatic League has been broken up, that the German Admiral of the Sea under Ferdinand II was stifled at birth, that the Peace of Westphalia has divided Germany for some centuries to come into so many small states, each with its own interest, that in one case position, in another size, has made it impossible for them to launch vast merchant fleets. How foolish it is to run after pepper on the coasts of Malabar when our hands are full at home!" Lichtenberg summed the whole matter up in his effective style when he said: "I would give much to know for whom really the things are done which we are told publicly are done for the Fatherland."

Schiller, also, is no exception, though text-books and leading articles for a hundred years have pointed to him as the reawakener of German patriotism. He uses the love of one's country in his poems merely as a valuable dramatic subject, without ever giving it a German nationalist colouring. *Wilhelm Tell* describes the heroic struggle of a people for its home and its liberty, and the *Maid of Orleans* the heroic resistance of a country against its conqueror; but the people is the Swiss, and the country is France. Only two of his plays take place on German soil: the one

A. H.
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Goethe

inventor of performing-right royalties, and his hero Figaro is only a cynical money-maker. On the other hand, he was akin to Rousseau and Chamfort in that his attacks were nothing but an intellectual pre-revolution, a play of ideas, born of the love of sensation and paradox, a marionette-show with no intentioned consequences. Reality passed him by as it did Chamfort, and as it would have done Rousseau if he had lived long enough. Mirabeau, already, could fling at Beaumarchais the words: "Expect nothing from the future except the privilege of being forgotten." During the Revolution he barely escaped with his life.

The polemics of Chamfort, though still only half-earnest, were already more aggressive. In his *Pensées* he says quite openly: "The nobility, we are told, is a stage between the king and his people. Yes, in the sense in which the dog is a stage between the huntsman and the hare." And again: "I regard the King of France only as the king of about a hundred thousand people, among whom he distributes the sweat, the blood, and the skin of more than twenty-four millions." One morning he remarked to the Duc de Lauraguais: "I have completed a work." "What, a book?" "No, no book; I am not such a fool. But I have got the title of a book, and the title is everything. I have already made a present of it to that puritan Sieyès, who can carry it into execution as he likes. He can write what he will: it is only the title that will be remembered." "Well, and what is this title?" "What is the Third Estate? Everything. And what does it possess? Nothing." In actual fact Sieyès did give this title to the famous pamphlet which had such a colossal effect — only he added a third clause: "What does it demand? To be something," which in reality weakened its epigrammatic vigour — so that the author proved quite right, all that was remembered of the pamphlet was its title. A second catchword of the Revolution, equally lapidary and inspiring: "War to the palace, peace to the hovel," had its origin with Chamfort. But in general, far from being an admirer of the masses or of public opinion, he said that "an individual can never be so contemptible as a corporation," and again: "The public! How many fools must be got together to constitute a public?" Of the National Assembly of 1789 he said: "If you look at the greater part of the deputies, you get the impression that they have destroyed prejudices only in order to acquire prejudices, like people

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cious epigrams led to his imprisonment: for when he saw every-
where the general proclamation: "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité ou
la mort!*" he added: "*C'est la fraternité de Caïn.*" He was set at
liberty, only to be imprisoned a second time, when he attempted
suicide. It is not certain whether he died as a result of this attempt
or of a long-standing bladder trouble.

As for Rousseau, the history of the origin of his first work is
extraordinarily characteristic of the man. The Academy of Dijon
had set for a prize essay the subject: Has the revival of science
and art contributed to the purification of morality? Diderot asked
Rousseau which line he should take, and Rousseau replied:
"Naturally, the affirmative." "That is the *pons asinorum*, every
mediocrity will go that way. But the opposite view gives new
scope to thought and style." Rousseau took the tip, and in his
essay (which won the prize) he made the sensation he hoped for.
Once he had made up his mind to take the opposing view, he went
far beyond the question set, and sought to prove, as he lashed
himself into a foam of fury against the whole of human civiliza-
tion, that it has not merely not improved morality, but has cor-
rupted it, and had been the cause of all human misery. What
should we do with artists apart from the fatal luxury which brings
them up? Should we be less numerous, less well governed, less
flourishing without the men of learning? On the contrary, it is
science and art, and they alone, which have made us put talent
above virtue." Some years later the Dijon Academy set another
prize theme: What is the origin of the inequality of men, and has
it any natural basis? Rousseau wrote an essay on this subject
also and attracted still more attention than with the earlier, for
it was precisely because a blind and wild resentment spoke in him
that it was a success. The origin of inequality, which is a scan-
dalous crime against nature and justice, he again finds in civiliza-
tion, in political and social conventions, which are the arbitrary
creation of men. The only condition worthy of man is his natural
condition: "If nature has determined us to be healthy, I dare to
assert that the condition of reflection is an unnatural condition
and that a man who thinks is a degenerate animal." "The first
man who enclosed a piece of land and had the audacity to say:
'That is mine,' and found men simple enough to believe him, was

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The German "Genius Period," which began, roughly, in the seventies, also goes back to Rousseau in essential traits. There was, as Goethe said retrospectively, a ferment of ideas. "The epoch in which we were living may be called the challenging age, for we made demands on ourselves and on others which no one had yet lived up to. The loftiest, most sensitive, and intelligent, in fact, had suddenly realized that the immediate view of nature, and action based thereon, was the best that man could wish for himself, and was not hard of achievement. . . . When now men advanced to its realization, it became clear that the easiest way out of the business was to call in the aid of genius, which by its magical gifts would solve the problem and meet the challenge." The watchword "genius" had been first used in this sense by Gerstenberg, who also wrote the first important drama of this school. The meaning of the word has been best expressed by Lavater in his *Physiognomy*: "The character of genius and all its works is *apparition*; as angels do not come, but are here, do not go away, but are away, so also with the work and the effect of genius. That which is unlearned and unborrowed, which can be neither learnt nor borrowed, the inwardly individual, the inimitable, the divine, that is genius; the inspirational is genius and is called so, will be called so, at all times, among all peoples, as long as men think and feel and speak. Genius flashes and creates, it does not construct, just as it cannot itself be constructed, but is. Inimitability is the character of genius, instantaneity, revelation, and apparition, givenness; that which is given, not by man, but by God or by the Devil." The highest praise that could be — and often was — extended to a man at the time was to call him an "original genius" or a "Nature." What was demanded was no longer the handling of definite rules, but the "full heart," and the feelings were placed far above the reason — but yet associated with reason; for the whole of the impetuous youth which had made it part of its program to exude at all costs, was a strange mixture of naïveté and reflection, eld-wisdom and childishness.

The prelude to this extremely interesting movement, which introduced a completely new quality into German intellectual life, is the period of Sensibility, whose beginnings came about twenty years earlier. Gellert's chief demand, repeated time and again in his letters and writings, had been the "good and sensitive soul,"

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ve soul,"

and this fashionable softness and sentimentality was called, round about 1750, "delicacy" and "sensibility." Lessing translated Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* as *Empfindsame Reise*, and this expression not only made itself at home, but became very soon a sort of life-motto. Side by side with it was Rousseau's conception of "*la belle âme*," which lies open to every gentle and refined sentiment. Then the word "feeling" came, and extended its domination, with a power that is attainable only by a word that becomes the fashion over every sphere of life. Men were intoxicated by it, shouted it to each other like a watchword that is at the same time a secret inspiration. "Feeling" was the indispensable, but also the completely adequate, legitimation of everything. What was the foundation of love, friendship, harmony, all human relationship? — Feeling. What is the core of religion, what is the fatherland, what are life and Nature? — Feeling. What forms the painter, the poet, what gives the impress of true humanity? — always Feeling.

The inevitable consequence was that this feeling of everything from out of the inner wealth of the heart, which is a capacity and a talent that the gods rarely give, was in the thousands who wanted to keep up with fashion just an external parade and artificial show. One had to be always stirred, always moved, agitated, carried away, one must live in a perpetual condition of emotional high tension. In France this play with noble sentiment produced the Revolution; in Germany it had the more harmless consequence of a one-sided unworldly culture.

One of the first and most beneficial results of this cult of sentiment was that it broke down, in part, the partition walls which the stiff tradition of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had erected between men. Even Lessing, in other respects a warm and successful defender of the natural, addressed his best friends in formal terms; and in the elementary schools of Joseph II (which as little as his other reforms meant a real attainment of freedom) the children were strictly forbidden to say "thou" to each other. Goethe and Lavater on the other hand spoke familiarly, thee'd and thou'd each other at their first meeting; and this became the ordinary method of address among men who felt themselves intellectually in relation (a thing which was very easy at the time). Equally readily people took to calling each other "brother" and "sister." An indispensable part of even the smallest park was the Temple

see p 28

of Friendship, in which friends swore eternal loyalty. Men wallowed in the idea of a purely spiritual union of man and woman, and "soul-love," which rested on a community of noble impulses, became the fashionable form of flirting. We commonly meet, especially in poets, the "lady of one's thoughts," a supernal being inwardly revered, who had no existence save in the imagination. Tears welled up at every letter received, at every book opened, at the mere thought of nature, or friendship, or a bride, or oneself; in fact weeping was universal. In Miller's *Siegwart*, the most successful novel of the time, even the moon weeps. The early careful and well-articulated style was completely transformed, and language became the means for the expression of momentary emotion, almost to the point of meaninglessness; it is filled with dots, exclamation-marks, dashes, question-marks, violent interjections, and sentences which break off in the middle. This is undoubtedly a sort of Early Impressionism, acquired but to be lost again. This condition of passionate search, eternally dissatisfied, but uplifted by a Promethean consciousness of its new discoveries, is expressed for us in the concrete present in a letter written by the youthful Goethe in 1775, wherein he describes to a lady who is one of the "friends of his soul" how he passed the day, and he closes with the words: "I felt, through it all, like a rat which has eaten poison; which runs to every hole, swallows every drop of moisture, devours everything eatable that comes its way, while its heart burns with a consuming inextinguishable fire."

The period manifested the pathological condition of all epochs when something new is coming to birth, and at the same time the dual quality of all times of transition; hence its contradictions. Thus, for instance, the English garden transplanted to Germany, though it owed its existence to the enthusiasm for the Return to Nature, was nothing but an artificial attempt to collect in one spot everything that nature meant to these people — meadows, brooks, grottoes, clumps of trees, gentle sloping paths, the little wood with its inevitable clearing — with a host of accessories that formed a grotesque bric-à-brac of every conceivable reminiscence and whim, Greek columns, Roman tombs, Turkish mosques, and Gothic ruins. On top of all this was the universal and particularly tasteless and unnatural habit of scattering inscriptions which preached the text for each of these intended effects. Similarly

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hypersensibility and coarseness were strangely mingled. In the same Werther period, which saw something superhuman in every beloved, there was, as Magister Laukhard relates in his autobiography, a queer form of ovation, still common among the students at Giessen, which sounds more like Grimmelshausen: they went, after duly filling themselves with beer, to the front of a house inhabited by women, and relieved themselves there, to the accompaniment of whistling like that of a carman-to the accompaniment of his horse's staling.

This enthronement of sentiment was bound to work itself out quite as much in licentiousness as in refinement. The fossilization and narrowness of the former laws of art and politics led to the conclusion that rules of any sort are to be thrown overboard. In *Werther* we read, with obvious irony: "You can say much in favour of rules, about as much as you can in praise of bourgeois society." Actually the youth of the time had the same contempt for the bourgeoisie as was held later on by the French Romantics, the poets of Young Germany, the Naturalists, the Expressionists, and, in fact, every youth-movement. This led to the rejection on principle of any and every calling; the one ambition was to be just a man. "Profession of scholarship — profession? Pish!" said Goethe's brother-in-law Schlosser in 1777 in the *Deutsches Museum*, "Good heavens, look at your professions, teachers, lawyers, ministers, authors, poets — professions everywhere and men nowhere. Why do you so seldom find wisdom, experience, knowledge of humanity in your professional men? Just because they form a profession." The ideal that hovered before the generation was a gifted amateurism, interested in everything, but tied to nothing definite and having as its one speciality the study of life.

One very marked characteristic of this period was its passion for the silhouette, which took the place of the Rococo's porcelain mania. These black portraits were to be found everywhere, in books and albums, on the walls and as medallions, on glasses and cups — and sometimes they were literally life-sized. The art of cutting-out became a popular and admired accomplishment, which even famous artists practised, and the favourite amusement at the family table. The peculiar quality of the age, its shadowy indicativeness, combining definition and abstraction, its schematism and love of outline, its union of darkness of feeling and daylight

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of reason, not to mention its amateurishness and dilettantism, found expression in this pastime: Lavater built up his science of physiognomy (rather a doubtful one in any case) for the most part on collections of silhouettes, which he gathered with the greatest zeal. This new form of soul-study compares roughly with our present-day graphology: its founder asserted that it was possible to read a man's character from his face and, as Lichtenberg remarked bitingly, found more in the noses of contemporary authors than the intelligent world did in their writings.

Letter-writing, again, became a positive mania. This was of quite a different kind from that of today, being anything but a private and intimate business — in fact the effusions and items of information which were consigned to paper were meant from the start for a wider circle of readers. The lack of proper newspapers, the strict censorship, the eagerness to disentangle one's own and others' souls, made the "circular letter," which was often read in dozens of different places, one of the dominant forms of intercourse. "For there was such a general openness of heart that it was impossible to speak or write to one individual without imagining our words to be directed to a larger number . . . and thus, since political discussions were of little interest, the moral world came to be pretty widely known." Letters were called "soul-visits"; one fell in love by letter and corresponded passionately with people with whom one never became personally acquainted.

It was indeed a literary age through and through; all word and movement, all love and hate took literary form. All the important expressions of life were done in writing, everything by paper for the paper's sake. State, society, religion, everything, became just a subject for literature; all classes were seized with an absolute mania for reading, lending-libraries were opened, and it was an essential part of one's turn-out to have a book in the pocket. Frederick the Great told d'Alembert that he would rather have written *Athalie* than won the Seven Years' War, and immediately after the appalling disaster at Kolin he composed a number of verses and epigrams. Madame Roland at the foot of the scaffold asked for pen and paper, to write down certain notable thoughts which had just occurred to her.

In the same way the costume of the time displayed a mixture of extravagance and naturalism. For a time hair was dressed so

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high that ladies had to remove the cushions from their coaches. At the French Court a frigate in full sail was seen as a coiffure. The Marquise de Créqui tells us that in 1785 Marie Antoinette appeared with her hair dressed *à la jardinière*, with an artichoke, a cabbage, a carrot, and a bundle of radishes on her head. One of the court ladies was so taken with this that she cried out: "I shall only wear vegetables in future, they are so simple, and much more natural than flowers." Huge hoods also came into fashion again, the so-called *dormeuses* or *baigneuses*. In the name of philanthropy, a vigorous opposition was set up against powdering, on the ground that the enormous use of wheat flour raised the price of bread for the people, and the hair actually began to be worn unpowdered, though this fashion was not universal. Men's pigtails became shorter every year, and the old full coat, which even during the Rococo had been slightly cut away, was then transformed into the frock-coat proper. This was modelled on the English riding-coat and came into fashion about 1770 as the swallow-tail. In its beginnings, however, it was by no means the serious dignified ceremonial dress that its survival is today, but an affected and provocative article of clothing, favoured especially by the revolutionary youth and worn in vivid colours such as scarlet, azure-blue, and violet, ornamented with gold or copper buttons. From the free America, towards the end of the period, came the top-hat and the big round felt hat. The Werther attire consisted of high boots with tops, yellow leather breeches, yellow waistcoat and blue frock-coat; the neck and hair were left free, which shocked the older generation particularly. Even women of the emancipated sort appeared with the Werther hat, waistcoat, and coat, the notorious "*caraco*."

The gods of the time were those to whom Werther prayed, Homer, Ossian, and Shakspeare, who was erroneously regarded as a book-dramatist. In 1760 the Scottish poet James Macpherson published his *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands*, bardic poems, purporting to be translated from the Gaelic of the time of Caracalla. In 1762 these were followed by a second work, *Fingal, an old epic poem, by Ossian, son of Fingal*." Doubts were already cast on their authenticity by Johnson and Hume, but it was not till 1807, eleven years after Macpherson's death, that the forgery was conclusively proved. But this really mattered little,

Ossian

and only paper-souls like Johnson or furious sceptics like Hume regarded it as a problem of importance. The real genius of these play-acting pieces lay in the very fact that they did not reproduce the old folk-poetry faithfully at all; but were just what the wishes of the age imagined and wanted nature-poetry to be, delicately primitive, artificially picturesque, mirroring the sadness of over-civilized minds. No genuine bardic poems have ever achieved the colossal success of these. They were translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Dutch, and about half a dozen times into German; Alwina, Selma, and Fingal became favourite baptismal names; bardic schools sprang up, and even Napoleon rated Ossian above Homer. Pallid melancholy and wild-natural disorder appeared to the time more poetical than clearness and form. The fascination and grandeur of the hitherto disparaged Gothic was rediscovered; Horace Walpole, son of the Robert Walpole already mentioned, rebuilt his home at Strawberry Hill as a mediæval castle and wrote the successful Gothic thriller *The Castle of Otranto*. Herder glorified the simple manners of the German past, and Goethe waxed enthusiastic over Strassburg Minster.

*Sturm und
Drang*

It is to be noted of the poets of the "*Sturm und Drang*" movement that without exception their greatest vigour was shown when they were still young. This is true even of the classics — Herder, Goethe, and Schiller. The movement was preluded by Gerstenberg's *Ugolino* in 1767, a splendid dramatic study which was full of colour and movement, but was found repellent owing to the coarseness with which it discovered a sort of morphology of hunger. Gerstenberg was about ten years older than the other "Original Geniuses" and died as late as 1823, at the age of eighty-six, but he produced nothing of note after this promising beginning. The Göttingen "*Hain*," a group of idealistic young people which was founded in 1772, sought to revive the old scaldic poetry and was enthusiastic for liberty, fatherland, virtue, and Klopstock. The members of the real "*Sturm und Drang*" group, with which the Hain was in reality only externally connected, were all born about the middle of the century; they were often called Goetheans, since Goethe was looked on as the leader of the whole movement, though in fact (as everyone knows) he very soon withdrew from it. Their products were published anonymously, and it is delightful to see how even skilled critics blundered in the attribution of vari-

ous works. Lessing by Goethe, and his poems have found their way into Klinger's *Leide*. Lenz's collected poems, Gleim and Schiller, Klopstock, Voltaire, some even hold of fact, Lenz is, the generation; vividly," and admirably: "he reminds us of Weimar's works, an irony precisely he owes to idealism, which in his figures a pessimism is a moralism, with the most repulsive character, and the Lenz's plays, the sentiment a mixed demands which *das Theater* of. This apt remark to copy in every Frau von Stein, successfully imitated poems, and wanted Karl August called cally opposite to lack of human after his brief he and oblivion.

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ous works. Lessing believed that Leisewitz's *Julius von Tarent* was by Goethe, and Wagner's *Kindermörderin* by Lenz; some of Lenz's poems have found a place in almost all editions of Goethe, his *Soldaten* was generally regarded as a work of Klinger, while Klinger's *Leidendes Weib* was still included by Tieck among Lenz's collected works; Klinger's *Neue Arria* was assigned by Gleim and Schubart to Goethe; Lenz's *Hofmeister*, too, was by Klopstock, Voss, and the world generally attributed to Goethe, some even holding it to be his most important drama. As a matter of fact, Lenz is, after Goethe, by far the most interesting poet of the generation; Goethe called him a "rare and indefinable individuality," and Lavater summed up Lenz's strength and weakness admirably: "he spills over with genius." In some ways he reminds us of Wedekind; there is a fierce and yet cold sexuality in his works, an incoherent stream of thought and image to which precisely he owes his highly dramatic atmosphere; there is a naturalism, which is almost pathological and caricaturish and gives his figures a peculiar staring brightness and waxwork fixity; there is a moralism, which has no moral basis and does not shrink from the most repulsive motives: thus in the *Soldaten* the heroine is a harlot, and the *Hofmeister* closes with the hero's self-castration. Lenz's plays, though he himself, in the knowledge that they represented a mixed genre, called them comedies, fully satisfied the demands which he made on the drama in his *Anmerkungen über das Theater* of 1774: namely, that it must be a curio-cupboard. This apt remark actually comes from Goethe, whom Lenz tried to copy in everything. He fell in love with Friederike Brion and Frau von Stein, was a close friend of Schlosser and Cornelia, most successfully imitated the tone of the young Goethe in some of his poems, and wanted to enter, like him, upon a court career — hence Karl August called him the ape of Goethe. But he was diametrically opposite to Goethe, if in nothing else, in his extraordinary lack of human understanding and psychological insight, which, after his brief heyday, plunged him into the obscurity of madness and oblivion.

The basic quality of Klinger, too, was an overleaping and yet only artificially induced immoderateness. Wieland called him a drinker of lions' blood, and he himself wrote in a letter of 1775:

"I am torn asunder by passions which would overwhelm anyone

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Thing-in-itself, which is not included under the space- and time-
forms of intuition nor under the thought-forms of substance and
causality, is a mere limit-notion; it marks the frontier at which
our knowledge ceases.

Kant compared himself with Copernicus, and the *Critique of
Pure Reason* does in fact mean a complete reversal of the hitherto
existing world-picture. Only he really reverses it in an opposite
way to Copernicus. For Copernicus said that man had till then
believed the earth was the centre of the universe, all of whose
movements were regulated according to it, whereas in reality the
earth is only a tiny satellite of the sun and the great universe of
worlds, and its path is regulated accordingly. Kant took the op-
posite path: hitherto man had believed that his knowledge was
regulated by the objects of the external world; in reality the
whole world has to be regulated according to him and his knowl-
edge, through which alone, in fact, it can acquire existence.
Nevertheless both systems have the same point: in our first vol-
ume we indicated that the new astronomy, which stands at the
opening of the New Age, while it did reduce the earth to a tiny
spot of light and extended the universe to terrific dimensions, at
the same time raised man to be the power that pierces and un-
veils the cosmos; so that a finite but impenetrable magic-world
was replaced by an infinite and yet calculable mathematical-
world. In the same way Kant hurls man down to the depths of
powerlessness and darkness and proves to him irrefutably that he
is separated from knowledge of the "true" world, the world-in-
itself, by insuperable barriers; but at the same time he makes him
the creator and absolute lawgiver of the empirical world, whose
enormous expanses can no longer make him fearful. The *Pure
Reason* thus marks at once the lowest subjection and the highest
triumph of human reason: man is a vanishingly small point in the
universe, but this cipher imposes its laws on the universe.

The final chapter of the *Pure Reason* forms the transition to
Kant's second great work, the *Critique of Practical Reason*, which
appeared seven years later. The ideas of freedom, immortality,
and divinity are inaccessible by theoretical paths, since they are
beyond our experience, but they are unattainable by the prac-
tical, since by our moral will we can make them (not, of course,
objective, but at least) subjective and personal certainties and

The primacy
of Practical
Reason

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D. T. Down in this ~~chapter~~ ^{chapter} always of darkness
where movement is denied is said that
greater wisdom of a prince and his
shrewd. Devils, magicians, even men
with cleverness do not enter there

can make them objects of faith. The *Pure Reason* deals with the laws of our knowing, the *Practical Reason* with the laws of our action. Now, just as the laws of theoretical reason only possess rigid necessity and universality because they are not drawn from experience, but existed before all experience, so the laws of the practical reason can only claim unconditional validity if they are not abstracted from our empirical life, if (since the *content* of our action always comes from experience) they have a purely *formal* character.

* As the theoretical reason dictates laws to the phenomenal world, so the practical gives to itself the moral law, which runs: "Always act so that the maxims of your will can be valid as principles of universal application." Either practical principles contain precepts which are only valid upon certain conditions, as, for instance: "If you want to be a master, you must train yourself," in which case we have a Hypothetical Imperative; or else they have an unconditional validity independent of all assumptions, as, for instance: "Thou shalt not lie," in which we have a Categorical Imperative. The moral law is such a Categorical Imperative, it is absolute and unconditioned, independent of all assumption, valid everywhere and always, before all experience, without any empirical confirmation, it is valid even if it is never or nowhere put into practice. "Morality is not the means to make us happy, but the means to make us worthy of happiness." We must observe the moral law from a feeling of duty, and not as an inclination, for if it were followed through inclination, it would be done for its own sake. Here we are at the summit of Kantian moral philosophy, on the raw pure glacial heights of absolute ethics.

The moral law within us says: "thou shalt," and from this "shalt" the "canst" must follow, else the demand would be absurd. As a sense-being man is subject to the necessities of nature, as a moral being he is free. In this form metaphysical ideas gain a new reality. We must will absolute moral perfection; and since this is unattainable at any period of our earthly life, our moral consciousness demands immortality. For similar reasons our practical reason demands the existence of God, freedom, and the soul. These ideas are not axioms of the pure reason, but postulates of the practical reason.

* D.T. It makes sense only if the maxims of the will also contain all that is conventionally forbidden. It is not universal application that is in question but a true measure of volition

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The *Pure* l ideas, things-ir but only "thoi that they shall regulative of ou are mere possi our moral reas mands.

The *Critiq*: *Critique of Pu* mere torso and lack of underst works, which a *Faust* or Dante tally the same v Kant says of t our disposition, natural. Our ce experience than ing being, man he gives laws to son. It is he wh theoretic reason related by law. Our practical r therefore he is

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The action of the moral law within us is proof of the possi-
bility, even the reality, of human freedom. Our moral faculty is
to our knowing faculty as the noumenal is to the phenomenal
world: the latter depends on the former, and hence Kant says
that the practical has the primacy over the theoretical reason.
The sense-world is through and through phenomenal, the ap-
pearance of a noumenal world that is its basis; in the same way
our own physical existence, our empirical character are simply
the appearance of our noumenal, our moral, existence. What is
our moral ego then? It is nothing else than the "Thing-in-itself."

The *Pure Reason* had laid down that "intelligible" entities,
ideas, things-in-themselves, could never be known or cognized,
but only "thought" and believed. The *Practical Reason* asserts
that they shall and must be thought, and believed, and made
regulative of our being and action. For our speculative reason they
are mere possibilities, desirabilities, ideals, hypotheses; but for
our moral reason they are realities, necessities, categorical com-
mands.

The *Critique of Practical Reason* is the crowning of the
Critique of Pure Reason, without which it would have been a
mere torso and question-mark. For, in fact, only unfairness or
lack of understanding could see a contradiction between the two
works, which are as organically connected as the two parts of
Faust or Dante's *Inferno* and *Paradiso*. In both it is fundamen-
tally the same view and method that controls the line of thought.
Kant says of the Categorical Imperative that it "lies latent in
our disposition," so that the moral law is as much *a priori* as the
natural. Our conceptions of good and evil no more originate in
experience than our intuitions of space and time do so. As a know-
ing being, man gives laws to the external world; as moral being,
he gives laws to himself, legislator and subject in the same per-
son. It is he who makes his own physical and moral worlds. Our
theoretic reason *thinks* the world a unity intuitively ordered and
related by law; therefore it is an intuitive and ordered world.
Our practical reason *wills* man as a free and moral being, and
therefore he is moral and free.

We must forgo a discussion of Kant's other works, and will
only mention, as to his third main work, the *Critique of Judge-
ment*, that he was the first to define the Beautiful exhaustively

The total
result of
the Kantian
philosophy

maxims
It is not
in question
cause of what

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all human forces radiant and dark have
arrived at (P.T., this resignation; only the
terminology of the good Christian (not
is the only way he can make his point.)

one-idea'd but amazingly efficient schoolmaster entered a classroom and, by his teaching, forced the minds of his pupils — all of them lively, talented, inquisitive children — once and for all into an oblique and receding path. All classical poetry became *workshop poetry*: the dramas, stories, poems, treatises of the Classicists all have, as it were, tiny windows, the atmosphere of interiors, artificial or, at best, indoor lighting, strong lines, but pale colours. Everything is narrow, badly ventilated, curtained over, half dark, alcoved; and all this was supposed to be imitation of the Greeks, who created and produced their plays, their sculptures, and their paintings in the open air, who pursued their artistic sport, their philosophy, and their rhetoric in the streets, who never held their political meetings or court sittings, their divine worship or theatrical performances under cover and were, in fact, "*plein-air*" creatures *par excellence*.

Schiller, one of the most powerful of German temperaments; Goethe, whose whole life, thought, and creations were an organized seership; whole generations of German sculptors and painters, who were by their innermost gifts cut out for Naturalism; even the leaders of the nominally anti-classical Romantic school — all, all took up the Classicist task-work. Napoleon, wild, hundred-eyed child of reality, had nothing more urgent to do as Emperor than to spread the empty veneer of the Empire style all over Europe.

The
"Classical"
Greek

Were we to believe this conception of Antiquity, the chief occupation of Greeks and Romans must obviously have been to read hard at Winckelmann, just as Rousseau's children of nature must have known the *Contrat social* by heart. This remarkable return to the Classical is only intelligible as a fundamental urge and last effort of the age to find — in a world of pure measure and proportion, clear order and easy oversight, self-limitation and avoidance of complication — relief and rest from its own problems, from the fluctuating formlessness and confusing multiplicity of its own strivings, situations, and outlooks. Classicism was born of the fears of modern man.

But it is on the other hand highly remarkable, a sort of involuntary irony at one's own expense, that the ideal of the Classical was found in Alexandrinism, the sugary, lush, and literary sculpture of the Greek Baroque: men, in fact, instinctively made for that which was most closely akin to themselves. The Greek de-

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understand a word of Greek authors, one would have not only to cut these out of school curricula, but forbid them for private reading as unmoral in the highest degree. But on adults the impression the Greeks make is that of beautiful beasts of prey, whom one appraises from a purely æsthetic point of view, or certain dramatic figures of which one admires the fine characterization without approving the characters. In any case, the average Athenian himself regarded the Greek culture, even of the Periclean Age, as a degraded compound of democratic chatter, soap-box strategy, sporting jargon, and onion prices.

Goethe is responsible for the well-known remark that the Romantic is the morbid, the Classical the healthy. Without troubling to discuss the accuracy of this thesis, one can probably say anyhow that the Greeks were Romantic and unhealthy in their life, its manifestations and institutions, Classical and healthy in their poetry and thought. They were indeed absolutely forced to it, for they could never have carried the luxury of a Romantic art and philosophy, which would have involved them in an immediate collapse. The relation of life to its product is always, as we have pointed out, that of positive to negative. It is not a matter of accident that the sickly, highly sensitive, and gentle-hearted Nietzsche set up the ideal of the superman, while on the contrary the healthy, happy, and most egoistic Schopenhauer taught a philosophy of pessimism and negation of the will; that a strong sensualist like Wagner preached spirituality, while Rousseau was a fanatic of the primitive, the idyllic, and the "good." If we judged the "*Fin de Siècle*" only by its art, we should hardly argue from Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Altenberg, George, Schnopff, and Klimt to an age of technocracy, bourse domination, militarism, and imperialism. It is the same with the Greek ideal of *sophrosyne*: the tempered wisdom, clear sense, and controlled passion. They spoke so much of it because they had it not. Of their taste, on the other hand, of which they had as much as all other peoples old and new put together, they never spoke.

In the centre of Greek history, chronologically as well as intellectually, stands the mysterious figure of Socrates, who had a good deal to say to his fellow-countrymen about these things. Nietzsche, as everyone knows, saw in him a typical decadent, even a criminal, and called his dialectic the victory of mob-resentment;

Socratism

already ninety years ago Carlyle, without any detailed knowledge, led only by his gifts of instinct, expressed the opinion that Socrates with his eternal logic-chopping heralded the end of the true Greek culture. Alexander Moszkowski, in a very amusing little study, *Socrates the Idiot*, sets him up as a worthy imbecile, a futile pedant of speech and acrobat of words, who suffered from a sort of "echolalia" of logic. The eighteenth century, for its part, made of him a perorating Quaker who incessantly spouted wisdom and nobility, and even dared to compare him to Christ. Others have seen in him a parallel with Kant, which is equally ridiculous, for, while the *Critique of Pure Reason* is the revolutionary deed of a supreme spirit which overthrows all previous thought because it looks down on it, Socratism, set over against the grandiose cosmic fantasies of Ionic nature-philosophy, represents only the triumph of practical everyday comprehensibility over the obscurity of real inwardness. All these different conceptions can be reduced to a common denominator which Nietzsche hinted at when he said: "There was only one choice, either to crash or — to be absurdly rational." Socrates' effort was nothing more and nothing less than to save Greece by preaching reason and virtue, two wholly un-Greek qualities; while he remained all the time enough of a Greek to have the good taste to clothe his moral lectures in the form of an exquisite irony. That is the meaning of the Socratic "Know thyself": know what you lack — moderation, modesty, self-control, self-criticism — and strive for them as your redeeming antithesis. But Socrates was Athens, Athens was Greece, and Greece the world. Thus Socratism stands for the self-knowledge of the ancient culture; in him it looks itself in the face, and shudders. And no wonder that the Greeks smashed this mirror, for *they could not endure to look into it.*

The plaster
Greek

As the teaching of Socrates, so Greek art owes its subsequent fame especially to the fact that it is the representation of calm clarity and noble self-purification, a contrast phenomenon, but not at all to the extent we love to imagine. The whole misty picture of the Classicism of Greece would presumably never have arisen if its polychromy had been known at the very outset. When it was at last discovered, the notion of colourless temples and statues had, from centuries of enthusiastic copying, definitely established itself in the modern consciousness, so that, though today we know

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of the painting, we really know nothing *about* it, because in every big city there are countless monuments and public buildings which owe their existence to the mistaken idea of classical achromia, and these contradict the new knowledge by their constant manifest counter-assertion. This obsession of ideas that are as unnatural as they are incorrect goes so far that white sculpture — which after all only owes its existence to an inadequate knowledge of Greek art — has been played off against the real Greek sculpture, which has been thought to need excuses for its polychromy. Thus for example Friedrich Theodor Vischer says in his *Æsthetic* — a fundamental and still unsurpassed work of enormous scope and inexhaustible content — "Every addition of colour to the modelling of the pure form, if it does not content itself with a few hints, is excluded by the very idea of pure sculpture. . . . So if an art which in other ways occupied a high place paints its statues completely — that is, with all the colour values as displayed on the living body — the explanation must lie in special conditions in the history of art"; and with the Greeks, he says, polychromic treatment certainly exceeded the limits conceded by the expression of "a few hints." "Even in the face of the unique faculty of the Greeks for the comprehension of pure form as such, and the glorious perfection of the art which was based on this faculty, we cannot sacrifice this view. . . . We must seek another way out, by a comparison with Greek drama. Here poetry and mimicry were united with music, song, and dance in a way which can never serve as a model. . . . Yet the great tragedies are no less great, although we can never imitate them in their use of these art-forms in combination. And as we enjoy what is left, the pure poetic beauty of Æschylus and Sophocles without the recitative and song and marchlike dance of the chorus, and make it part of our poetry, so we can strip the great sculptures of the colour, which, as a perishable addition, has its justification only in a particular moment of art-history, and which has been cleaned off (as from the Greek temples also) by air and rain." Now, quite apart from the remarkable deduction that colour is a transitory part of Greek sculpture because air and rain might wash it off, this description contains a very instructive unconscious avowal of the fatal transformation and falsification that our Classicism introduced into Greek art. For indeed it did make it bloodless and boring, really did take its

colour from it. So, for that matter, it did from the poetry, by unjustifiably taking the mere libretto that alone had survived, and treating it as something self-sufficing, with the result that there also one holds in one's hand only a pale, lifeless fragment of marble.

But the Greeks were very far from the *modern barbarism* of leaving wood and stone unpainted; gaily, and with a very natural and very artistic feeling, they tinted everything that came under their hands; and our white sculpture and architecture would have seemed to them an art for the colour-blind. The eyes, too, were as a matter of course painted on, or, still better, represented by jewels, crystals, etc.; and it speaks volumes for our utterly uncritical imitation of Greek monuments that because no traces were immediately found, we started the bizarre convention of ignoring the organ of highest soul-expression altogether. The "Greek head" with pale plaster cheek, without the flash of the eye, without a look into the world, is the most speaking symbol of the neo-German Humanism.

*The Greek
plastic*

Now, a real Greek statue must have made a magnificent impression. First of all, the marble was rubbed with a pink or brown dressing of oil and wax which gave it a warm flesh-coloured tint. The reproach of the art-historians that the splendid material must have thus been spoilt deserves little attention; as the Greeks knew the value of their marble, presumably this treatment would only enhance it — that is a question that may be left to their own judgment. The lips were painted red, the hair black or yellow, or made gilt by metallic *appliqué*; the dress either was left white (in which case, however, the folds at least would be coloured) or was likewise painted, the inside and outside with different tints. Helmets and crests, weapons and shields, ornaments and sandals were of metal, and preferably gilded. The painter and sculptor were not necessarily the same person: thus Praxiteles' statues were painted by Nicias, who was almost as celebrated. The chryselephantine statues, like the lost Zeus statue of Olympia, Phidias' colossal work, were wonderfully coloured: the core was of wood, the ivory by skilled treatment was made so thin and elastic that it fitted the core almost like a coating of lacquer: its natural tint already approximated it to flesh-colour and it may be that it was slightly dyed as well. The robes and attributes were of richly painted gold plate, the hair and beard of variously tinted gold, the eyes of flashing

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jewels. On the temples the frieze and metopes were delightfully coloured, like tin soldiers, on a background of gleaming red or blue, the "drops" and other details were gilded, the echinus and the gutter of the roof ornamented in many colours after the fashion of our modern enamel-painting. On the Hecatompedon, the old temple of Athena on the Acropolis, made of porous limestone, which was destroyed in 480 B.C. by the Persians, and only rediscovered in the "Persian rubbish-heap" in our eighties, the men still had their bright-blue beards and hair, grass-green eyes, and red bodies. Painted relief, however, was always regarded, through the whole of Antiquity, only as a side-line of picture-painting.

In the light of a blazing sun, a hitting blue sky, cinnabar-red hills, sulphur-coloured rocks, poison-green trees, and a sea that flashed in a hundred changing shades the Greeks were predisposed already to be one of the most colour-loving — nay, colour-drunken — of peoples. Their poetic and philosophical fantasy always lived in an atmosphere of rich, strong colouring, and in their dress they loved loud and violently contrasting hues: purple and sky-blue, saffron and scarlet; even gleaming white had with them the character of a colour.

Their painting, as to which we have only scanty information — perhaps very fortunately so, for it is hard to say what its example might have led to in modern European art — seems to have had a strictly conventional character till right into the fifth century, and if relief was a sort of painting over moulding, painting must in its turn have been a sort of two-dimensional coloured plastic. As in the drama, the chief reasons for this limitedness lay partly in the primitiveness and conservatism of technique, partly in its orientation towards religious cultus. The frescoes of Polygnotus, who flourished in the second quarter of the fifth century, showed no thrown shadows, no chiaroscuro, no modelling, and were nothing but coloured-in outlines; nor did he know anything of perspective, recession being shown by superposition. It was only in the second half of the century, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War, that Agatharchus discovered "*Scenographia*," a scene-setting kind of perspective, which became the height of fashion when Alcibiades had his house decorated with such pictures. About the same time Apollodorus was at work, called the shadow-painter because he was the first correctly to observe and reproduce light-relations.

Greek
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objective. Huge ships for war and commerce were built, and there was the same competition in increasing tonnage as there is today. The great passenger ship *Syrakosia* of King Hieron held three hundred marines and six hundred sailors and a proportionate number of saloons, bathrooms, towers, and batteries. A sort of artillery was developed on elephants, of which Seleucus I had a depot of five hundred at Apamea. The new metropolises and residences — all of the same physiognomy, with straight roads cutting each other at right angles — rapidly developed to the proportions of our modern megalopolis, even to the mammoth monstrosity of their public buildings: the Colossus of Rhodes was 32 metres high, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus 44, the eight-storeyed lighthouse on the island of Pharos 160 (its modern analogue, the Statue of Liberty at New York, measures with the base only 93).

In literature, too, mass production becomes common, though in the individual work an almost exaggerated brevity was demanded — “a big book, a big evil,” said Callimachus, one of the most famous of the Alexandrine poets. It is a frank “art-for-art’s sake” that arises, an art that prefers the sensational and precious, the esoteric and complex, the curious and artificially archaic, and makes itself the expression of a sort of Rococo of literary sensibility. Lyrical poetry, in Rousseauian fashion, becomes bucolic, painting discovers landscape — even though both are still wholly Classical, in that they have none of the modern subjectivism that transfers its own feelings into dead nature, and so are not yet able to produce “atmosphere.” Yet the most complete naturalism prevails: on the stage we have the triumph of Menander, who, with equal elegance of language and of dress, created the type of the comedy of manners, that mixture of cleverness and sentimentality which was the glory of the French during the last century. He too puts the noble courtesan in the centre of his play, and a shower of flashing epigrams conceals the cold inanity of the structure. A rhetorical mannerism, whose object is above all to dazzle, dominates not only the stage, but history and the arts as well, and penetrates even into everyday life. Architecture’s first aim is to illustrate; sculpture is genre and purest realism and has attained to a brilliant virtuosity of technique. The so-called New Attic dithyramb is already on the way to program music and as much attacked as in our own day. There are already vaudeville artists, and Herondas

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stood at the threshold of the heliocentric system, the discovery of America, and the invention of the steam-engine.

Another thing, too, came into the world — the emancipation of women. Queens made history, women philosophers and novelists made literature, and poets began to write for a feminine public. The feminine soul was discovered, and with it sentimental love. The "lady" is a discovery of the time, and she begins to move freely and takes part in everything, even in sport. That age first knew the meaning of coquetry, gallantry, and fashion; men kissed the hand of women, and in all seriousness contemplated suicide for unhappiness in love. Yet another great power arose, that of paper; it became the custom to say everything in writing and at the greatest possible length. A rather feminine, over-civilized trait shows itself too in the beardlessness which was then universal; one of the Seleucids who did not follow the fashion became so conspicuous that he got the nickname of *πώγων*, the Man with the Beard.

The most exquisite delicacies, culinary and intellectual, were brought from every part of the world, and the excess and over-refinement of pleasure induced a *blasé* attitude of boredom and satiety. Over this fine-nerved, busy, and all-knowing world brooded a vast leaden nihilism. "When man feels no more joy and no more pain, the winter of the soul is thawed" — in these words of *Epicurus* the age discovered its formula. The three dominant philosophies, however much they disputed between one another, all came out at the same end even by different channels: the Epicurean worship of *ataraxia* (immovability), the Stoic ideal of *apathia* (lack of feeling), and the Sceptical demand for *εποχή* (the suspense of judgment) all have at bottom the same intent. Thus we get the grandiose spectacle of a universal world-nausea, which gripped Classical mankind like an epidemic until in a distant despised province a Hero of a new kind was born, the son, not of Jupiter nor of Jehovah, but of the true God; who understood more of philosophy than Plato and more of conquest than Alexander, and by whom this mankind was redeemed.

It is only because the Alexandrine age, in its immense expectation of a new God, forms a sort of ante-room to Christianity that our reason can comprehend it a little; and pre-Christian peoples — let us not harbour any delusions about that — are in the ultimate depths of their soul unintelligible to us. Herman Grimm says in

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his magnificent biography of Goethe: "We never get over the alien-ness of Greek life. It is said that among the quadroons, the otherwise wholly white descendants of Negroes, the half-moons of the finger-nails remain dark. In the same way, however akin to us Homer or Plato, even Aristotle and Thucydides may appear, something like this half-moon on the nail reminds us of the ichor, the blood of the gods, of which a last drop flowed into the veins of the Greeks." The Greeks are to us the exotic people *par excellence*. The reason that even today we are not properly clear about this lies in the well-meaning but foolish self-complacency and credulity of our schools, which for centuries have been in the hands of hopelessly mediocre and psychologically untalented syllable-mongers. Still, now that such a work as Spengler's *Decline of the West* has torn up foundations, many eyes will have been opened to the fact that a hopeless gulf separates us from Antiquity.

If we want to gain some sort of picture of this fundamental difference of Greek culture, we ought probably to take as our starting-point their pre-eminent musicality. It was not the plastic arts that stood in the centre of Greek life, but music. The singer was supposed to be inspired immediately by the gods, and conversely every prayer was a song; even field-warfare depended on song, which was regarded as the most trustworthy method of maintaining tactical unity: the piper was the most important person in the infantry attack, and likewise in the galley. The Herms which pointed the wanderer's way gave their guidance in hexameters; if we attempted to revive this custom, it would quite rightly be regarded as a foolish and tiresome snobbism, but the Greek felt musically and metrically even in things of everyday life. Music had such power over the soul that it was used for therapeutic purposes; Pythagoras healed the sick by song, and Plutarch tells of a sick girl from Argos who asked the oracle for healing remedies and was told to dedicate herself to the Muses; having followed the advice, she recovered her strength so much that she became a sort of Peloponnesian Joan of Arc, who repulsed a Spartan invasion at the head of a women's corps. Even the dead were thought to be sensitive to the sound of music: on the oil-flasks which were put into the grave, the survivors sought to cheer the shade by a figured flute-playing. In ordinary life music had the same educational significance for the soul as gymnastics had for the body; and gym-

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The Greeks' feeling for language as a musical phenomenon is proved by their amazing feeling for false pronunciation or emphasis or order, which is recorded in many episodes and has an analogy only in the delicate sense of Italian audiences for errors in singing. This was, in fact, the secret of the Greek style; they had been trained by centuries of organized listening and seeing to the highest sensibility and discrimination.

We mentioned just now the central rôle played in Greek life by its erotic. But we must not think in terms of modern or mediæval love. There were two cardinal differences: the first was an absence of sentimentality, though it is doubtful how far this absence is to be equated with naïveté. Freud, in his work on sexual aberration, says: "The most fundamental difference between the loves of the Ancients and our own lies in the fact that the Ancients put the emphasis on the urge itself, and we on its object. The Greeks honoured the feeling and were prepared to glorify even a second-rate object by it, while we depreciate the impulsive activity in itself and only excuse it by the virtues of its object." This is the reason, also, why in Antiquity unhappy love existed only as a pathological phenomenon (the Greeks regarded the rare cases of it that occurred much as we do an infectious disease), since such love must be centred on a definite object, whereas the "impulse" itself never fails and never deceives; thus the two chief sources on which the complex of unhappy love is nourished did not exist.

Far more important, however, is the fact that the erotic of the Greeks was almost entirely restricted to homosexual affection. The reason for this has been attributed to their splendid, but almost madly exaggerated, cult of the body in everlasting gymnastics, riding, boxing, wrestling, races, and discus-throwing. Perhaps the powerful influence of the East might also have counted. Be this as it may, pæderasty reached an unparalleled extension and intensity with the Greeks. With the Dorians, in Sparta and Crete it was literally a part of public education; in Athens it was punished with *atimia* (that is, deprivation of civil rights) only if it was a matter of assault or rape: that is, under conditions in which the normal sex-act would also be counted as disgraceful. There were public male-prostitutes, and they even paid taxes as such. Since the murder of the Athenian tyrant Hipparchus by Harmodius and Aristogiton, who were lovers, pæderasty acquired

Greek
erotic

Roche!

Rocher

an almost heroic glamour. Alexander's love for his Hephæstion, taken from him in the flower of youth, was clothed in an atmosphere of poesy. At the courts of the Diadochi it was viewed with disfavour, not on moral grounds, but only because any association of men was thought to veil a conspiracy. In battles these pairs of lovers were of the highest value, and they formed, as it were, the smallest tactical unit. The famous Sacred Band at Thebes, which counted as the finest force in Greece, consisted entirely of pæderasts. Not only were almost all famous Greeks, from Solon to Alcibiades, homosexuals, but many of the gods and heroes, such as Apollo, Poseidon, Heracles, and Ganymede were regarded as such. But most conclusive is the fact that the Greek art and philosophy play round this theme so fondly. "Right it is," says Pindar, "to cull love's blossom in due season, in life's prime; but whosoever has seen the rays flashing from the eye of Theoxenus and does not swell with longing, his black heart was forged of steel and iron at a frozen flame, and Aphrodite honours him not. Either he is busy with all his might about gold, or else, sacrificing his heart to woman, is borne along every path. But I, for the goddess's sake, waste away like wax of holy bees under the heat of the sun, when I look at the young blooming limbs of boys." Note that love of woman is here put on a par with love of gold, which was always despicable and especially so for the aristocratic Theban, and that Aphrodite is regarded as the goddess of love of boys! The feminine antithesis to Pindar is Sappho. She too prays to Aphrodite for help in the hardness of her love for a girl, and paints for her beloved her own passion in contrast with the unemotional coolness with which a man hears the sweet voice and dear laughter of his bride: "My heart beats, my voice fails, fire runs beneath the skin, the eyes see not, the ears buzz, sweat flows off me, trembling seizes me, and, fading like withered grass, I am as one dead." The notorious "Platonic" love, too, is a super-sensual sublimated love — our use of the phrase is quite correct — but it is exclusively homosexual. "There are two goddesses of love," says Pausanias in the *Symposium*, "and, therefore, also two forms of Eros. The Eros of the earthly Aphrodite is earthly, universal, common, and casual. And everything common worships her. Both sexes, man and woman, had part in the creation and birth of the earthly Aphrodite. The higher love comes from

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The piteous maxim that it is best (μή φθναι) "not to have been born at all" passes in innumerable fine variations through all Greek thought. Even the Iliad says that of all things that live and move, man is the most miserable. Heraclitus says profoundly of time that it is a child, playing and exercising itself on the game-board, and that "this child has the king's power"; Thales declared that he remained unmarried "for love of children." Even the calmly smiling Socrates bursts forth in the *Gorgias* with "δευδὸς ὁ βίος (Life is terrible)!" Aristotle, more scientifically, asks "what is man," and answers that he is a monument of weakness, the prey of the moment, the sport of chance, and for the rest mucus and bile. Menander says that he is happiest who earliest leaves the fair of life, and again: "If God after death offered you another life, you should pray to be anything, even an ass, rather than man." His contemporary was Hegesias, a philosopher who is said to have by his lectures persuaded many of his hearers to suicide, and so received the name *πεισιθάνατος*. There was a treatise of his on the subject which bore the title *ὁ ἀποκατερῶν*, and it is significant that this word was actually a current technical term, which we can only render by a long phrase: "one who can endure life no more and therefore starves himself to death."

Yet already in Homer we find the counterpoise which the Greek was able to throw into the scales of destiny. Alcinoüs says to Odysseus: "Tell us why you weep thus and grieve in your heart, when you learn the fate which has befallen the Argives at Troy. For it was but the work of the gods; they wove this ruin for men that it might live in the songs of posterity." And Anaxagoras said that being born was to be preferred to not being born, if only that one might observe the heavens and the whole order of the world. The joy of form and observation, of singing and seeing, which the Greeks knew better than any other people, compensated all the sufferings of life. A misery that can be the theme of song is no more a misery, and a world that can be studied cannot be too bad.

Yes, the Greeks *were* idealists, but in a quite special, very unmodern sense, which perhaps only Goethe understood; and yet he too misunderstood them in making this the dominant quality in them. In an earlier chapter we tried to show that every Frenchman was a born Cartesian, and in the same sense it might be said

Greek
idealism

that every Greek was a Platonist. In the Platonic philosophy the ideas are the immortal *παράδειγματα*, the originals and exemplars, after which all earthly appearances are formed as *μιμήματα*, imitations and copies. What fascinates us as the "beauty" of an object is the *ἀνάμνησις*, the dark remembrance in our soul, of its eternal archetype, which it saw before birth. Ideas are therefore something quite different from concepts, for we reach a knowledge, or rather an inkling of them, not by abstraction, but by intuition. Aristotle, the second most influential Greek philosopher, has a somewhat different, yet fundamentally similar conception. For him the *morphe*, the form, is in essence the same as the *Eidos*, the idea, and the *Hyle*, or material, is the *dunamis*, the possibility of form, while *energeia* is the realization of the material. *Hyle* means actually raw material, timber, and Aristotle illustrates the meaning of the *Eidos* by the function of a carpenter — which is the idea of the house. The form, therefore, exists first; it generates the house. Aristotle says quite emphatically that the idea, the universal, is *πρότερον φύσει*, the first in reality, and the individual only *πρότερον πρὸς ἡμᾶς*, the first for us. The conviction of the priority of the Idea is common to Plato and Aristotle. It is the Classical model of each thing, that which nature really aims at, but never achieves; it is, certainly in Plato, something quite concrete. It will be recalled from the previous chapter that Goethe had a similar idea before him when he thought of the *Urpflanze*. The canon of the beautiful human form, as moulded by the Greeks in their sculpture, corresponded to it in a way. The same character informs their feeling of tragedy. Nietzsche said in his *Birth of Tragedy*: "There is an assertion by someone or other that all individuals as individuals are comic, and therefore untragic: from which it might be argued that the Greeks *could not* endure individuals on their tragic stage." A dramatic art that individualized, that in any sense created something more than the idea, the *mask*, would have been to them not a higher, but a ridiculous, unworthy, and blasphemous form. For one must not forget the religious basis on which this tragedy rested. Alfred Bäumler says in his penetrating and suggestive introduction to a selection of Bachofen's works: "Every thought of everyday matters must be put away if we want to understand Agamemnon, Orestes, Ædipus Ajax, Antigone. They are in fact *shades* that

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rise up before us on the tragic stage. These heroes are not fetched from the highways, but conjured up from the grave. . . . Everything empirical; every thought of realism, is infinitely remote. The exposition-form of Greek tragedy is not to be explained merely from the idea (which admittedly exists) of a real superhuman greatness in the heroes of the past, but far more in a holy reverence in presence of the dead." Therefore: since the tragic heroes came forth from the grave, they could not be represented realistically like modern heroes, for they were part of a religious ceremony and could only be grasped as universal symbols. In this light we can see that the change from the older type-art to the "psychology" and character-drawing that we get in Euripides was a symbol of irreligion, the dramatic counterpart to the destructive dialectic of Protagoras and to Alcibiades' profanation of the Mysteries.

The Greeks had — connected both with their Platonism and with their musicality — a native eye for the geometry of things, their arrangement, division, proportion — an extraordinary gift of recognizing in everything the secret outline, plan, and style, the inner skeleton and diagrammatic scheme. They were eminently linear artists and, for all their nervous quality, the very opposite of impressionists. *Γράφειν* means both to write and to paint. They had no eye for half-tones, screened lighting, gradual transitions, and subtle shadows; and perspective was not yet known, as we can argue with certainty from the description of paintings that survive and the poets' descriptions of nature. The very character of their land, the crystalline brightness and clearness of the air, the sharp profiling of the hills, the strong, varied articulation of the coast-line, had pushed them to such a definite feeling for contours. In Athens the sun, on the average, is clouded over only twenty-five days a year. In Homer everything takes place in brightest daylight. Night was the most hateful thing known to the Greeks; and for the poetry of mist, of the autumn mood, of twilight, of moonlight, which plays so large a part in modern sensibility they possessed no organ at all. Further, the whole day was lived in the open. Consequently we must tacitly add the Greek landscape to all that the Greeks did and created — to their drama, their temples, their vases and pictures, their speeches and songs, their symposia and games — just as they themselves always

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marked, was the counterpart in the world of imagination to the other in the world of politics. Emerson counts them among his six *Representative Men* — "Goethe or the Writer," "Napoleon or the Man of the World." Carlyle includes them in his six groups of *Heroes*: Goethe is the "Hero as Man of Letters," Napoleon the "Hero as King." They were alike in that neither remained true to the Revolution out of which they had grown: Napoleon because of his Cæsarism, Goethe because of his Classicism, both of which things are inherent tendencies of the cultural complex which in the widest sense of the word we may call Empire. That they should tread this backward path was probably inevitable, for, as Goethe himself said, "Great men are always bound to their century by some weaknesses."

In discussions of the French Revolution it is generally said that its greatest historical importance lay in the fact that it freed France and Europe by emancipating society from the domination of absolutism, of the Church, and of the privileged classes; and that the proclamation of the "Rights of Man" begins the era of intellectual independence, of legislation by the citizen for the citizen, and of unfettered economic competition. Now, it is quite true, of course, that certain emancipatory movements were set in motion by the Paris Revolution, but the view that constitutionalism, liberalism, socialism, and the other similar political movements of the nineteenth century arose from this one source is, stated in this crude form, false and misleading. The Revolution thought about the decisive victory of the bourgeoisie, but only at the outset; later it led to the decisive victory of the mob. The Revolution overthrew absolutism, but not for long, for on June 2, 1793 absolutism returned in the dictatorship of the Convention and the Commune, on April 1, 1794 it developed (not formally, but *de facto*) into the dictatorship of a single man, Robespierre, and by Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire the dictatorship became formal as well as *de facto*. Neither was it the Revolution that definitively broke up the old forms of hereditary monarchy, aristocratic domination, and the rule of the priests; these powers, alleged to be dead, experienced a partial resurrection under the First Empire, and an almost complete one under the restoration in the reigns of Louis XVIII and Charles X. The French Revolution did *not* create equality; it only produced

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P.T. 42, and my little bit of a French
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another and more objectionable form of inequality in the inequalities of capitalism. The French Revolution did *not* bring liberty; it exercised the same narrow, cruel, and selfish censorship over minds as the *Ancien Régime*, but in the name of liberty and by much more Draconian methods. It asked every man if he was on the side of liberty, and if a perfectly unambiguous answer was not forthcoming it replied, not with *lettres de cachet*, but with the guillotine. Never before, either under Turkish sultans and Arab caliphs, or under Russian Grand Dukes and Spanish inquisitors, has there been such an unfreedom as under the "Constitution of Friends of Freedom," for never before was the death-penalty imposed for a whole series of quite passive qualities, such as culture, purity, tolerance, silence, even mere existence. Of the three slogans, *fraternité*, *liberté*, and *égalité*, the first was a mere operative phrase, of which practical politics took no account whatsoever, and the two others were irreconcilable opposites. For equality is destructive of liberty, and liberty is destructive of equality. If all men are looked upon as identical and therefore subjected to the same rights, duties, and life-forms, they are no longer free; and if all may develop in accordance with their various individualities, they are no longer equal.

Nevertheless there remains to the French Revolution the high merit of having made the relation between the State and the subject, the ruler and the ruled, so to say more labile. The association of the two partners, outwardly still the same, became merely looser, much more easily breakable; from that time onwards a slight shock was often sufficient to produce complete dissociation. The European states became unstable combinations, after the manner of certain carbohydrate compounds which have a "free radical link." This "free radical link" has constituted since that time a latent threat to the structure of the State, ever ready to enter on new affinities and thus to change (or destroy) the character of the existing combination.

"The French nation," said Goethe, "is a nation of the extreme; it knows no moderation. It is the only nation of the world in whose history we find both a Massacre of St. Bartholomew and a Feast of Reason, the absolutism of Louis XIV and the unbridledness of the Sansculottes." The two extremes, between which the soul of France is hurled hither and thither, are pedantry

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quality in the inequality did *not* bring liberty; selfish censorship over the name of liberty and by every man if he was on an ambiguous answer was *le cachet*, but with the Turkish sultans and Arab and Spanish inquisitors, the "Constitution of the death-penalty immunities, such as culture, science. Of the three slots was a mere operative account whatsoever, positives. For equality is relative of equality. If all were subjected to the law, no longer free; and various individualities,

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is a nation of the extremely nation of the world of St. Bartholomew and Louis XIV and the two extremes, between and thither, are pedantry

and folly, and both have their roots in one and the same fundamental characteristic. The spirit of France may be briefly — indeed, summarily — described as consisting in an extraordinary absence of the sense of reality.

Pedantry and folly are not opposites, but merely different grades of the same relation to actuality. The pedant is a kind of tame fool, and the fool a kind of pedant run wild. Both have one-sided, incomplete, and therefore false perspective of life. They take, as it were, opposite positions on the thermometric scale. The pedant is at freezing-point, the fool at boiling-point.

One has only to attempt an unprejudiced examination of the French national character in its essential manifestations to find that pedantry is a persistent feature of the French, though one has to confess that it leads, in the highest products of the national spirit, to a most marvellous mastery of form. They have created a language excellently adapted to speech and written composition; a language in which it is impossible to express oneself badly; the only choice is to write correct and beautiful French or something incomprehensible, ridiculous, and absurd, and therefore not French at all. They have produced a classical tragedy in which vague, unclear, or confused writing cannot be. They possess a philosophical terminology in which illogical or vague thinking is impossible. They are the inventors of a centralized administration without which the Revolution in all its stages would have been unthinkable; for this system alone enabled the man who happened to have his hand on the lever of the machine to become the absolute ruler of all France, so that a country of twenty-five million inhabitants was ruled first by an idle oligarchy completely unfit to rule, then by a handful of empty-headed juristic doctrinaires, then by a gang of hysterical bandits, next by a set of thievish financiers, and eventually by the brain and will of a *conquistador* of genius. Even in the greatest period of their history, under Louis XIV, when they held not only the political, but also the intellectual hegemony of Europe, they produced nothing but pedantic creations of a monumental style, accurately compassed court poems, court paintings, and court philosophy. Method, program, mathematics, system, rule, *clarté*, have always formed the strength of the French, in complete contrast to the Germans, whose essential genius is brewing, soaring, experimenting, and

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In answering our questions we must, I think, hold fast above all to the principle — which may be almost raised to the rank of an axiom of historical research — that the moment of origin of a historical happening can hardly ever be fixed with complete exactitude; on the contrary, it may almost always be taken as reasonably certain that the thing has *not* begun at the point in time which history assigns as its commencement. For example, it has been fully established that the Thirty Years' War did not have its beginning in 1618, nor the World War in 1914, nor the Reformation in 1517. The "Defenestration" in Prague, the murder of the Austrian Grand Duke, the nailing-up of the Theses at Wittenberg had in these three cases about the same significance as the release of the catch on a stopped machine, the sharp blow on a nitroglycerine container, the opening of the valve of a locomotive. A railway train maintains high speed for hours, carries heavy loads of men and goods to widely separated places. The true cause of this considerable performance is obviously not to be found in the release of a little steam. At the same time there *is* a specific chain of causation. The opening of the valve is the only possible means of setting in motion all the complicated and far-reaching movements that follow; in other words, the locomotive has a clearly defined structure, and this structure arranges for the release of the machinery of the locomotive only in one particular way. In the same way revolutions have their own specific starting-system, which remains, apart from a few variations, always the same.

This mechanism is a fairly simple one and has two elements. A revolution is let loose when the army refuses to act, which it does when the people have no food. This, putting aside all ideology, is the immediate cause of almost all revolutions.

In the school-books the cause of the great upheavals is generally alleged to be the unquenchable thirst of the People for Liberty. This certainly rests on false — indeed, the falsest of all — assumption. The people never desires liberty, firstly because it has no conception of it, and secondly because it would not know what to do with it. Liberty has value for two classes of men only, for the so-called privileged classes and for the philosophers. The former have won the ability to apply liberty to pleasant or useful ends through generations of careful "training"; the latter possess

*Democracy
and Liberty*

a rule which in selfish-anything in earlier his- convenient principle as that of being ruled. to admit this principle, that it was completely ivine, but a wholly in- l that every revolution t of public injustice is sness thereof. The first l irresistibility as any speed. And thus it is, the germ of a counter- does, from the path of e that the most profit- pect the interests of all essembling a stable form nd private, intellectual this society is oriented ist or Spartacist, is just ; which its subjects use. s many characteristics, tion is usually a sense- orribly ugly spectacle: d shops, bridges blown But the French Revo- to us ugly; it has for . What is it that con- of greed and madness rance, into an æsthetic

of these is universal in ess the aspect of artistic ric: that is, when they today with the disin- f the chief prerequisites distance has a clarifying ound at first, the further ct on us, the greater its

æsthetic pull. A plant seems to us more poetic than an animal, a child than a grown person, a dead man than a living man. The same naturally applies to the past. Even our own past has its own particular half-romantic character; we always think of past events, even when they were painful, with a certain envy, and we rather think that life was better then. Experience possesses much less reality than fiction. The events which history hands down are told, presented, thought over, their existence is in fantasy. But those which we live through as contemporaries are merely actual. Historical events come down to us in epic dress and have that aromatic, intoxicating, confusing effect which poesy always possesses and actuality never. When we live through an event, the deep spiritual impression that it might make is blanketed and nullified by the intrusion of a multitude of everyday details. Proximity is too great, the physical too importunate, for us to have a clear conception of the matter. Illusion, the mysterious effect of distance, is destroyed. That which *was* affects us more deeply than that which is.

But the second specially remarkable point about the French Revolution is the simple fact that this revolution was French. The Frenchman has the paradoxical and mysterious talent of making everything — God, love, liberty, fame, and everyday life — into a stage thrill, a sensational novel; he knows how to give everything a certain æsthetic presentation and a good and effective *décor*. The mere imposing ferocity of the instincts then let loose alone provided a dazzling spectacle to a Europe already fading out in dust of books and smoke of tobacco; Europe was awakened from its drowsy afternoon musings by a flaming torch reddening the sky with a magnificent display of colour.

In his report of the Convention session of January 16, 1793, which voted the death of the King, Mercier remarked: "*Tout est optique*," a remarkably pregnant phrase. It seems that this whole French Revolution affected many like a ghostly puppet-theatre, like scenes in a magic lantern. No one has rendered this truly magic atmosphere more movingly and suggestively than Carlyle in his *French Revolution*, in which the strange shadowiness, the batlike uncanniness of all its events, and their so-to-say two-dimensional character, nightmarish and unreal into the bargain, are brought out with the most vivid effect.

Then, besides, there was the marvellous Latin perfection of form with which the drama was played. The public utterances of this wild horde of murderers and madmen, their speeches, pamphlets, manifestos, were always works of art. They might, without alteration or at most with a few cuts, be taken over bodily into a play. For example, when Robespierre, conscious of his omnipotence, had the effrontery to say to the Convention: "Who dares accuse me?" and Louvet rose, slowly took four steps forward, and, looking him in the face, replied: "I, I, Robespierre, accuse you." Or Danton, who cried before his execution: "Oh, my beloved wife, must I thus leave thee behind alone?" but forthwith interrupted himself: "Fie, Danton; no weakness, Danton!" Or the famous accusation of Camille Desmoulins in the Vieux Cordelier against Jacobin domination, which in its magnificent intensification would have made a show piece for Kainz (he pretends to be speaking of conditions under the Roman emperors, but refers, of course, to the present):

"In that time words became state crimes; from now on, there was but a single step to turn a sigh or a glance into a crime. It became a counter-revolutionary crime for Cremutius Claudius to call Brutus and Cassius the last of the Romans; it was a counter-revolutionary crime for Mamercus Scaurus to have written tragic scenes capable of a double interpretation; it was a counter-revolutionary crime for Torquatus Silanus to live ostentatiously, for the Consul Cassius Geminus to lament the unhappiness of the time, for that implied accusation of the Government; for a descendant of Cassius to have a portrait of his great-grandfather in the house; for the widow of Gellius Furca to have wept at her husband's execution.

"Everything awakened suspicion in the tyrant. Did a citizen enjoy the favour of the people, he was a rival of the Prince; suspect! Did he, on the other hand, avoid the favour of the people and remain sitting at the fire-side, this retired life showed that he was politically indifferent; suspect! Was a man rich, the people might be led astray by his expenditure; suspect! Was a man poor, none is so enterprising as the destitute; suspect! Was a man gloomy, melancholy in temperament, he was vexed that public affairs went well; suspect! Did a man enjoy himself and

get indigestion, it suspect! Was a philosopher, an orator, an oration than the General, his talent suspect! Suspect!"

Asked for his name, Danton inscribed in the place will soon be no am as old as the revolutionaries." In fact the figure a little for Hérault-Séchelles de said, pointing to the: "There, my friend, sheer scene-endings a Sardou and Dumas i

There was also a painter David declare women bear children Ferry addressed the p the words: "Noble f mand: "Good citizen val of harvest the ser number of the *Mercu* tember massacres bor Canary-bird."

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There was also much that was pitifully melodramatic. The painter David declared in the Convention: "Under a good régime women bear children painlessly." The Conventional commissary Ferry addressed the peasants of the departments under him with the words: "Noble friends of Nature!" and ends with the demand: "Good citizens are herewith invited to give the rural festival of harvest the sentimental character proper to it." The first number of the *Mercur de France* which appeared after the September massacres bore at its head an ode: "To the Shade of my Canary-bird."

Indeed, in observing the endless feasts of liberty and magnificent processions, the extravagant expenditure on decked-out noisy supers, on pinchbeck symbolical properties, on plaster and paste-board and tin, it seems almost as if Revolution had been conceived by the French nation as a kind of tragic operetta. It often borders closely on the ridiculous. One day a countryman of a hundred and twenty years of age entered the National Assembly and aroused much emotion by his expression of republican sentiments. On another occasion Anacharsis Cloots appeared with a

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losopher, an orator, a poet, he desired to have a greater reputa-
tion than the Government; suspect! Was a man a victorious
general, his talent made him the more dangerous; suspect! Sus-
pect! Suspect!"

Asked for his name, age, and address before the Revolutionary
Tribunal, Danton replies: "My age is thirty-five, my name is
inscribed in the Pantheon of world-history, and my dwelling-
place will soon be nothingness." Camille Desmoulins answers: "I
am as old as the good sansculotte Jesus, a dangerous age for revo-
lutionaries." In fact he was already thirty-four, but he reduced
the figure a little for the sake of effect. When his fellow-victim
Hérault-Séchelles desired to embrace him on the scaffold, Danton
said, pointing to the sack containing the heads of the guillotined:
"There, my friend, our heads will kiss one another." These are
sheer scene-endings and *scènes à faire* such as hardly occurred to
Sardou and Dumas in their best hours.

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train of "representatives of the human race," long-bearded Chaldeans, pigtailed Chinamen, bronzed Ethiopians, Turks, Tatars, Greeks, Mesopotamians, who offered their greetings to the Republic; in reality they were good Parisians cleverly disguised, painted lay figures of the brotherhood of man. On August 10, 1793, the first New Year's Day of the era of Liberty, there was a universal festival, for which David had projected a whole collection of gigantic fooleries: "Liberty" with a colossal Phrygian cap, the "People" as an enormous Hercules with a swinging club, "Nature" a more than life-size female figure from whose breasts water flowed. Simultaneously three thousand birds were let loose to the four winds with labels on their necks inscribed: "We are free, imitate us." Even in its most horrible operations the Revolution always maintained something of French *esprit*. Men and women were bound together and thrown into the water, and this was called "Republican marriage"; small craft were filled with "renegade" priests and sunk, and this was "vertical deportation"; even a word like "*septembriser*" has something striking, pungent, scientific. There is evidenced in all these things the power produced by centuries of intellectual development in the national consciousness, of clear ordering fancy, of bringing up the right word almost automatically in the right place, of thoroughly trained artistic eye.

* Meanwhile everyday life, *fort comme la mort*, went quietly on its way, and the *esprit gaulois* did not allow its good humour to be spoilt. During the September massacres twenty-three theatres were open in Paris. Even the night-sitting which decided the question of the King's life or death was like a theatre performance. "The attendants in the neighbourhood of the Mountain," says Mercier, "were like the box attendants at the opera." The gentlemen provided ices and sweets for their ladies, who marked down each "yes" or "no" with pins on cards; there was betting on the result in the neighbouring coffee-houses. Duke Philippe of Orleans, called *Égalité* — great-grandson of the Regent, father of the later "bourgeois King" Louis Philippe, and perhaps the greatest rascal produced by the Revolution — devoured before his execution a breakfast of two dozen oysters, two cutlets, and a bottle of claret and went to the scaffold carefully dressed in the latest fashion, in a green frock-coat, light piqué waistcoat, yellow

leather breeches, and paint-box and powder.

In short, disregarding principles involved, the strongest and most to be found in its whole than perhaps any other and so negative in its essential character and notions, fanatic and uncitable, romantic to the point of stupidity; as can be said — that tedious, greedy, often evil.

We will now briefly of the French Revolution acquaintance with the cause was an enormous. The only possible salvation the reform program was more sinister than he was as evidence proposals included free close trade corporations all properties. But he the King he prophesied courtiers is that of Ch France had about twenty-one million gained) by agriculture; of taxation, and it left no return. Moreover, extraordinary rise in price cold. So finally the court and to the starving summon to Versailles for nearly two centuries. They began their session the representatives of Abbé Sieyès, declare

going to the frontier because he knew the danger of enraging the people; he thundered in one breath against feudalists and republicans, against clubs and *émigrés*: tendencies apparently contradictory, but in reality all serving one great end: the avoidance of hopeless chaos, and the creation of a modern monarchy which should be suited to the times, and of which the content should be, and the title should rest on, the promotion of national welfare and public order.

He did not shrink even from accepting large sums of money from the court, and yet he cannot be called corrupt. For he knew that they would not move him an inch from his clearly marked, straight path. He was a convinced monarchist, because he was a convinced Frenchman. "Good citizens who know the country and the nation do not want a republican constitution. They feel that France is monarchist by its geographical condition," by which phrase he obviously meant its spiritual-geographical condition. His whole program was contained in the words: "I want the re-establishment of order, but not the re-establishment of the old order." He wanted to see the King lead the Revolution in alliance with the people for their common victory over feudalism and the Church. Seeing the hypertrophied forms towards which the movement was tending, he recommended summoning the leading Jacobins to enter the ministry, which was in fact the only possible way of making them harmless. Unfortunately he died in April 1791. But even had he lived longer, he would not have been able to stem the movement of events, for the King was far too lacking in decision, too mentally lazy, and too much influenced by his foolish wife and the unteachable court party to place entire confidence in him.

And now the magnificent gutter-romance which so amazed and horrified Europe began its course. Its three principal heroes were: Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. Jean Paul Marat was a maddened cellar-rat, enabled by the failure of the public drainage system to creep from its latrine; furiously biting everything, filthy, maniacal, deformed, syphilitic, and filled with insatiable hatred of all who were washed, sane, and neither deformed nor syphilitic; he was the typical representative of the riff-raff of the Revolution; of the subterranean creatures emerging from brothel-taverns, tumbledown workshops, holes in cave or forest. George Jacques

Danton, a kind of "no" was called the Mirabeau bulldog face, his boor living; actually, he was stupid and intelligent Robespierre was a hero under normal circumstances of conduct; he brought a conventional mind, a second of a moderately successful school, and at any other become a struggling lawyer's clerk, a book-keeper, what a head boy could that country, autocrat

The Jacobin Party: complex and a mania for phrase-drunk and doctrine but with this confused position was associated in practice. Its axe fell on all who for believing too much, a Dantonists for working too little. As the regicide neighbour beheaded in order the moderate phase of the most enthusiastic of had prophesied: "The worst, perhaps the most interesting, the more devilish is compared with the disasteraneously with the absolute reign of Virtue. Robespierre "only the man of no possessions," "anti-Revolution terms. The most important Assembly had property and resistance to open course only proceed from

*The Cellar
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Noble
Brigand and
the
Headmaster*

Det. G. Jacobins - our Marat

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Danton, a kind of "noble brigand" and bad copy of Karl Moor, was called the Mirabeau of the mob because of his pock-marked bulldog face, his booming voice, his strong vitality and joy of living; actually, he was by turns bloodthirsty and good-humoured, stupid and intelligent, like an untamed bulldog. Maximilien Robespierre was a headmaster turned demoniacal, who would under normal circumstances have exercised his tyranny on points of conduct; he brought nothing to the dictatorship but a conventional mind, a secondary-school education, and the reputation of a moderately successful place-hunter; he was head boy at school, and at any other time and in any other country would have become a struggling lawyer (as indeed he was at first), a magistrate's clerk, a book-keeper or a police spy; he actually became, what a head boy could never have become save in that time and that country, autocrat of Jacobin France.

The Jacobin Party is one great Rousseau, with a persecution-complex and a mania for persecuting, fanatical and pharisaical, phrase-drunk and doctrinaire, theatrical and pseudo-sentimental; but with this confused phantasmagoria of an over-heated imagination was associated in practice the very real reality of the guillotine. Its axe fell on all who did not by chance escape: on Catholics for believing too much, and atheists for believing too little, on the Dantonists for working too hard, and on Hébertists for working too little. As the regicide Barère expressed it later, one got one's neighbour beheaded in order not to be beheaded by him. Even during the moderate phase of the Revolution, Georg Forster, one of the most enthusiastic of the German admirers of the Revolution, had prophesied: "The world has still to face the tyranny of Reason, perhaps the most iron of all tyrannies. . . . The nobler the thing, the more devilish is its abuse. Fire and flood are as nothing compared with the disasters which Reason is preparing." Simultaneously with the absolute rule of Reason was established the reign of Virtue. Robespierre left no doubt of its meaning for him: "only the man of no possessions is virtuous, wise, and fit to rule"; "rich," "anti-Revolutionary," and "vicious" are synonymous terms. The most important of the Rights of Man that the National Assembly had proclaimed were security of life and property and resistance to oppression. But since oppression could of course only proceed from the dark powers of reaction, monarchy,

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in Götting

D.T.
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*The Reign
of Reason
and Virtue*

degree of security in small proprietorship and small businesses, based on stability of the market, absence of competition, uniformity both of productive capacities and of demand. These conditions produced even in the "working" classes an atmosphere of reflectiveness and leisure which is hardly to be found anywhere today. At that period, in contrast to later times, the average middle-class woman was generally more active than her husband, but quite uninterested in intellectual matters; he on the other hand, thanks to his large leisure, could take a much greater share in all cultural things than he can today. There was also a relative absence of distractions and diversions and of the fuss of every sort that so completely fills our own hours of leisure; there were no big newspapers and mass meetings, no film-dramas and radio-dramas, nor telephone calls every few minutes, nor red-hot news by telegraph, telephone, and wireless; in short, none of the interruptions which break up our present-day life into fragments. The circumstances of daily existence encouraged subtle and imaginative thinking, introvert activity, as much as the environment of today discourages them. Out of this intellectual life arose the Classical age of German literature. Others sweated and hurried hither and thither, England toiled for bars of gold and sacks of pepper, America began to turn itself into the gigantic trust that we see today, France became a madhouse and a den of murderers, but Germany slept an honourable, sound, refreshing sleep. And what lovely dreams that sleep brought her!

Did the
Classics
really live?

A little girl once asked me: "Were the Classics ever really alive?" — a most revealing question. They have in fact been so hung about with hollow, false, and frosted phrases by the philistines who came after them that their figures pass before our mind's eye as empty, unreal, legendary personages; they have no more reality and individuality in our consciousness than, for instance, Knecht Ruprecht or King Drosselbart.

Even so soon as the War of Liberation Schiller's sentences were mottoes for gymnastic associations, and thus he became the "national" poet, and the pattern of the unworldly poetic youth living in an attic and devoting his whole activity to communion with his muse. The principal author of the legend of the "ideal Schiller" was his sister-in-law Karoline von Wolzogen, also his first serious

biographer. Karoline was then *à la mode*, and she loved for her brother-in-law one of the very people who had a picture of him, and for a long time fixed. After that, how his name was associated with her? If one had dared to say: "a nose; Schiller's nose was bow-legged; Schiller was prone to drinking quinine; the margins of the drafts of expenses."

It was Schiller's fate, his scenery, victimized even by the more popular of them, his *Vorlesungen*: "If he had been a honade of Valmy or other perhaps have opined, as was to be lamented indeed, that it was necessary for his poet any greater work was to appear. Goethe's *Gesamte Werke* appeared by Göschen in eight volumes for 600. The market for separate copies sold were: *Montesquieu* 377, and *Werther* (1774) seventeen hundred thaler on the other hand 3,500 copies sold out in two months, and Schiller, either, was adequately in two German cities. In 1798 he was nominated a member of the University of Jena. In the formation of this, it was stated that it was an honour to be more considered the expression of his changed to "great pleasure" and Diodorus was nicely hit by

imagination, produce swellings, burns, hæmorrhage; and there is even a hysterical apparent death, and actual death through autosuggestion. (And, for that matter, hysteria is indeed only an intensification of quite normal and everyday operations in which manifestly the thought creates the representation: the blush of shame, the pallor of anger, the goose-flesh of fright, the watering of the mouth at the idea of dainties, and so on. And every death from fright is a kind of death by autosuggestion.) All this urges us to the conclusion that every man is the poet of his own biography — the man of genius consciously so, and the rest of us following unconsciously an instinctive creative principle, somewhat as an alga builds its silica home. Our experiences and our actions alike are secretions of our will, of our noumenal ego, our soul, which, as the only true reality, sits enthroned, enigmatically creative, behind our visible life.

Schleier-
macher

We might, in opposition to a century-old professional tradition, put the proposition that Novalis — not Schleiermacher, not Fichte, least of all Schelling — was the most important philosopher of the Romantic school. What Schleiermacher did was to devote a most admirable intellectual energy to the attempt to build up a Romanticist theology. For him religion is neither knowledge nor deeds, but an emotional state, and indeed — to use his own rather cacophonous expression, a "schlechthiniges Abhängigkeitsgefühl" (absolute feeling of dependence). In this consists our consciousness of God. And because piety is an emotional state, it is altogether individual and extra-dogmatic, and the religious geniuses, the founders of religions, have been those persons who gave a new form to this dependence. Although this is rather a jejune interpretation of the phenomenon of religion, Schleiermacher's writings have inspired whole generations of Protestant theologians. He was also indubitably one of the first and most powerful dialecticians that Germany ever had. But fundamentally he was only a renegade disciple of the Enlightenment. He possessed merely the will to believe, just as he also leaned pretty strongly, but not quite whole-heartedly, to pantheism, often treating God and the Universal as identical concepts, and evincing the highest possible respect for Spinoza.

Fichte

One of the most original and suggestive personalities of the age was Fichte. Even in his outward appearance and manner —

in his powerful thick and commanding gaze than logical discourse or a party-leader thus said of him: "I am, in the part of a Minister of Time, and would enter prison if his chair would not tolerate the smallest attempt to suggest that as an ass or a rogue, by his touchy and manner of Jena, where he had a storm caused by an attack of ties were factually, rejected his system, and *Foundations of the Law* of 1804 to 1805, except he turned with high *Zeitgeist*, its empty enlightenment, its "fulness" — all of which to Jena and Tilsit. He lived his *Adresse* to 1808, when a French universal feared the Palm, and he himself the moral regeneration of the political, and it formed one of the series 1813.

As early as 1794 system in his *Grundriss* treats of the origin of critical examination according to this theory in-itself — a rather Fichte have already attempted to declare that the absolute

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Napoleon "*Père la violette*" because they expected him back
with the March violets. On his way from Cannes to Paris not a
single shot was fired, all the armies sent against him going over
to his side. Some men died for joy at the news of his landing. But
the Emperor was no more the "giant cell" of former days. The
mightiest of all dramas and destiny in modern history ended at
Waterloo.

Napoleon himself had always been completely convinced that
his whole destiny was determined and conducted by some sort
of magic impulse. Once, when he had been nearly killed by a
fall from a carriage, he said to Metternich: "I felt life fading
from me, but I said to myself: 'I will not die,' and I lived," and
another time, warned of threatened attempts on his life, he re-
plied: "What have I to fear? I cannot be murdered." His Egyptian
proclamation ran: "Is there any man so blind as not to recognize
that my action is directed by fate? . . . The day will come when
the whole world will see that I am led by a higher hand, and that
human effort can do nothing against me." His contemporaries,
friends and opponents, had long ceased to measure him by human
standards; they regarded him as a dazzling irresistible manifesta-
tion of Nature with which it was idle to argue, magnificent to look
on, devastating in its effects.

On one occasion Talleyrand said to Napoleon: "Good taste is
your personal enemy. If you could have got rid of it by bombard-
ment it would long since have been conquered." A true saying,
truer than that finished court-intriguer could guess. Naturally
Napoleon was without taste. Destitute of taste and tact, educa-
tion and culture, he exploded the whole backward, corrupt, calci-
fied world of feudalism and diplomacy, of drawing-room chat-
terers and paper strategists. A giant is not a pleasing spectacle.
An earthquake, a volcano emitting lava and dust, is not a pleasant
spectacle. No natural catastrophe, no elemental event, nothing
beyond life-size is in "good taste." What is in good taste is the
average, the conventional, the clean copy, the known. Any phe-
nomenon which is not completely comprehensible confuses, irri-
tates, and disturbs us. It has the bad taste to get on our nerves.

We only need to look at any single department of Napoleon's
activity — for example, his generalship — to understand how this
conscious and obstinate breach with the past dominated all his

Napoleon
and destiny

* D.T.

Napoleon
and strategy

* D.T. debates, when to offer
this to Acton. D.T. perhaps, A.H.
discovers it for himself

imparted to the whole of Europe a speeding-up process by which it was fundamentally transformed. He is the creator of the modern pace of living.

*The Man of
the Realities*

It is only necessary to compare Napoleon with any other personality of the Revolution to be aware of his incomparability. For example, there was a moment when Dumouriez had only to will it to become dictator of France. This was after the battle of Neerwinden. At that time he could have made an agreement with the Austrians which would have enabled him to disarm the Jacobin element of his army by the line troops (who were completely devoted to him) and to march on Paris, where he would have been received as a liberator by the overwhelming majority of a population embittered by the September murders and the mob Reign of Terror. He had long been turning over this plan in his mind, had taken the preparatory steps, had made inquiries everywhere, had entered into negotiations with Austria and Paris; but he lacked energy to take the last decisive step. This shows that three things are necessary for practical genius: survey of the given situation, recognition of the necessary measures, and action at the right moment, which usually only comes once. Dumouriez lacked only the third of these necessities for a Napoleonic career, and that amounts to saying that he lacked them all. Napoleon himself said: "The same thing cannot be done twice in the same century," but an elemental force of a completeness and strength of Napoleon does not emerge twice in a thousand years.

And yet there was something in his influence and his character which deters us from giving him that unconditioned veneration which we so willingly bestow on other and lesser heroes. Why? What hinders us from seeing in Napoleon one of those great models on which we should like to form our own existence and will?

Taine introduces his characterization of Napoleon (one of the most brilliant examples of French Impressionism) with the words: "Napoleon belongs to another age. . . . In order to understand him, such balanced students of history as Stendhal and Madame de Staël go back to the minor Italian tyrants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Bonaparte is descended from the great Italians of that time, from the men of action, the military adventurers, the usurping founders of life-sovereignties; he in-

herited by direct descent moral and intellectual. He did not belong to the place him in the nineteenth century. Perhaps he was really only a man who had a knowledge of chemistry, geography, and possessed the capacity, un-

Goethe said that Napoleon the world has ever known. something; he wills everything said of himself: "My gaze goes into everything; even my seeing the essentials of a question is shorter than the diagram grouped in my head as in one, I close its drawer and mixed up, they don't count. If I want to sleep I close all. Another time he compares to arrange anything, I oppose others; when I want to sleep it possible for him to do hours of sleep; otherwise I meals and at the theatre," indeed, that he went on to lay his essential difference immediate and immense in the matter. "The French, intellectual people; intellectual there is no character, no everything, they can be let they must always be provided with the words of Goethe judgment and intellect, but I openly spoke in this sense as not know how to desire an always be fed. What was the

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herited by direct descent their blood, their inmost essence, their moral and intellectual constitution." Now, Napoleon certainly did not belong to the eighteenth century, but instead of placing him in the fourteenth or fifteenth, it would be equally correct to place him in the nineteenth or, if you like, in the twentieth. Perhaps he was really only a colossal condottiere; if so, he was one who had a knowledge (or at least the elements of a knowledge) of chemistry, geography, and, above all, psychology — and he possessed the capacity, unheard-of in France, of reckoning with data.

Goethe said that Napoleon was the greatest intellect the world has ever known. Sieyès said of him: "He knows everything, he wills everything, he can do everything." And he himself said of himself: "My great talent consists in my clear insight into everything; even my special type of eloquence is based on my seeing the essentials of a question from all sides. The perpendicular is shorter than the diagonal," and: "Different affairs are all grouped in my head as in a desk. When I want to break off with one, I close its drawer and open another one. They never get mixed up, they don't confuse and tire me by their manifoldness. If I want to sleep I close all drawers, and I am at once fast asleep." Another time he compares his head to a dove-cote: "When I wish to arrange anything, I open the proper outlet, shutting all the others; when I want to sleep I shut them all." This capacity made it possible for him to do with from three to (exceptionally) six hours of sleep; otherwise he worked uninterruptedly — "even at meals and at the theatre," as he himself said — and it is probable, indeed, that he went on working in sleep. This faculty, in which lay his essential difference from other Frenchmen, explains his immediate and immense success. He himself was quite clear on the matter. "The French," he once said to Metternich, "are an intellectual people; intellect runs about the streets. But behind it there is no character, no principle, and no will; they run after everything, they can be led by their vanity, and, like children, they must always be provided with a toy." (In almost literal agreement with the words of Goethe to Eckermann: "The French have judgment and intellect, but no stability and no piety.") Napoleon openly spoke in this sense as early as 1797: "You Frenchmen do not know how to desire anything seriously. Your vanity must always be fed. What was the origin of the Revolution? Vanity.

Continued
w A.H.

And what will destroy it? Also vanity"; and later, more shortly and plainly: "Triflers play a great part in France. Good sense plays none at all." He taught his people to think in terms of reality and to act clearly; he taught them to turn their eyes on things instead of illusions and phrases, and to orient their course constantly by facts. Emerson was well advised when he opened his essay on him with the following words: "If Napoleon is France, if Napoleon is Europe, it is because the people whom he sways are little Napoleons." But the reverse could also be said: namely, that he was the leader of his time because he succeeded in *making* little Napoleons out of all the men of his time.

Nevertheless we have to admit that the principal reproach against Napoleon is precisely that he was so completely a type of the new men whose destiny it was to rule the coming century. He was, perhaps, the most complete empiricist that ever lived; and this was the essence of his incomparable genius as of his catastrophic weakness. For he was so complete an empiricist that he was nothing else. He was not a moral and metaphysical phenomenon; ethics and ideology meant nothing to him. This absence of all ideology was his fundamental defect, and it was this that made his domination a transitory one.

And so one is almost tempted to say that this adamant and argus-eyed hero was a *touching* spectacle. He knew everything; could do everything, held everything in his mighty hand — only not himself. He was stronger than the whole world; but not stronger than his own deeds. He forgot that even the greatest man — indeed, particularly the greatest man — exists for mankind only. His success went to his head just as if he had been an ordinary banker, minister, or actor. And so his empyrean flight became a miserable descent into hell.

Madame de Staël said of him: "He is a skilled chess-player, and his opponent is the human race, whom he is determined to checkmate." But his dæmonic temperament made him more than a master of chess; rather, a great stage-manager, one such as the world has perhaps never seen. Even his outward appearance was incomparably theatrical: the master of Europe in the crumpled hat and worn cloak of the common soldier in the midst of glittering generals, dignitaries covered with orders, and be-

jewelled women. Man scenes: for example, when he addresses his brother-in-law, "smash you like this was his life has been made." "The rascals wanted today's libretto." There is so little in accordance with that is true: Talma his able lessons from the Emperor, who had whom the present world modern stage-history, times.

Perhaps Napoleon's ascribed to the fact that his genius are only partial. The less civilized ages that are inherent in the nature of man stand Plato, Beethoven, a kind of negative print of a true photograph capturing all the rays of intensity can only be measured. Napoleon is the completely comprehensive that he had provided and communication of egoist; brutal, sensual, thing magnificently vulgar daughter of a Habsburg ennoble himself by marriage gave offence in society highlighted in malicious indifference himself unseemly jokes commercial traveller of his had no genuine success love, the upstart. But then

¹ Max Reinhardt, to whom

genius, in fact was the very thing that clears it up, just as a figure can be seen better in diffused light than in full sunshine. And when all is said and done, there is no manner of reasonable doubt that Napoleon was the completest genius the world had ever seen, greater than Cæsar, greater than Shakspeare, greater than Goethe. For when one looks at both the intensity and the extent of his gifts, he possessed as much as all three put together: He was a Cæsar in practical oversight and foresight, a Shakspeare in creative fancy, a Goethe in knowledge of human nature; and over and above these things he had a power of translating his conceptions into actuality which none of these three possessed in the same measure. One thing only he lacked, that each of the others possessed — idealism. He had no faith in the most real force of the world: namely, human ideals. Altruism, patriotism, piety, were for him available sources of energy to be used and guided, but he did not regard them as of any higher value than cannon, steam-power, or money. It never occurred to him that an *idée fixe* is more and can do more than a hundred thousand bayonets. He did not know that ideas, ideals, ideologies, phantasms, illusions, concepts, are also physical and physiological sources of energy, measurable and effective quantities, ponderable imponderables, so to say; that the consciousness of right, the belief in the Supreme, is just as effective in raising the temperature of an organism as fat, albumen, brandy, and cola-nut. Thus he was not quite so complete an empiricist as he and his supporters thought: He was, paradoxical as it may seem, in this respect, a detached doctrinaire. He had his system of the world and humanity, a philosophical system if you will, but one which, like so many clever and well-constructed systems, was not in tune with, was not *close to*, life. He scorned and despised the "ideologues" and never suspected that he himself was one. He brought the whole world into confusion, drove his masses of men from Sweden to Egypt and from Madrid to Moscow; and he vanished one day as suddenly as he had emerged, went off in smoke like an explosion of gunpowder, leaving nothing behind but startled people and a smell of burning. He mobilized mankind and the forces of nature, wind and water, all the states and towns and peoples of Europe, now on his side, now against him; and when he disappeared, the map of Europe was as it had been twenty years before, with but minor

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